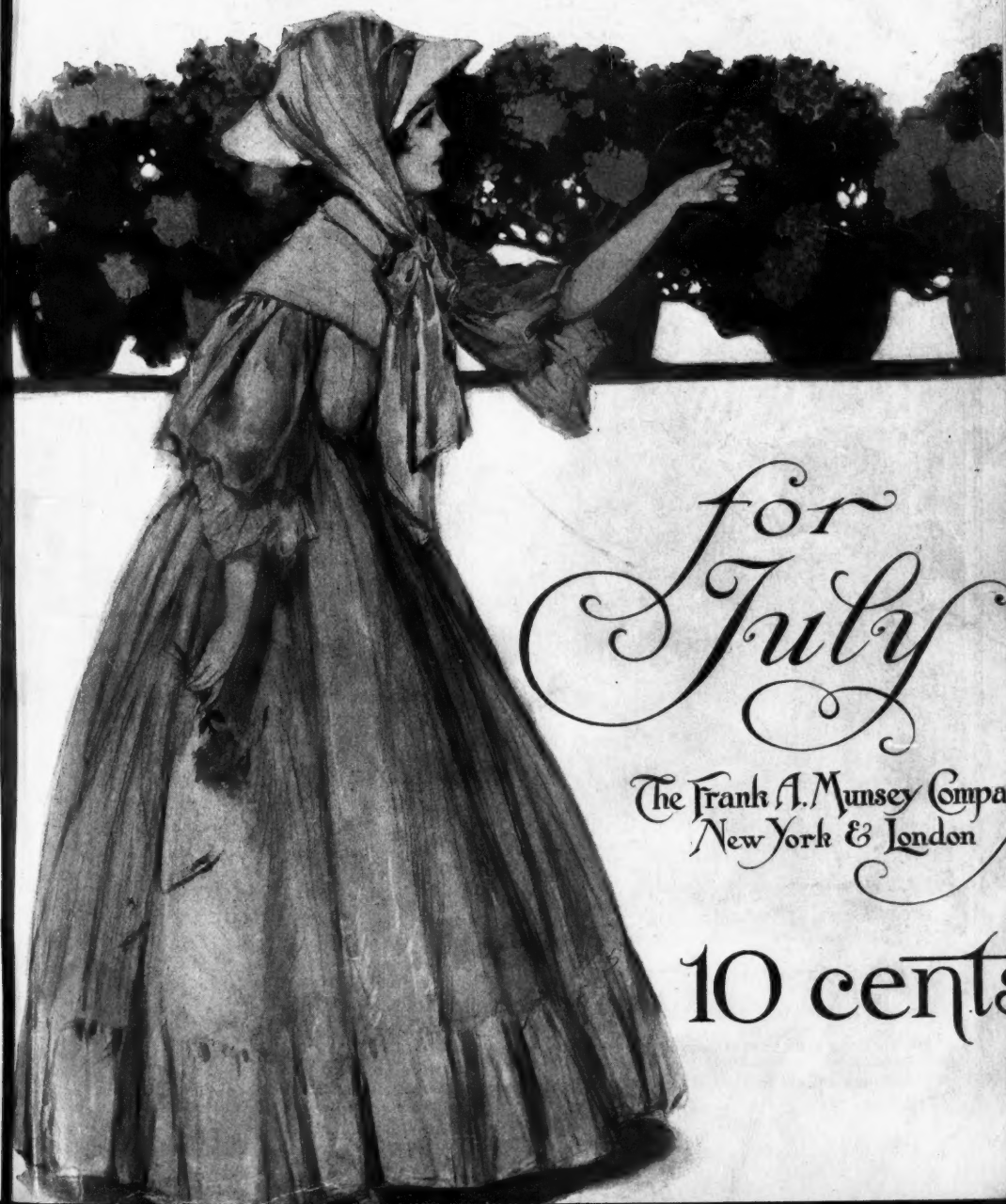


# THE MUNSEY



*for  
July*

The Frank A. Munsey Company  
New York & London

10 cents



"All rights secured"

Specialty drawn for Messrs. Pears' by Mr. Walter Crane







"HE COMES FROM VIRGINIA, AND FOR TWO BLESSED WEEKS HE HAS NOT LEFT  
ME TO MYSELF"

[See story, "The Landing of Danny Wells," by John Kendrick Bangs, page 465]

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XLIII.

July, 1910

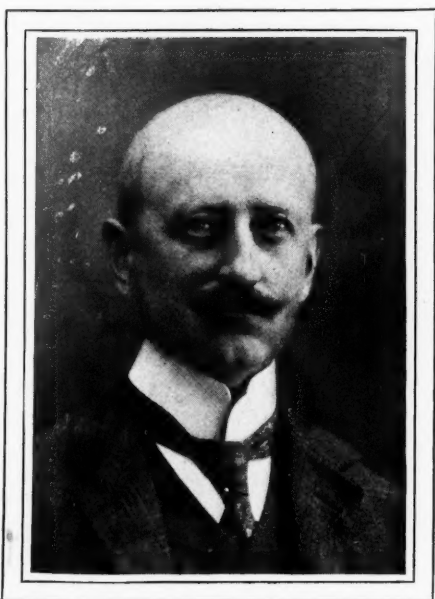
Number IV

## THE EVOLUTION OF THE POLICE

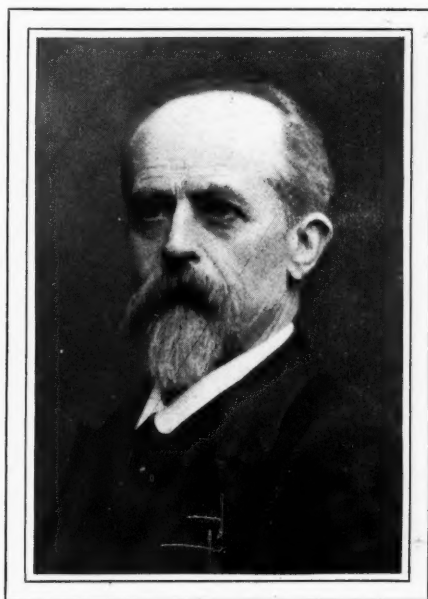
BY RICHARD W. KEMP

NO modern institution is more talked about and written about than the police. The police problem in all great cities is one to which continual thought is given both by private citizens and by legislators. To millions of people a uniformed policeman represents in his own person the whole power of the law. The ignorant think of him as unrestricted in that power, because they never come in contact with his superiors. Besides this, there is a certain fascination about the work of the police, since it has to do with the prevention of illegal acts, with the tracking down of offenders, and with the mysteries and monstrosities of crime.

How much we owe to the police one can readily understand by thinking for a moment of what city life would be like if the police system were abolished. In Greater New York, for example, with a population of more than four millions, there are only about ten thousand policemen, or one to every four hundred inhabitants. If they were to be suddenly withdrawn, however, no man's house or property or person would be safe at any moment of the day or night. Men would have to go armed. Houses and shops would have to be barricaded by night. No one could leave his home with a feeling of security as to what might happen in his absence.



HERR VON JAGOW, CHIEF OF POLICE IN BERLIN



M. LÉPINE, PREFECT OF POLICE IN PARIS

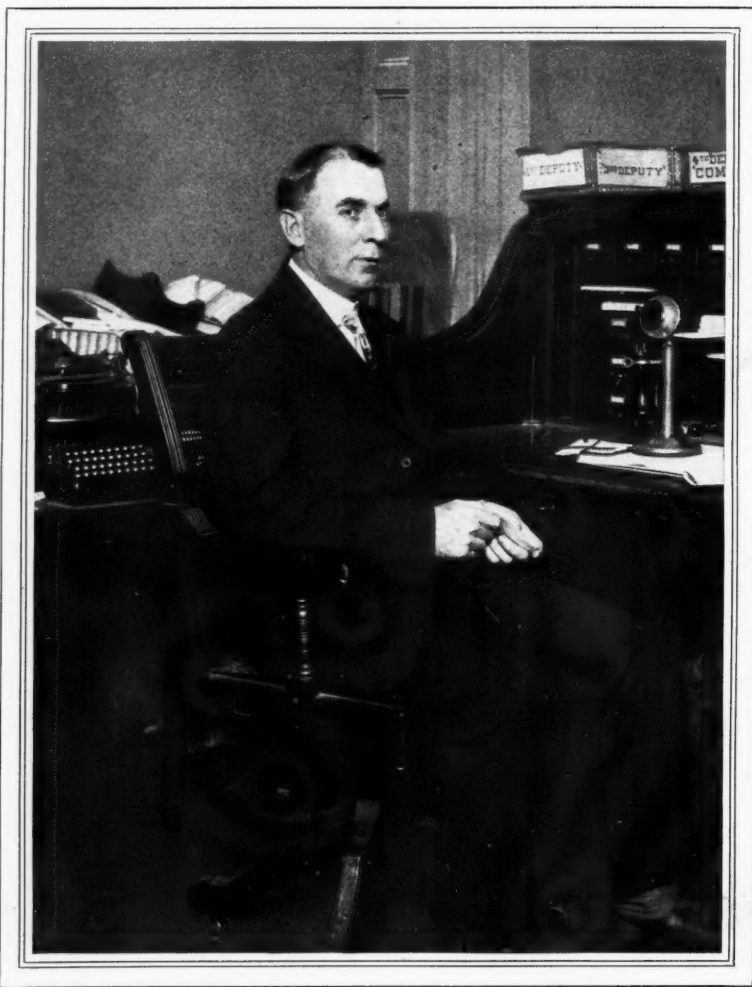
The power of the police, in fact, exercises a strong and admirable influence in the preservation of order, and in securing a safe and tranquil life for every law-abiding citizen. A sober person may walk without fear through all the city's slums by night as well as by day, and be secure from molestation. Traffic moves on with wonderfully little impediment. At the first symptom of disorder, blue-coated officers appear as if by magic and suppress it. One may not see a great deal of the police; yet it cannot be doubted that the very knowledge of their existence has an immense effect upon the lawless.

It is interesting to trace the process by which, in all the countries of the civilized

world, this system has grown to be so efficient and so much a part of our daily life.

#### POLICE OF THE ANCIENT WORLD

Naturally enough, in ancient times, many of the functions of the modern police were performed by soldiers. In the cities of ancient Greece and Persia, guards were stationed at the gates; and at night there were military watchmen upon the walls. Kings and people of high rank had also military protectors. But the notion of a body of men trained and disciplined to maintain order for the benefit of the citizens at large found no place in the minds of the rulers of antiquity, excepting only at Rome.



WILLIAM F. BAKER, POLICE COMMISSIONER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

*From a photograph by Brown, New York*



Rome was, in fact, the city where the police system, almost exactly in our modern sense of the word, originated. The Romans were always averse to the presence of soldiers within the walls, because they might become a menace to the public liberty. Therefore in time there grew up a body of men precisely like our police, except that they acted as firemen as well.

In the reign of Augustus, when Rome had a population of nearly a million, there was a police force of seven thousand men, with a commissioner, inspectors, captains, and lieutenants. Their twenty-one station-houses were carefully distributed over the whole area of Rome. One of these old-time station-houses was exhumed in 1868, and the remains of it show that the Roman police were well housed and cared for. They had a fine building of marble and brick, with baths, a gymnasium, and a lounging-place for the "reserves" who were not actually on patrol duty.

A peculiar interest attaches to this station-house, because on its walls there still remain the jests and comments which the policemen scratched there when off duty. Many of the inscriptions seem very modern, for they are sometimes criticisms of those who were "higher up"—sometimes even of the emperor—and they are often couched in slang, or in language that is viler still.

When, in New York, there was a special body of park police with a distinctive gray uniform, these used to be the butt of the small boys, who called them "sparrow cops." And so in ancient Rome, the policemen were mocked at because they had to attend to the putting out of fires, which was considered a rather low form of duty. In place of their proper name—*vigiles*, or "watchmen"—people called them "squirts" (*siparii*), or "bucket-boys" (*sparteoli*), because they had,

as a part of their equipment, buckets of rope, made waterproof with tar.

Although the Roman policemen were quite numerous and well drilled, they do not seem to have been very effective in putting down disorder—at least at night; but probably this

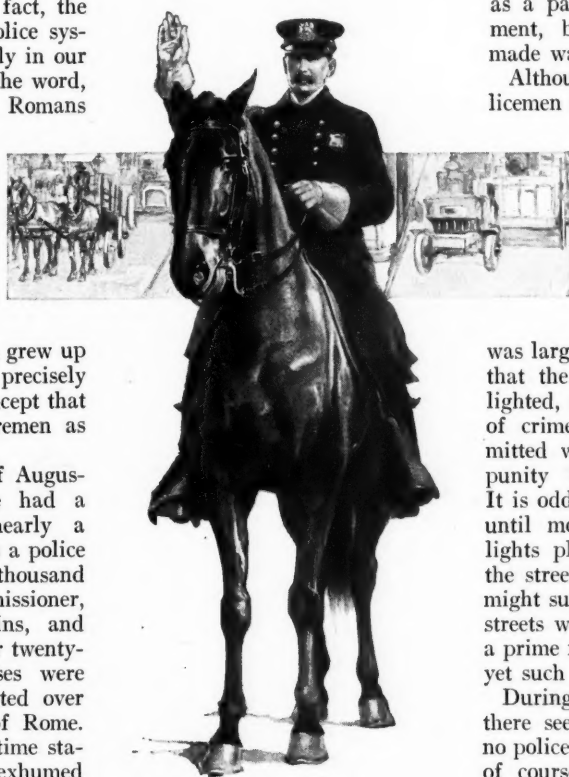
was largely due to the fact that the streets were unlighted, and that all sorts of crimes could be committed with practical impunity in the darkness. It is odd, indeed, that not until modern times were lights placed at night in the streets of cities. One might suppose that lighted streets would have seemed a prime necessity of order, yet such was not the case.

During the Middle Ages, there seems to have been no police at all. The king, of course, in each castle had his own household guards, and every feudal lord was escorted by a

band of armed retainers for his personal protection. But these feudal retainers were themselves a cause of great disturbance, since they often fought together in the streets, and felt no obligation toward any one but their own chiefs. Private persons had to go armed, and usually went about at night in companies, so as to insure their safety. After sunset, most burghers locked and bolted the massive oaken doors of their homes, and did not venture far beyond their shelter. In some of the free cities only, which were governed by syndics, burgomasters, or mayors, the protection of the citizens was left to the city officers; but these seem never to have organized anything like a city police, being content with watchmen at the gates and around the public buildings.

#### THE EARLIEST MODERN POLICE

The first indication of something like a police force may be found in Paris, where, in 1327, there were appointed a number of royal officers not belonging to the ordinary



A MOUNTED POLICEMAN OF THE  
NEW YORK CITY FORCE

judicial system, but having power to enforce the laws in general and to secure order. But the beginning of an organized police must be dated from the year 1356. In that year a special armed body was created, primarily to arrest deserters from the army, who were much given to riot and plunder. In the course of time, however, this force, known as the *maréchaussée*, extended its authority so that it undertook to suppress violence and robberies on the highways everywhere.

In 1720, the *maréchaussée* was reorganized and its members came to be known as *gendarmes*. A lieutenant of police was appointed by the king for every large town in France, though the police were still practically soldiers and not civil officers.

The system of police in Paris was for a long time more effective than that of any other European city. The number of policemen was rather small. One-third of them were mounted. In the daytime the streets were not patrolled; but there was a night patrol, consisting of groups of *gendarmes*, who marched about the city with a keen eye to any disorder, violence, or crime. Nevertheless, Old Paris was a perfect rabbit-warren, with its narrow streets and its maze of dusky alleys, by which a criminal could readily escape through back passages and secret, slimy openings, like rat-holes, for the use of human vermin.

In another respect the French police differed from our own in that they were primarily a part of the central government. They were much more concerned to detect and put down plots against the king than to protect the private citizen.

Such was also the case in Germany, though the German police were fewer in number. In Berlin, about 1750, there was no day patrol; and for the patrol at night, only fifty-four men were assigned to duty. Here, as in France and elsewhere, serious outbreaks were put down, not by the police, but by soldiers.

In England, one finds the germ of a police system as early as the reign of Edward III (1327-1377). It was based upon the jurisdiction of the justices of the peace—these justices being then appointed by the crown,

from among the local gentry; but, as they received no salary, and were not under any general supervision, they were practically independent local officials. Down to the end of the eighteenth century, a justice of the peace was a minor judicial officer who had power to apprehend and try petty criminals,

and who could appoint constables in his own parish to act under his direct orders. These constables received no pay; they were only temporarily appointed; and therefore they had no training, no special intelligence, and no permanent position. Shakespeare, in "Much Ado About Nothing," has very well satirized the average constable in *Dogberry*, whose famous dictum, "Write me down an ass," might very well have been uttered by most of his associates.

About 1750, a regular police-court was established at Bow Street, in London, with a presiding magistrate, who received a salary. It will be remembered that the great novelist, Henry Fielding, was a

Bow Street magistrate for a number of years, discharging his duties with skill and great acuteness.

In 1792, other police-courts with salaried magistrates were provided. The difficulty was, however, that while there were now efficient justices, there was still no organized body of police. London was cut up into boroughs and parishes, and each borough or parish appointed its own watchmen. These men were very poorly paid, so that they had to carry on other callings by day, and had no discipline or cohesion.

#### SIR ROBERT PEEL AND THE "BOBBIES"

Meanwhile, London was growing rapidly, and crime was on the increase, even though



A BERLIN POLICEMAN  
Drawn from a copyrighted  
photograph by Underwood  
& Underwood, New York



FRANÇOIS VIDOCQ, CHIEF OF THE BRIGADE DE  
SÛRETÉ UNDER FOUCHÉ

*From a portrait by Charles Brand*

the law was so severe as to punish the theft of a pocket-handkerchief with hanging. The fact that the watchmen were appointed for single parishes made it very difficult for them to arrest criminals. As Dr. Fairlie, a careful student of the subject, notes:

It often happened that the watchman on one side of the street could not help another watchman on the other side, because they belonged to different parishes. At the same time, many metropolitan parishes had no systematic night-watch, and in a few cases there were no night-watchmen at all.

Each magistrate had at his disposal a small body of police officers—perhaps half a dozen—attached to his court, but they could do nothing but carry out the magistrate's specific orders. Therefore, as in France and Germany and elsewhere, if serious disturbances of the peace arose, they were put down by calling out the household troops.

It was in 1828 that an effective police was first established in London by the passage of a law introduced by Sir Robert Peel. This did away entirely with the divided authority of the past, and organized the first modern police force in the world. It gave to London a well-trained and disciplined body of public guardians, who were adequately paid. Arrangements were made for regular patrols both by night and by day, while a reserve

force was stationed at headquarters ready to be despatched to any point where its services might be needed.

It is strange enough, and perhaps characteristic of British conservatism, that this admirable innovation, which gave security and good order to the citizens of London, was violently attacked by press and people alike. A writer in *Blackwood's* declared it to be "one of the greatest inroads on the principles and practise of the British constitution that modern times have witnessed." The new police were called "hirelings," "mercenaries," and (after Sir Robert Peel) "bobbies" and "peelers," and were said to be entrusted with offensive and arbitrary power. But to all this uproar there might have been made the answer which a Frenchman once gave to a like attack upon the French police:

"Believe me, it is only those persons with whom the police have to do who find them unnecessary."



JOSEPH FOUCHÉ, THE FAMOUS MINISTER OF POLICE  
UNDER NAPOLEON AND LOUIS XVIII

As a matter of fact, a similar system was speedily adopted in the large towns all over England; while, in 1839, a rural police was formed for the country districts under the control of the Home Office. At the present

dles in the lanterns were not lighted. The difference between a lighted and an unlighted city may be seen in the fact that no sooner were the streets illuminated than the rattle watch was reduced to four men.



time, the metropolitan police of London number about eighteen thousand men, while the entire police force of Great Britain aggregates fifty thousand.

#### THE FIRST AMERICAN POLICE

The history of the police force in the United States is very much like that in England. The experience of New York may be taken as typical. So long as the city was controlled by the Dutch, it had two companies of watchmen, who were just as inefficient as the watchmen of early London. They had some trouble in securing weapons, and so about 1658, a "rattle watch" was organized. It consisted of six men only, who patrolled the streets at night, in order to give the alarm in case of fire or of violence. Each man carried an enormous rattle, which he whirled violently whenever anything occurred to disturb his mind.

The watchmen also called out the hours from nine o'clock in the evening until sunrise in the morning. The laws were strict in those days, since between sunset and sunrise no one was permitted to climb upon the city wall—at what is now Wall Street—under penalty of being whipped; and if any one attempted to enter the city or leave it, except through the ordinary city gate, he was to be punished by death.

In 1697 the streets of New Amsterdam were first lighted with poles bearing lanterns and projecting from every seventh house. When, however, there was a moon, the can-

A TYPICAL MEMBER OF THE  
PARIS POLICE

The New York police were very primitive all through the Colonial and Revolutionary period; but in 1840 the English system was partly adopted here, as well as in Boston and Philadelphia. At that date the population of the American metropolis was a little more than three hundred thousand, while its police numbered in all about eight hundred men—which was the actual number provided by a statute of 1844. Whatever defects the police may have had at the time as to organization and other matters, they seem to have impressed foreigners as decidedly efficient. When Dickens visited the

United States in 1842 he spent one evening in studying the slums of New York, especially the notorious Five Points. His comment was significant:

It is needful first that we take as our escort two heads of police, whom you would know for sharp and well-trained officers if you met them in the Great Desert. So true it is that certain pursuits, wherever carried on, will stamp men with the same character. These two might have been begotten, born, and bred, in Bow Street.

It is unnecessary to trace the different changes in organization of the English and American police. Every change has made for greater efficiency. The only event to be noted as distinctly historical in New York is the trouble which sprang up in 1857, when a new law took away the police powers of the mayor, recorder, and city judge, and ap-



pointed five commissioners to have charge of the so-called metropolitan police in a district which comprised the four counties of New York, Kings, Westchester, and Richmond. This change was violently opposed; it was fought in the courts, but was finally declared to be constitutional.

Then came a scene that threatened a savage contest. Fernando Wood, who was mayor of the city, refused to surrender the police property or to disband the old municipal police. In June, 1857, a sharp crisis came. One of the new commissioners swore out a warrant for the arrest of the mayor, and with fifty of the metropolitan police, commanded by Captain G. W. Walling, afterward superintendent, sought to enter the City Hall.

The building was packed with armed policemen of the old régime, who fell fiercely upon the newcomers. Twelve men were shot down. Luckily it happened that the Seventh Regiment was just then passing down Broadway on its way to the Boston boat. It was summoned to the City Hall, and its presence sufficed to quell the riot. Its commander accompanied the commissioner to the mayor's chamber, and served the writ upon Wood.

Seeing that he had no further chance, Mayor Wood submitted to arrest. It was a long time, however, before order was finally restored. The lower end of New York was held by rival gangs known as the Dead Rabbits and the Bowery Boys. Partly to show their contempt for the new police, these ruffians engaged in a pitched battle in Bayard Street. The police who were sent to quell them were repulsed; whereupon the rioters erected barricades in the streets, and transformed that portion of the town into a fortress. Several regiments were now called out, and the Seventh was hurried back from Boston. A severe struggle took place, in which more than a hundred men were wounded, and six killed; but the riot was put down.

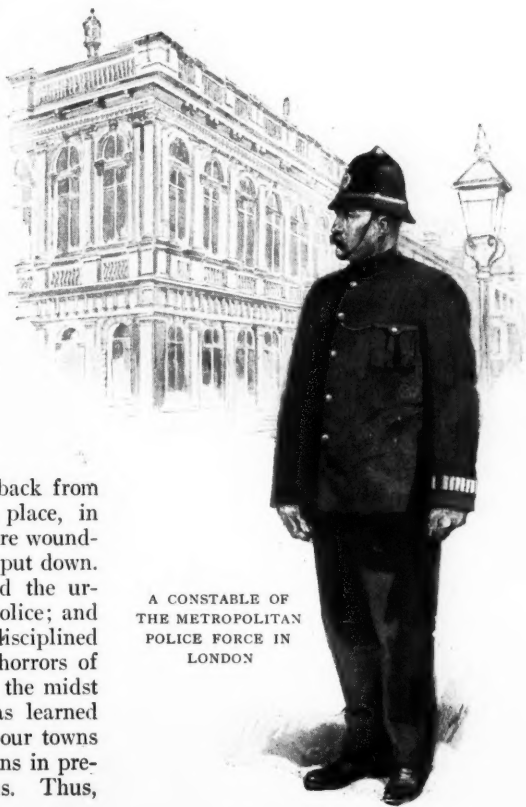
This disgraceful episode showed the urgent need of a strongly organized police; and the force was strengthened and disciplined until it was fit to go through the horrors of the Draft Riots, six years later, in the midst of the Civil War. The lesson was learned by other cities; so that to-day all our towns are well policed, though by no means in precise proportion to their populations. Thus,

while New York has about ten thousand uniformed men, Chicago, according to recent statistics, has less than half the number, and Philadelphia only twenty-five hundred.

In small cities, not only in the United States, but in every country, the police are proportionately fewer than in the capitals. Cities of about fifty thousand inhabitants usually have about five or six policemen to each ten thousand persons. In cities of a hundred thousand, the policemen average about ten to each ten thousand; while in London, Paris, Berlin, and New York the average number is about twenty-five to each ten thousand. The reason for this, of course, is evident. In small communities the population is more homogeneous and more law-abiding, and strangers are more quickly noted; but in great cities, thickly populated, criminals have many more chances to operate, and also to escape unobserved.

#### FOUCHÉ, THE FAMOUS CHIEF OF POLICE

As Paris was, in the Middle Ages, the first city to develop something like an effective police force, so to-day, and for a century past,



A CONSTABLE OF  
THE METROPOLITAN  
POLICE FORCE IN  
LONDON

its police have been more numerous than is the case elsewhere. Under the kings, down to Louis XVI, there were many varieties of policemen — *gendarmes*, *agents*, *sergents de ville*, and so forth—together with an organized body of spies. When Napoleon I became head of the state he was not at first particularly careful about police administration. He had his own personal guard and his famous Mamelukes, and he was, besides, immensely popular with the army and most of the populace. But there came a time when so many plots against his life were discovered, and so many serious attempts were made upon it, that he turned his attention to creating a force of police and detectives that should make him not only safe, but well informed as to everything that was happening.

He appointed a minister of police, and found one in the person of Joseph Fouché, afterward created Duke of Otranto. Fouché was a man absolutely devoid of principle, but subtle and audacious to a degree. He had shown himself a monster of cruelty during the Reign of Terror. It has been said that for years, in the office to which Napoleon appointed him, he exercised more influence on the internal affairs of France than any other man except the emperor himself. He had an almost omniscient faculty of detection. He could make a ready and dexterous use of all expedients. He was never taken off his guard.

His cool effrontery partly disturbed and partly amazed Napoleon. The emperor tried the experiment of setting secret police to watch Fouché; but this almost superhuman creature detected them so easily, and made Napoleon appear so ridiculous for having employed them, that he was finally left to manage things in his own way. So great was his power of secret strategy that he sometimes nearly mastered the arbitrary spirit of Napoleon himself, to whom he was never afraid to tell the

truth, often tipping it with keen irony. His knowledge of politics and his judgment of men and affairs were so good that had Napoleon followed Fouché's advice, he might have died Emperor of France instead of an exile. It was he who made the famous remark, after Napoleon had caused the Duc d'Enghien to be put to death:

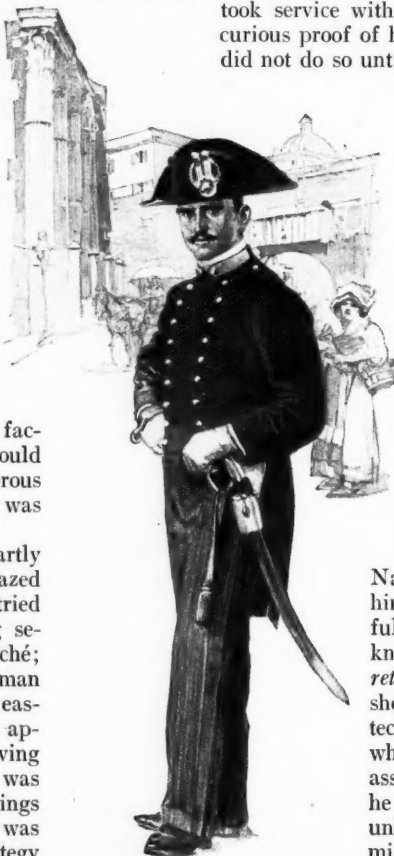
"It is worse than a crime; it is a blunder."

This man played an important part in Napoleonic France. He protected the emperor's life, ferreted out the most secret schemes of those who were plotting against him, and could tell in a moment whatever was happening in any part of Paris, or even of all France. There has never been so remarkable a combination of police work and detective activity as that which was seen under Fouché. True to his nature, however, he betrayed his master in the end, and once more took service with the Bourbons; but it is a curious proof of his clear-sightedness that he did not do so until after the battle of Water-

loo. During the Hundred Days he still pretended to be faithful to his chief.

#### VIDOCQ AND THE BRIGADE DE SÛRETÉ

A lower type of man, yet still a great name in the history of the French police, is François Vidocq, who began his career as a thief, pursued it as a forger and highwayman, and then betrayed his companions to the police, and was employed as a spy upon criminals. He, too, was of the time of Napoleon, and Fouché made him chief of a small but carefully selected detective force known as the *brigade de sûreté*. In this office Vidocq showed immense skill at detecting crime; but finally, when no special crimes were assigned to him for detection, he began to incite persons to unlawful acts in order that he might afterward get the credit of arresting them. On suspicion of this, he was dropped from the police force in 1825, and thereafter operated a pri-



A TYPICAL POLICEMAN OF MODERN ROME

Drawn from a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

vate and unofficial detective office.

Under Napoleon III there was revived the old system of Fouché and Vidocq. Louis Napoleon knew that his life was always in peril. It will be remembered that in January, 1858, the Italian revolutionist, Felice Orsini, with three fellow conspirators, threw several bombs at the imperial carriage while the emperor and empress were on their way to the Opéra. It was a shocking attack. The bombs were filled with bullets, of which no fewer than seventy-six were afterward found embedded in the carriage. One of the horses was wounded in twenty-five places, and the other had to be shot. Three footmen and the coachman were all badly hurt, while General Roguet, who was in the carriage, received a wound which bled so profusely that the empress's clothes were drenched with blood. One bullet had passed through Napoleon's hat; yet, by a marvel, although one hundred and fifty-six persons were wounded and a dozen slain, neither he nor the empress was even touched.

None the less, this ferocious attack might well excuse a very rigid system of police; and before long there was an organization so complex and complete that every person in France lived under the perpetual surveillance of spies. The janitor of every house, half of the cabmen, messengers, courtizans, and waiters in the restaurants were in the pay of the police. Their reports used to be carried every morning to the famous Cabinet Noir of the Tuileries, where they were received by a masked figure through a small opening in a panel.

It was an extraordinary system. All France was like one great spider's web, and the spider was at the center of the web, in the gloom of the Black Chamber. Thus the emperor's life and those of his household were pro-



AN UNMOUNTED TROOPER OF THE  
PENNSYLVANIA STATE  
CONSTABULARY

tected, and Louis Napoleon was left to die in exile on English soil.

At the present time the police system in Paris is extremely complicated, there being "general police," who regulate public ceremonies, amusements, and so forth; "military police," who have to do with deserters from the army and offenses against military law outside of the fortresses; "judicial police," subdivided into five bureaus, and having charge of prisons and the courts; and "administrative police," divided into four bureaus having charge of navigation, public carriages, and sanitary conditions. There is also a so-called *service de sûreté*, or detective department, consisting, as we should describe it, of "plain-clothes men," taking under their care the system of espionage, and also the task of preventing crime, as well as the inspection of public morals. All these divisions

have numerous officers and subofficers, and they are so complicated that most students of the subject believe that the simpler systems which prevail in Great Britain and the United States are really more efficient, because they are less hampered by red tape.

There is one defect in the British and American police which will perhaps be remedied in time. In Great Britain the police constables throughout the United Kingdom are subject to the Home Office; but there, as in our own country, the basis of organization is the municipality. Policemen are chosen from among the people where they live.

In one way this has its merits, because the guardians of the peace are familiar with local conditions. Yet, on the other hand, this localizing of the police leads to many abuses. In the large American cities it subjects the policemen to political influence, leads them to favor persons whom they know and whose friends they are, and paves the

way for many petty forms of "graft." In the smaller towns this is still more true, while in the country villages it is practically impossible to get a local constable to act in any case short of serious crime. In villages and small towns everybody is everybody's "neighbor." The law cannot be enforced impersonally, and therefore it is often not enforced at all.

#### A STATE POLICE FORCE

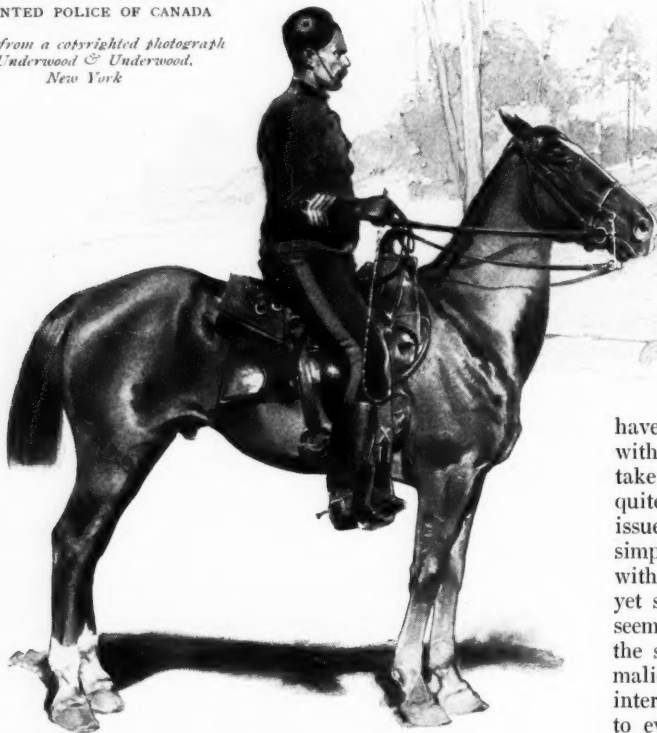
One State in the Union has taken a very successful step to counteract, in part, the

They are all unmarried, and therefore have no home ties or local affiliations.

Some such force was very much needed in a State like Pennsylvania, where the mining districts are inhabited largely by ignorant and lawless foreigners, who are often very hard to deal with. Again, in the large cities, when there is some bitter local strife that makes ordinary policemen waver, and when it is not desirable to call out the national guard, a squadron or two of these hard-riding, perfectly trained mounted constables can work magic in keeping order. They

A TROOPER OF THE NORTHWEST  
MOUNTED POLICE OF CANADA

*Drawn from a copyrighted photograph  
by Underwood & Underwood,  
New York*



have no acquaintance with any one. They take no sides, and are quite indifferent to the issues at stake. They simply restore order with an iron hand, and yet so quietly that they seem to do it without the slightest effort. No malice is felt when they interfere, for it is known to every one that they are only carrying out

evils of a too great localism. This is Pennsylvania, which in 1906 organized a force known as the Pennsylvania State Constabulary. It is a small body of mounted men, divided into four troops, each having two commissioned officers, five sergeants, and a hundred and fifty troopers.

These men are very carefully picked for their physique, discretion, and fearlessness. Nearly all have served in the regular army, whose discipline they exhibit—that combination of imperturbability and absolute indifference to everything but their orders.

their orders. Their present commander, Captain John C. Groome, lately said in speaking of this:

"My instruction to each trooper leaves a great deal to his discretion. If he starts out to get his man, he must get him, even if he has to butt into the middle of a mob to find him. The troopers are advised not to use their guns unless they have to."

When first organized they showed their mettle in a mining county, where a mob of foreigners assaulted dozens of inoffensive men and chased the sheriff's deputies into the



open country. The sheriff, in a panic, telephoned:

"Send your whole force of constabulary. These rioters are desperate."

In response to his appeal, a sergeant and ten men were despatched in haste. They were outnumbered fifty to one; yet in less than half an hour after their arrival the riot was at an end, without a single weapon having been discharged or any actual clash having occurred. Such is the immense power of coolness, courage, and discipline over unorganized violence.

Not unlike the mounted constabulary of Pennsylvania are the Texas Rangers, who, mounted upon strong and well-trained horses, are here and there and everywhere, especially along the Mexican frontier, which is always the scene of more or less violence and crime. In Canada there is that fine body known as the Northwest Mounted Police, which patrols the wide region stretching from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains, and from the United States frontier to the arctic ice. These red-coated troopers, too, are largely men who

have had military experience. They enjoy a high reputation for discipline, courage, and efficiency, and their presence in small squads maintains absolute order among miners, settlers, Indians, and half-breeds throughout all that vast territory. Their total number is only about six hundred, and it is said that the average distance which each constable has to cover in the course of a year is five thousand miles.

The example of Pennsylvania, Texas, and Canada is likely, sooner or later, to be followed in many States of the Union, not by way of supplanting the municipal police, but to cope with situations where the municipal police are either unable or unwilling to discharge their imperative duty. Furthermore, a State police patrolling the rural districts will give a sense of security which does not now exist.

The development of a mounted State police will be the final stage of an evolution which began in ancient Rome, and which has been continued, fitfully but surely, down to the present day.

---

#### COUNTRY BORN

TURN, and let the picture sink  
Deep within thy brain;  
Pause, to take a parting drink  
From the well again.

City bred, but country born—  
Draw one lasting breath  
Of the fragrant fields at morn;  
Treasure it till death.

Wade once more the crystal stream  
Charmed you as a child.  
Sink into the hay, and dream  
Visions undefiled.

Call the lowing cattle home  
From the meadow brook;  
Then, in boyish fancy, roam  
Through the fairy nook.

Wander with the little maid  
Of the long ago,  
Light of heart and unafraid—  
Would ye still were so!

Country born and city bred—  
Close thy weary eyes  
On the picture which has led  
Back to Paradise!

*Clara Griffith Gazzam*

# THE TOLL-DODGER

BY BAILEY MILLARD

ILLUSTRATED BY J. N. MARCHAND

FOR the life of him, Mr. Witherspoon didn't see how he could afford it, but Lorinda had positively insisted upon a wedding-journey to the Yosemite. They were both past fifty, but were about to be married.

"I've lived up here in these foot-hills all my life, Zeb," said the bride-to-be, "an' I ain't never seen the valley. Folks come thousands o' miles to see it, an' it ain't more'n sixty from here by the Oak Flat road. I'd jest like to take a peek at the Bridal Veil, if I don't git to see nothin' else."

"Bridal Veil!" protested the tight-fisted Zeb. "I sh'd think you'd have enough o' that at the weddin'!"

Lorinda blushed. Zeb, who had figured very closely on what the wedding was going to cost him, feared that the Yosemite would be very expensive; but Lorinda had made up her mind, and in his fifteen years' courtship of her he had found out what that meant. Besides, she knew he had plenty of money in bank, or out on mortgages, and that he could afford it well enough.

So a week before the wedding he put in a whole day cleaning up an old rusty-tired, dish-wheeled surrey, with flapping top, which had been used for a hen-roost, and which had been lent to him by a blacksmith who had concluded that it wasn't worth fixing up. Then he had hired a knock-kneed, moth-eaten roan of uncertain age—about as weird a beast as ever looked through a collar.

When the people of Upper Garrote gathered to the wedding in the little church, the rig stood outside, awaiting the bridal couple. Zeb had taken out the back seat and stuffed the rickety wagon-box full of blankets and provisions, with a big bag of oats for the horse. He sighed when he thought of what all this was costing him. It was six months' interest on quite a good-sized loan.

But when he kissed his bride and helped

her into the wagon, and they drove away amid a shower of rice and old shoes that made the ancient roan spring forward abruptly, and sent a thrill of life along the keel of the old surrey, he said to himself:

"Darn the expense! Folks don't git married every day!"

So along the rocky Oak Flat road they rattled and swayed, and up the foot-hills they toiled, until they got among the pines. Here they ate a lunch of crackers, cheese, and ginger-snaps under a tree near a spring, and Zeb was ever so happy.

About two o'clock in the afternoon they came in sight of the gleaming, rushing Tuolumne, and Zeb became thoughtful; for the river had to be crossed, and the man at the toll-bridge would want fifty cents at least, and perhaps more.

They rattled down the grade to the toll-bridge, prettily set among the pines. When Zeb saw that the toll-gate was open and nobody in sight, he took heart. Why couldn't he drive quietly across, and be that much to the good? But hardly had the old roan stuck his ugly nose out upon the bridge before the gate, swung by some unseen device, banged to, and a big, middle-aged mountaineer with a short chin-beard stepped out of a box by the roadside and said:

"Toll, please!"

The horse stopped short and backed a little to avoid the gate.

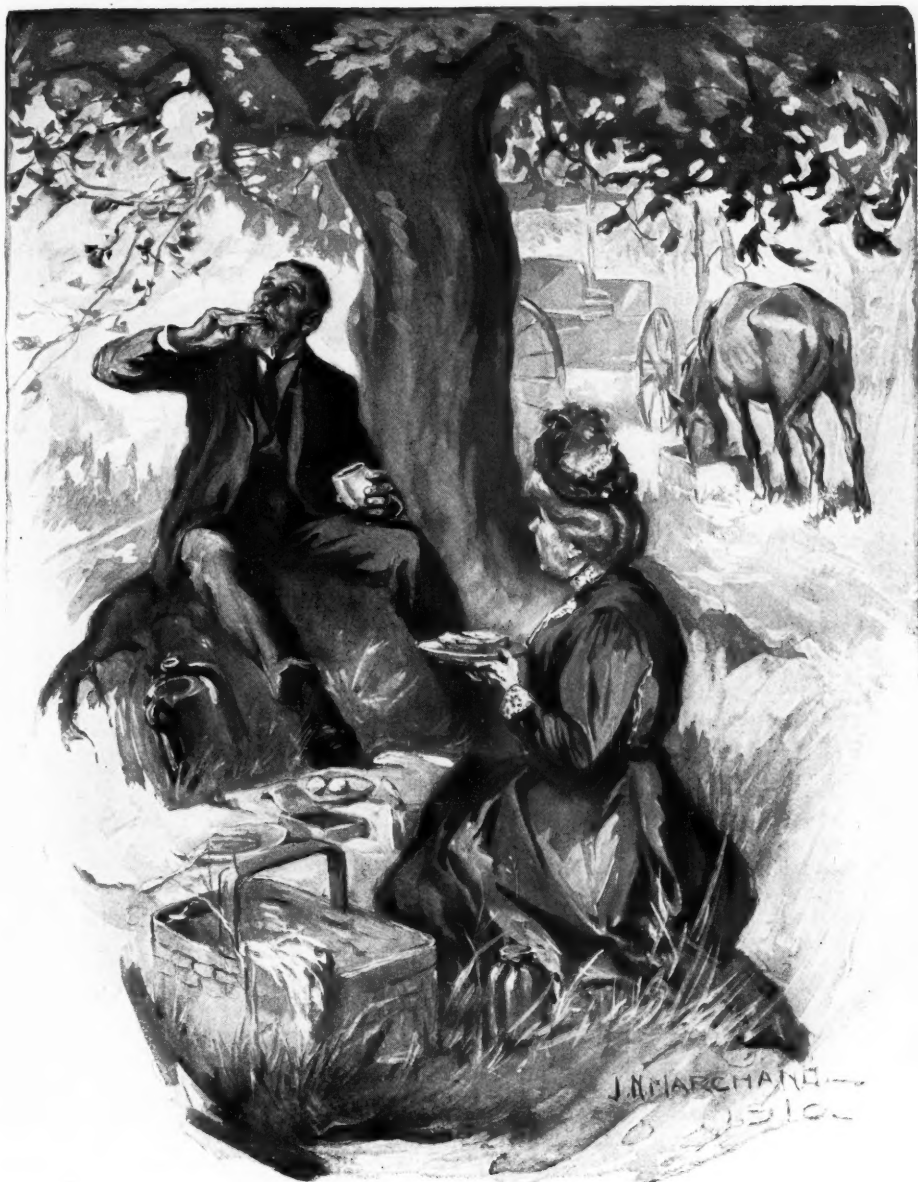
"How much is it?" asked Zeb apprehensively.

"Two dollars—dollar for each passenger."

"Two dollars!" cried the bridegroom. "Go 'long! Two dollars jest to go acrost this little bridge! Give yuh a dollar; that's all it's wuth."

"No, two," insisted the big man, folding his shirt-sleeved arms. "'Tain't jest for the bridge. It's for thirty mile o' road, too."

"Two dollars jest to cross this little



HERE THEY ATE A LUNCH OF CRACKERS, CHEESE, AND GINGER-SPANS UNDER A TREE

bridge!" repeated Zeb, ignoring the highway addendum. "A dollar apiece! Why, yuh ain't chargin' for ladies, be yuh?"

"That's what I am," said the gate-keeper unsympathetically. "Dollar for each person."

"Guess I'll walk over an' let you drive, Lorinda," said Zeb, turning to his bride.

"That won't make no difference in the

toll," said the big man, folding his big arms a little tighter.

"What?" gasped Zeb, wide-eyed. "You'd charge a man for *walkin'* acrost that bridge?"

"That's what I would," said the keeper placidly.

"Wal, dog my cats! Two dollars for—"

Then Zeb's eye wandered along the river

bank. The shallow stream, shrunken by the dry summer season, suggested something to his mind. Why not take that side road leading down there, and, when out of sight of this exacting man of exorbitant tolls, simply ford the river and drive into the main road again?

"Wal," he said, turning his horse, "if you're a goin' to charge sech a whoppin' big price, I ain't a goin' to cross yer old bridge. Don't b'leeve it's safe, nohow. Looks purty rotten to me."

"All right," smiled the big man pleasantly. "The' ain't no law to make yuh cross the bridge; only if ye're thinkin' about fordin' the river, yuh'll sure find it a tough proposition."

"Never you mind what I'm a thinkin' of," said Zeb. "Ain't goin' to charge for my thoughts, be yuh? Giddap, Jim!"

Jim "giddaped," and soon the old surrey swayed out of sight down the side road. Zeb saw what he thought was a favorable place to ford the stream, with the main road just across by a low bank.

"This is all right," he said, with a bright smile upon his wrinkled face. "Chargin' two dollars for this small outfit to go acrost a rotten old bridge! Why, I only laid out eighteen dollars for the whole trip!"

"Yes," suggested Lorinda, "but, Zeb, don't you think it looks a little mite dangerous?"

For the swift water swirled before them, and there were ugly rocks in mid-stream, while not far below thundered a cataract.

"Dangerous!" snorted Zeb. "Guess I know what I'm a doin'!" And he brought the whip down upon the reluctant roan, who, after a few rebellious side-springs, timidly walked into the water. "Two dollars for a—"

Just then one of the old, rattle-spoked wheels jammed against a rock. The horse floundered wildly, the flapping surrey tilted crazily, and Lorinda screamed:

"Zeb! Zeb! Don't go on farther. We'll git drowned, sure!"

The admonition was useless, for they could go no farther, and, despite all Zeb's urging, the hard-bitted horse settled the matter by circling back to the shore they had just left. Zeb, uttering language that made Lorinda put her hands to her ears, bent the loosened spokes into their sockets and tied them in place with bale-rope.

"Wal," said he with a deep sigh, "guess we'll have to go over that bridge after all." Then he meditated a moment. "Look a here, Lorindy, you jest drive back alone and pay

him a dollar, an' then come along down on the other side an' I'll meet yuh over there in the road."

"You mean you're a goin' to try to *swim* acrost?" she cried protestingly.

"Swim nothin'! Why, that water ain't three feet deep," he said sneeringly. "If it hadn't been for that fool horse, we could sure have forded it all right."

"Mebbe," said the bride reflectively. "But it's awful swift. And them falls down there! It's sure swift, Zeb."

"That water! Aw, that ain't goin' at a dog-trot." And to his dollar-saving eye it did not seem to be running very fast.

"Wal, all right," said Lorinda, as she picked up the reins; "but I'm afraid you'll—"

"Why, if it'll make yuh feel any better, I'll take the stake-rope an' hitch it to myself, an' yuh can tie the other end to a tree or somethin'."

"That would be more safe-like," assented his bride. "Where's the dollar to pay the man?"

Zeb fished out an old buckskin bag, bulging with coins, and handed it to her.

"You better take this money," he said. "I might lose it in the water. Be mighty keeferful—there's nearly four hundred dollars in the sack."

She took it and drove back to the bridge. The toll-keeper looked at the wet wheels and grinned.

"Couldn't make it, could yuh?" he said, grinning again. "Where's yer old man?"

"Oh, he'll be along after a while," said Lorinda.

She paid the man the dollar and drove across the bridge.

"Now, Lorindy," called Zeb, from where he stood by the stream, with the horse's tethering-rope firmly tied about his waist, "you jest ketch the end o' this rope an' tie it to that little tree over there, and I'll wade acrost all right."

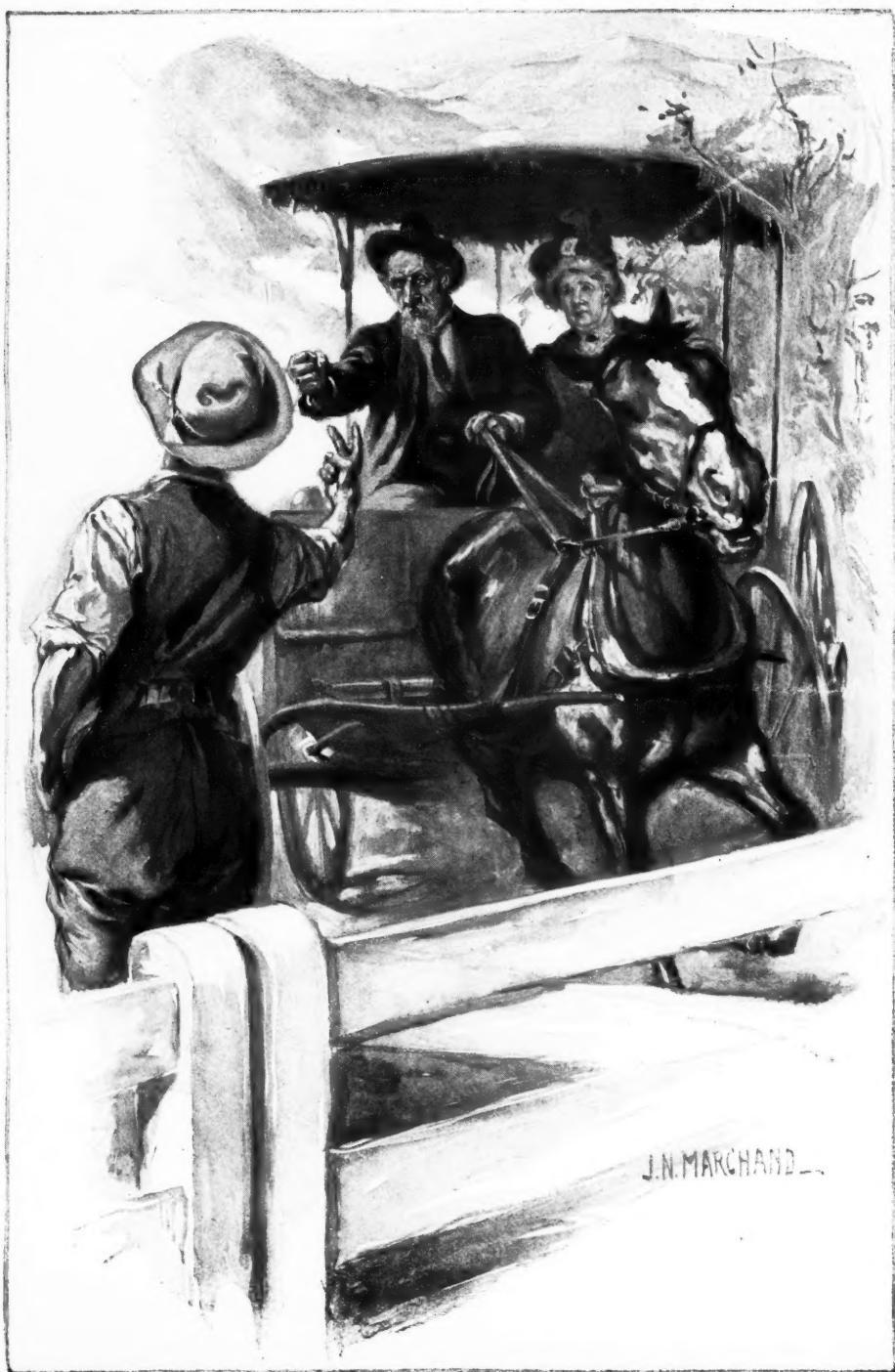
"I don't like this foolishness a little bit," protested Lorinda, when for the third time the rope-end floated away from her grasp.

"Wal, I'll wade in a little farther, an' then yuh can sure reach it," he said, as he splashed waist deep into the swift, cold stream.

Even then Lorinda found that the rope floated away from her when he threw it. So she waded out from her side.

"Hurry up!" she yelled. "This water's colder'n icebergs, an' I ain't got on no winter flannels. Of all the blamed foolishness!"





"TWO DOLLARS! GO 'LONG! TWO DOLLARS JEST TO GO ACROST THIS LITTLE BRIDGE!"

"Hooray! That's the time yuh k-k-k-ketched it!" cried Zeb, with chattering teeth, as Lorinda seized the end of the rope at last. "Now, jest hold t-t-t-tight, an' I'll—gee whitaker! Hold tight!"

He was up to his armpits now in the angry

"Pull me in!" he gulped, when his head rose above the water. "Pull-l-l-l! Can't yuh pull?"

Lorinda pulled, she yanked, she strained to her work like a derrick-engine; but her unwieldy bridegroom could not be budged



HE SEIZED THE ROPE, AND HAULED ZEB, SPLASHING AND GURGLING, TO THE BANK

water, swaying like an amateur equilibrist on his first tight rope.

"Oh, Zeb! Zeb!" shrieked the bride, as her husband, borne off his feet by the torrential tide, splashed into the water like a fish and swung perilously toward the falls.

against the ravenous wrench of the current. Moreover, she felt herself being hauled farther and farther into the water.

"I can't hold you, Zeb!" she cried in terror. "I'm slipping—I'm—"

Of a sudden she splashed down into the

water, and the rope pulled loose from her hands. As she floundered back through the shallows to the bank, she yelled:

"Help! Help!"

Zeb was being whisked toward the falls at trolley speed.

Lorinda shrieked and wrung her hands, while her terror-stricken eyes followed the current-borne bridegroom. Zeb was nearing the falls, and seemed death-bent and irrecoverable; but out of the blankness of her despair suddenly loomed a glint of hope. In midstream, twenty yards above the falls, was a large flat rock that stuck up a few inches above the crazy flood; and Zeb was being borne almost in its direction, though he would miss it unless he could paddle himself a little to the right.

Did he see the rock? Yes, for now he began to flounder toward it, working his bony arms like mad. Lorinda held her breath while he neared the blessed islet, clutched the rough rock with his hands, drew himself up, and fell wearily down upon its flat top. Saved!

"Thank the Lord!" cried Lorinda. "And now I must git somebody to come an' help git him off. The rope will reach, but it's goin' to be a mighty hard pull."

She ran back to the bridge, and panted forth to the toll-keeper the story of her husband's plight.

"I kinder expected he'd git into trouble," said the man unsympathetically. "He's in sure big luck that he ain't bein' ground to tatters by them falls!"

"Can't you come and help git him ashore?" pleaded Lorinda. "We was jest married this mornin', an'—"

"I'll see," said the toll-man non-committally.

He followed after her at a normal pace, puffing calmly at his pipe, and seeming determined not to get excited over a little thing like a castaway bridegroom. When he reached the riverside, he gazed apathetically up and down the stream.

"There he is, Mr. Toll-man," cried the half-hysterical bride; "right over there on that rock."

"So I obsarve," said the giant, placidly blowing the cool tobacco-smoke.

"Ain't you goin' to try to help him?" implored Lorinda.

"Do yuh think he's worth savin'?" drawled the man of tolls. "I think the less the' is o' them kind the better."

"What do you mean?" fired up the bride.

"Mean? Nothin', only—wal, that new

husband o' yourn is the kind o' man who likes to grind people. I know him all right, though he didn't remember me when he seen me at the gate. He played it low down on me once, an'—"

"I'm sorry," broke in Lorinda. "But don't you see, the water's raisin' and there ain't much time? It's nearly over the top o' the rock. It's raisin' fast!"

"Yes," returned the toll-man calmly. "That's a habit it has on hot days like this, when the snow's meltin' up in the mountains. She's a raisin' tol'able fast."

He looked out to where Zeb, standing forlornly upon the rock, was squirming anxiously as he looked down at the up-boiling stream, which was now lapping the soles of his shoes.

"Hey, there!" yelled the castaway wildly. "Ketch this rope an' pull me ashore!"

He made a despairing fling of the stake-rope—a very neat throw, considering his shaking hand. The giant coolly caught it, and tied the end to a little bush that bent down over the water; but instead of hauling away, he stood with his hands in his pockets, staring indifferently.

"Ain't yuh goin' to pull me ashore?" yelled Zeb. "Hurry up! The water's comin' up mighty fast. It'll have me off'n here 'fore long!"

"That's right," deliberately called back the giant. "An' yuh can't pull yerself in, can yuh? Yer arms is too weak. But yuh wasn't too weak to take advantage o' Jake Kern, up to Upper Garrote, six years ago last winter, was yuh? Yuh was strong enough to fore-close the mor'gidge on that little white house o' his down by the stamp-mills, while he was sick an' out o' work, an' his wife was nursin' him, eh? Yuh was strong enough to sell him out o' house an' home, an' gouge him on the interest an' the taxes, an' make him lose his little three hundred dollars—everything he had in God's world. D'yuh remember that?"

"What you got to do with my business?" cried back Zeb, with shaking voice. "Hurry up and pull me ashore. I can't stand it here. I'm cold all the way through, an' the water's over my feet."

"Yes, an' my wife was cold, too, that day when yuh put us out o' that house. It was snowin'—d'yuh remember? Yes, I'm Jake Kern. I've growed these since I left Garrote." He stroked his whiskers. "Yuh didn't recognize me over to the bridge; but I knowed you all right, you old skin; an' if I'm goin' to pull on that rope an' haul in

your mean, stingy old carcass, I've got to be paid for it."

"Paid! How much?" cried Zeb, looking strangely and then rememberingly at the man. "Hurry, hurry! It's over my ankles now! How much?"

"Yuh can pay me an even three hundred dollars—what yuh made me lose by skinnin' me out o' my house when I was sick, you old loan-shark! That'll jest make us square, I guess."

Agony sat upon the face of Zeb Wither-  
spoon, for money was his life-blood, and—  
three hundred dollars! It was turning the  
knife in the wound. For a moment he glared  
like a trapped wolf across the water at the  
toll-man.

"Oh, pay it!" cried Lorinda. "The water's nearly up to your knees. I'll hand it to him! There's more'n that in the sack"; and she began to count out the gold.

"No! No! Don't yuh do it!" cried the loan-shark. "I'll pull myself ashore."

He grasped the line.

"Look out you don't pull it away from that little bush!" warned the toll-man. "If it tore out by the roots, where'd you land?"

"Give yuh a hundred and fifty!" cried Zeb, letting go the slack of the line.

The master of the situation shook his head.

"Two hundred!" cried Zeb.

Another head-shake.

"Oh, Zeb!" screamed Lorinda. "You'll be drowned! Let me pay him the three hundred. You owe it to him, anyway. Let me pay it!"

"Two hundred and fifty!" wailed Mr. Wither-  
spoon through his clattering teeth.

The toll-man turned his broad back with the simplicity of a monarch, and took three steps toward the road. By this time the water was nearly to Zeb's waist, and he was wabbling treacherously upon the rock, for the current was running swifter than ever because of its rise.

"Take yer three hundred!" he groaned despairingly. "Pay it over to him, Lorindy. Pay it quick!"

Lorinda thrust the three hundred dollars into the giant's hand. He counted it, and put it into his pocket with a grim smile.

"That squares us," he said simply.

Then, he turned, seized the rope, and hauled Zeb, splashing and gurgling, to the bank. As he came inshore, the toll-man seized him by the coat collar and yanked him out upon dry ground. Then he gathered some wood and cones, and built a blazing fire, before which Zeb, his wet face blue

and pinched, was soon warming and drying himself.

"Wal, Lorindy, this ends the weddin'-trip," said Zeb, looking ruefully after the departing giant, and then at his bride, who was drying her skirt at the fire. "But I didn't want to go on it, nohow."

"Now, look a here, Zebedee Wither-  
spoon!" cried Lorinda, with a scornful frown. "This ain't the end o' that weddin'-trip, not by a jugful! We're goin' to git dried out, then we're a goin' to drive right back to town, and you're a goin' to hire the best rig in Lang's livery stable, and we're a goin' to start out on this honeymoon in decent, respectable style—no toll-dodgin', no crackers an' cheese, no ginger-snaps, but the best meals that's to be had in the best hotels along the road. An' I don't want to hear no more about your grindin' down poor folks an' givin' 'em no chance to pay off their mor'gidges, neither!"

"Lorindy!" he groaned.

"Yes, Lorindy—your lawful, wedded wife, who ain't a goin' to stan' for no close-fisted penooriousness, after waitin' fifteen years for you to make up your mind you could afford to marry me, when you had thousands o' dollars in the bank all the time, an' pinchin' more out o' poor people like Jake Kern. No wonder they call you a loan-shark!"

"Wal, all right, Lorindy," he agreed gracefully; "I guess I *have* been a little tight. I tell yuh what we'll do. We'll go back to town an' put up at Huber's hotel, an' I'll order a chicken dinner, with oysters an'—an' everything!"

They drove across the bridge, past the big, grinning gate-keeper, who said nothing, but laughed as the sorry old surrey swung along the road.

When they returned to the bridge, next day, the toll-man grinned again and wondered as he looked at the shining wheels of Lang's "best rig."

"Goin' to pay toll this time, Mr. Wither-  
spoon," he asked with a grin, "or be yuh goin' to wade acrost?"

"Guess I'll pay," said Zeb, gritting his teeth a little, as he handed over the two dollars.

"Yes, it's cheaper," said the toll-man suavely. "Gen'ly pays not to try to git too far ahead o' folks, spesh'ly up here in the mountains. That's a nice rig yuh got there!"

Zeb made no reply, but drove on across the bridge, sitting stiffly erect by the side of his bride. He was thinking.

# DEBORAH AND THE WIZARD

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

AUTHOR OF "THE VALUABLE CHRISTOPHER," "THE CRUISE OF THE RED CAR," ETC.

THERE was an air of ostentatious prosperity about the exterior of the professor's flat. He occupied the first floor of the brick apartment-house; his windows were elaborately curtained, and the brass plate of his bell glistened. Also, there was a glittering brass sign, which informed the seeker after health that within was to be found "Professor Montgomery, Inventor and Proprietor of the Wizard Appliances and Remedies. Please Ring."

These tokens of affluence did not extend beyond or above the professor's immediate domain. They ceased at the top of the stairs leading to the second floor and at the borders of the apartment-house sidewalk. Over them and around them roared and fluttered and yelled and smelled the multicolored, Babel-tongued poverty of the East Side. The gorgeous house of the Wizard Remedies was an oasis of grandeur amid a surrounding desert of grime.

Deborah, canvas extension-case in one hand and a silkoline umbrella in the other, stood on the lower step before the professor's door and drew a breath of relief. The step was fairly clean, while most of the steps she had taken since she left the car were anything but clean.

She took from her battered pocketbook the card given her at the employment bureau, compared the name and number with those on the brass sign, set her bonnet straight and her lips straighter, and marched up the steps.

Her ring was answered by a smooth-faced young man with sharp eyes and a hooked nose. He inspected her deliberately and grinned.

"Is the professor to home?" she inquired, ignoring the grin.

"Sure! Walk in. Take a chair in the reception-room. You'll have to wait your turn with the rest of the bunch. These are our busy days."

Deborah entered the resplendent recep-

tion-room, seated herself in a gilt chair upholstered in rose-colored plush, and proceeded calmly to inspect what the hook-nosed young gentleman had referred to as "the rest of the bunch."

The "bunch" reciprocated the newcomer's inspection. There were two men with big red hands and weather-beaten faces, who looked like day laborers dressed for Sunday. Another man, smaller and older, was huddled in the corner of the gilt sofa; his right hand was bandaged. Two large, foreign-looking women occupied the rest of the sofa; beside one of these leaned a heavy cane. A white-faced little girl with a crutch sat by the window.

One of the women on the sofa was telling the other of her husband's sufferings. His ailment, it seemed, was inflammatory rheumatism.

"Ach!" exclaimed the woman. "It vas something fierce. He roll, he groan—*mein Gott*, how he groan! Nothings vas do him goot, nothings at all. So then to me goes Mrs. Housenheimer und says she: 'Vy don't you to der professor coom?' And I coom, und now he is vearing der stockings und is better. Better, yes; but he must have next der gloves, und der cost is dear—ach, so dear! Und—"

Her companion interrupted to tell of her own troubles. For months she could not "upon der foots step"; but the stockings were helping her, and so on.

Vaguely wondering what the stockings might be, Deborah took a folded pamphlet from the table and began to read. In that pamphlet were the answers to her mental questions. Professor Montgomery made and sold the Wizard Magnetized Stockings, the Wizard Magnetized Gloves, the Wizard Magnetized Flannels, and the Wizard Magnetic Liniment. It appeared that the stockings and gloves and flannels and liniment worked miracles in the cure of "rheumatism, chronic, spasmodic, inflammatory, rheumatic



fever, gout, lameness, sprains, weak ankles," and so on through a long list of more or less cognate ailments.

Doubters were silenced by the array of "testimonials." The Hon. Seth Hopkins, mayor of Gilead, Oregon, had for years been tortured by rheumatism. His agonies were set forth in excruciating detail. His doctors had "given him up." Then a friend recommended the Wizard Magnetized Stockings. These he bought, and next the Wizard Gloves, the Flannels and the Liniment. Now he was "able to walk ten miles a day," and felt "thirty years younger." To Professor Montgomery he owed a debt of gratitude which—

Mayor Hopkins's story was followed by that of General Philander Dobbs, "formerly of the United States Army." The general had agonized even more than the Hon. Seth; but the Wizard Appliances and Remedies had come just in time to snatch him from the undertaker's grasp. General Dobbs also owed Professor Montgomery a debt of gratitude which—

So did twenty other illustrious and rescued ex-invalids. Deborah read their "testimonials" with the reverence of the average country-bred woman of her station for patent medicines.

## II

THERE was a door at the end of the reception-room upon which was a black and gold sign with the words: "Consulting Room—Private." From this door, at intervals, came the hook-nosed young man to beckon to one or the other of the waiting patients. At last it was Deborah's turn. She rose, laid down the pamphlet, gripped her extension-case and umbrella, and moved to the door. New visitors had entered the reception-room from time to time, and the apartment, as she left it, was as well filled as when she first came.

Behind a big, flat-topped desk in the center of the consulting-room sat a stout, long-haired person with spectacles and an air of benevolent wisdom. Deborah stared at the benevolent one, and the benevolent one beamed on her.

"Good morning, madam," he said blandly.

"Are you Professor Montgomery?" inquired Deborah.

"I am. Yes, madam. Now, if you will kindly be seated and describe to me your symptoms, I—"

"Symptoms! I ain't got any symptoms.

There's nothin' the matter with me that I know of, thank the Lord!"

"Oh, I see. Some relative, doubtless—some one of your family who is—"

"I ain't got any family, nor no relations, since father died. I didn't come here to be treated. The folks at the place where they keep hired help told me you wanted a housekeeper, and I dropped around to see if I couldn't get the job."

The professor's manner suddenly changed. His smile entirely disappeared, and his politeness with it.

"Oh! Ugh!" he grunted. "Well, what do you mean by coming here in business hours? And why did that man of mine let you in? My time's valuable; don't you know that?"

"I guess 'tain't any more valuable than mine is to me," was the unmoved response; "though I cal'late you get consider'ble more for it. I've been in New York now for 'most a fortnight, and if I don't get a place pretty soon I'll have to go back home or to the poorhouse, one or t'other. The folks at the help place said you wanted somebody that was neat and could keep house and cook. I can do all that, if I do say it for myself."

Professor Montgomery seemed somewhat surprised at this matter-of-fact and unawed statement. He leaned back in his chair and put his hands in his pockets.

"Humph!" he sniffed. "You've got your nerve with you, at any rate. Where have you worked before?"

"Nowhere in this town. I never worked out before, anyway. But I've kept house for father for a good many years, to home in Ostable; and when he died, Judge Hanbury come to me, and says he: 'Debby,' says he, 'nigh's I can find out by lookin' over the estate, all your pa's left you is a good name and an overdue mortgage on the house. You'll have to work somewheres, and if I was you I'd get a place as housekeeper. You're a mighty good housekeeper,' he says; and I be, if I do say it. 'Come and keep house for the wife and me,' says he. But honest, I couldn't bring myself to do it. The Scripture says pride's sinful, but I swan I was too proud to work out in the town where everybody knew me. Pa had been sick for three years, and we'd been gettin' poorer an' poorer all the time, but I never let nobody know it. No, sir! Nobody in Ostable but the judge knows how little we had to get along on. So I remembered—"

"Oh, cut it short," snapped the professor. "What do I care about such things? Are you going to talk all day?"

"I want you to understand how I come to be in the city. You see, I'd read a piece in the paper tellin' how scurce hired help was in New York, and what good wages was paid for it. So thinks I: 'Why not go to New York, where nobody knows you, and do your housekeepin' there?' So go I did, and I've been chasin' from pillar to post ever sence. I'd begun to think I'd have to put my pride in my pocket and go back to the judge after all, 'cause the last thing he said to me was: 'Debby, if you don't like where you be, there's always a place in my house for you.' And 'twas only this mornin', at the help place, that they give me your name, professor. 'He's hard to get along with,' they says, but I know somethin' about cranky folks already, and—"

The dispenser of the Wizard Remedies thumped his desk.

"Stop!" he thundered. "Turn it off for a minute, will you? The woman's a walking phonograph, I swear! See here; what's your name?"

"Deborah Hannah Larkin, from Ostable, Massachusetts, and—"

"How old are you?"

"Well, I don't know's that's anybody's affairs, but I ain't ashamed of it. I'm forty-three last November, and—"

"Are you honest?"

"Honest? Why—"

"All right. I don't suppose you drink, do you?"

"*Drink?*" Miss Larkin trembled all over. She picked up the extension-case. "Look here," she said, "I don't care if you be a professor of rheumatics, you sha'n't say such things to me! I want you to understand that I'm a church member and a Good Templar and—"

"All right! All right!"

He rang the bell on his desk. The hook-nosed young man appeared.

"Bernstein," said Professor Montgomery, "take this woman and show her the kitchen. See here, Tabby or Dabby, or whatever your name is, I've got to have somebody who can cook, so I'll give you a chance, until Saturday. If you make good, we'll arrange about pay. If you don't, out you go there and then, without a cent. That's the deal; take it or leave it."

"I'll take it," said Deborah promptly.

"And I'd like to say, Professor Montgomery, that I'm real proud to work for a man

who goes about doin' good, as the Bible says. I've been readin' your hand-bills, and when I see how many poor sufferin' souls you've made whole and well with them Wizard things of yours, I—"

But Mr. Bernstein led her out, and she finished the sentence in the back hall. He showed her her room, and other living-rooms in the flat. He told her the hours when meals were to be ready. He gave her the telephone-numbers of the grocery and market. Then he left her; and with a nose turned up in supreme disgust at the dirt and shiftlessness of the place, she proceeded to scrub and sweep.

As she was cooking the dinner that afternoon, a thought struck her.

"I declare!" she soliloquized—Deborah had a habit of talking to herself—"I forgot to ask if there was a Methodist meetin'-house nigh here. If godliness ain't nowhere's but next to cleanliness, as folks say, I'm 'fraid I'll have to go a long ways to find a church!"

### III

DEBORAH'S cooking was satisfactory; so, too, was her housekeeping. On Saturday she and the professor held a brief and business-like session, and at its conclusion she found herself formally installed as commander-in-chief of the domestic branch of the Wizard establishment. The salary was even larger than she had hoped. When the commission demanded by the employment bureau was paid, she could save money; and to save money and some day return, independent and prosperous, to Ostable was her cherished dream.

The bureau people had not exaggerated when they described the gifted Montgomery as "hard to get along with."

"Crank ain't no name for him," so Deborah told Mr. Bernstein, the assistant wizard. "But," she added, "he's so good to all the poor afflicted critters that come creepin' in here to be cured, and he does cure so many of 'em, that I'm willin' to put up with crankiness. I s'pose all great men has more or less unlikely streaks in 'em. Look at King Solomon!"

"Yes, and Dowie," assented Mr. Bernstein cheerfully. "I'd be willin' to be cranky if I could rake in the coin like him and the old man," referring thus irreverently to his employer.

A Methodist meeting-house was not to be found in the neighborhood of Deborah's new home, so she compromised on a mission,

where services were held each Sunday and on Thursday evenings. These services she attended regularly, and derived much solace therefrom.

"Blessed if it ain't a comfort," she said, "to hear Moody and Sankey hymns instead of 'Waltz Me Around Again, Willie,' or the other dreadful stuff the dirty young ones sing in the streets."

For six months she kept house and cooked for Professor Montgomery. At the end of that time she had nearly one hundred dollars in the savings-bank. The wizard paid her regularly, and he could afford to. His reception-room was always crowded, and the demand for the appliances and remedies kept up and increased.

Deborah gloried in the virtues of the "magnetized" cure-alls. She could recite pages of the advertising pamphlets, and did recite them to the butcher's boy, to Mr. Bernstein, or to any one else who would listen. The butcher's boy was greatly impressed. Mr. Bernstein winked and grinned, but said nothing.

One evening, at the mission, Deborah sat next to a young woman named Schumacher, whose acquaintance she had made some weeks before. They had become, in a way, warm friends. Ordinarily Miss Schumacher was in the best of spirits, telling of her experiences in the shop where she sewed, or of her "gentleman friend" who came to see her home from the meetings. But to-night she looked worried and troubled, and several times Deborah saw her wipe her eyes with her handkerchief.

"It's father," she said, in answer to her seat-mate's question. "He's that bad that we don't know what to do. He's been so's he could get to work—he's a taxidermist; works in the bird-stuffin' place by the bridge—but now he's laid up for keeps, I guess, and he'll lose his job. I'm on piece work and it's dull times, and I don't know how we'll get along. I wouldn't care—nobody would care—if father could get up again; but I'm 'fraid he won't, and—oh, dear, dear!"

"What ails him?" asked the sympathetic Deborah.

"It's rheumatism. He's always had it, though he's been able to get around; but now his feet are all swelled up, and his hands, and he can't stir hardly. And the doctor says he'd ought to go to the hospital, and—"

"Don't you let him go to no hospital! And don't you bother with no doctors, nei-

ther. Rheumatism! My sakes alive! Child, I do b'lieve it's a providence my knowin' you! Seems as if I was sent to you, as you might say. I know what'll cure your pa, just as it cured General Dobbs and Mayor Hopkins and the Cooney woman out in Idaho, and a whole lot more of 'em. My! my! ain't I glad you told me!"

And then into Miss Schumacher's attentive ear did Deborah pour the praise of Professor Montgomery and the Wizard Appliances and Remedies.

"I cal'late it'll cost consider'ble," she said in conclusion. "Them stockin's and things is dreadful expensive; but what's cost now if he's cured for good, and can work all the time? You've got some money put by, ain't you?"

"We've got sixty-five dollars in the Bowery Bank; and we'd spend that and more, too, if it was a sure cure like you say. My, I guess we would!"

"Then I'll have the professor call at your house to-morrow mornin' afore consultin'-time. Sure cure? Well, I guess 'tis! Why, he's cured thousands. Yes, indeed, thousands! You tell your pa he's just the same as a well man already."

So home went Nina Schumacher to carry the glad news, and back to the wizard went Deborah, to tell of the new patient, and of the consequent opportunity for the professor to keep on "doin' good."

"I declare, Mr. Montgomery," exclaimed Deborah, "I feel just like a missionary spreadin' the word among the heathen. You'd ought to be a proud but humble man, thinkin' of the work that's been given you to do. I'm proud to help even the least mite in doin' it; I know that!"

But the professor, who had been more than usually cranky during the past few days, and whose appetite had fallen off, only grunted and snarled:

"Ugh, it's a blanked long way up to their shack! Look here—have they got any money?"

#### IV

ON the following Thursday, Deborah met Miss Schumacher at the evening meeting. Nina was in somewhat better spirits, but still troubled.

"Father's been fitted with the stockin's," she said, "and the professor says he can cure him all right. But the stockin's was 'most fifty dollars, and he's got to have the gloves, and they'll cost thirty more. Unless we sell some of the furniture, I don't know

where's it's comin' from. What would you do if you was us?"

Deborah's New England thrift and appreciation of the value of money made her hesitate, but her implicit faith in the miracle-working appliances outweighed all other considerations.

"I guess I'd raise it somehow," she replied. "He's let you have 'em at less'n the regular rates, as 'tis. There ain't no use bein' half-way cured. Yes, I guess I'd keep on, if 'twas me, till there wasn't a stick left in the house. What's furniture 'long-side of your pa's health? Land, if I could have kept my father here by sellin' furniture, we'd have et off the floor for two years!"

Miss Shumacher begged her friend to come up and see her. Deborah promised to do so, and took the address.

Next day the professor was uglier than ever. He made a call upon the Shumachers, and saw his usual quota of consulting patients, but he ate little, and appeared to limp slightly. That evening the housekeeper heard loud and profane language behind the closed door of the private office. At length appeared Mr. Bernstein, looking flushed and angry.

"The old fake!" he exclaimed, coming into the kitchen where Deborah was washing dishes. "Blame his mean hide! I'll—I'll show him! I says to him: 'You ain't the whole thing,' I says. 'There's others, see? You and the job can go to thunder!' Oh, I told him a few things! Givin' me the chuck just because I asked for a raise, and me standin' his hot air and lettin' him call me out of my name for two years! All right. I'm through, but I don't care. I've learned the medicine game since I've been here, and I've got friends that'll set me up for myself. They'll only be too glad of the chance, and—"

"Why—why, Mr. Bernstein," interrupted the amazed housekeeper, "you don't mean to say he's discharged you—his assistant? Why, I thought—"

"Sure you did! So'd anybody think. But that's what he done. And after me lyin' for him and workin' for him like 'twas my own hand I was playin'! Many's the dollar I've brought in here. I bet I've landed more'n a hundred suckers in the last six months, and the most of 'em went the limit—took the socks and the mits and the flannels and all. And what did I get out of it? Not a red; not a ten-cent commish. I've a mind to show him up to the cops—him and

his fakes. If it wasn't that I'd get myself into trouble, and 'twould be hard to get witnesses, I'd give the whole thing away. He'd get about ten years in jail—that's what he'd get. 'Money under false pretenses'—what?"

"Mr. Bernstein!" cut in Deborah sharply. "Mr. Bernstein, you sha'n't talk so! Anybody'd think them appliances was make-b'lieve, to hear you go on. And him such a philanthropist, doin' good to the poor, and—"

"Great Scott!" the assistant actually gasped. He looked at Miss Larkin in incredulous astonishment. "Say, don't stand there and tell me you ain't on, after all this time! You ain't soft enough to believe the old guy and his bluffs are straight, are you? Doin' good to the poor! Doin' the poor good—doin' 'em good and plenty, you better say!"

Deborah, not a little horrified, seized him by the arm.

"Mr. Bernstein," she commanded, "you set right down in that chair. I want to talk to you. What do you mean?"

Mr. Bernstein obeyed the order. The conversation which followed was lengthy and illuminating. The discharged assistant did most of the talking; the housekeeper listened, growing pale as she did so. Occasionally she asked a question, and Mr. Bernstein's answers were always satisfyingly clear and to the point.

"But—but it can't be so," stammered Deborah. "It *can't* be! Why, if they was just plain yarn stockin's, same as you say they are, there wouldn't be any—and there *is* electric plates and wires in 'em 'cause I've seen—"

"Rats! There's round chunks of tin and felt, and a few copper wires—that's all. And the same way with the gloves and flannels. The liniment's nothin' but colored water and red pepper. Don't I know? Why, I can take you to the place where he has the things made, and I can tell you what he pays for 'em. And 'tain't any sixty dollars a pair, neither. Fifty cents a cart-load would be nearer."

Miss Larkin's plates stood unwashed in the cooling dish-water; but she did not care. Her idols were crumbling to bits before her eyes.

"But—but," she said chokingly, "it *can't* be true! Why, he's curin' folks right along. And there was General Dobbs and Mayor Hopkins and—"

Bernstein laughed.



"You can make any fool believe he's cured if you've got the gift of the gab and the nerve to charge enough," he said. "And would anybody but a fool come here in the first place? As for Dobbs—huh! I'm Dobbs."

"What kind of talk is—"

"I'm Dobbs, I tell you. Sure I am; and I'm Hopkins and most of the others. I invented about all the names in them testimonials, and me and Montgomery wrote 'em. And now, after all that, he gives me the G. B. just because he's cranky. There's gratitude, ain't it?"

Deborah's usual hour for retiring was nine o'clock; but on this occasion midnight found her still dressed and thinking. Mr. Bernstein had departed. He was to send for his trunk next day.

The housekeeper was alternately boiling with indignation and overwhelmed with contrition. Several times she rose to her feet with the idea of "having it out" with the professor.

"The old scalawag!" she said to herself. "I'll just march my boots into his room and snatch him bald-headed! Lettin' me help him rob them poor deluded sufferin' sick folks!"

And then came the thought of the Shumachers. Deborah had been responsible for their falling victims to the wizard. When at last she did go to bed it was with the determination to visit them next morning and prevent further robbery.

## V

PROFESSOR MONTGOMERY did not rise early that morning. He swore at his housekeeper and bade her let him alone. He didn't want any breakfast. She did not urge him to eat. Neither did she "snatch him bald-headed," as she had threatened. Instead, she stole quietly out at the back door of the flat.

She had made up her mind to leave the Montgomery employ that day. As a preliminary step, she hastened to the savings-bank and withdrew her hundred dollars. It was no small consolation to know that she had that amount in hand as a reserve fund. Then she boarded a Third Avenue car and started up-town on her way to the Shumacher home.

She found the place at last, in a street quite or nearly as dirty as that which she had left, and on the fourth story of a dingy tenement.

Nina had gone to the shop, but Mrs. Shu-

macher—a gray-haired, patient-faced woman—answered the knock at the door, and, when Deborah told her name, welcomed her with enthusiasm.

"Ah, Miss Larkin!" she cried. "Come right away in. Nina haf told us about you so much. It iss you who haf brought to us der wonderful stockings. Come right away in!"

Deborah winced at the reference to the stockings, but she went in. The Shumachers had four rooms, which were clean; but that is perhaps the sole good thing that may truthfully be said about them. The three which were visible to the wizard's housekeeper were distressfully dark, and wofully bare of furniture.

"I come, Mrs. Shumacher—" began Deborah.

"Ach, yes, I know. You haf coom to see how *he* iss." She indicated the closed door of the fourth room with a motion of her hand. "It vas so kind of you, but Nina says you are always kind. And you told us about der stockings. Vell, he iss better, I t'ink, and der professor—ach, der great man!—he says der stockings iss doing him good. He iss asleep now, and ven he sleeps he has no pain. But ven he wakes he vill vant to see you. Sure he vill!"

"Mrs. Shumacher," began Deborah, again, "I heard somethin' last night that made me hurry right up here this mornin'. It's—"

"I know. You haf heard we haf der gloves. Yes, so it iss. And der professor says dey vill help him some more. But perhaps ve shall der flannels need. Ach, *him-mel*; and vere shall dey coom from? Miss Larkin—"

"Do you mean to say that you've spent your money already for them everlast—for them gloves?"

"Yes, it iss spent. Thirty dollars—such a lot of money! Ve sell der best table and der chairs and der stuffed owl and der ring vat Nina have ven she vas little. He"—again nodding toward the closed door—"he don't know. He vould neffer let us do it, if he did. But Nina she say to me, 'mudder, der kind Miss Larkin say it iss all right and sure, so it iss all right and sure. And ve haf read der destimonials, too. And ven fadder iss well again perhaps we can buy dem back. But oh, dear, der ring, and der owl vat he stuff before ve vas married, and der furniture—"

She wiped her eyes on her apron. Deborah stamped her foot.



"I vum," she sputtered, "if it ain't enough to—"

"Oh, don't you care, Miss Larkin. I'm an old fool vomans. Vat iss owls and tables and rings besides my man's health? You mustn't t'ink ve ain't obliged to you for your kindness. No, no! It iss just dot it coom so hard and slow in der savings, and go so quick. Ach, dere he iss! Cooming, Franz, cooming!"

There was a groan from behind the closed door, which Mrs. Shumacher ran to open. Deborah caught a glimpse of another meanly furnished room, of a gray head on the pillow, of an old face twisted with pain, and of a pair of hands covered with the ridiculous Wizard Magnetized Gloves. Then the door closed.

The housekeeper glanced about the poverty-stricken apartment. These people, thanks to her, had spent every penny in their possession, and had even parted with their household treasures, because she urged them to do so. She could prevent further extortion, of course, but—

She glanced at her plump pocketbook; upon her face were the signs of hesitancy and mental struggle.

Mrs. Shumacher was absent from the room but a few moments. She came hurrying back, saying:

"Now he iss ready to see you, Miss Larkin. Nina haf told him of you so often. Valk right away in."

But Deborah did not move. The mental struggle was over. Her lips were set tight, and she spoke as one whose mind is made up.

"No, Mrs. Shumacher," she said, "I cal'late I won't go in to see your husband now. But I've just found out somethin', and I must tell you. Don't you have nothin' more to do with that—" she choked over the word—"that professor critter. Him and his gloves and his stockin's and all are nothin' but shams, swindles, good-for-nothin' make-b'lieves. Don't you let him come near this house again. If he does, you call in the officers and have him took up. You'd better send Mr. Shumacher to the hospital, and—"

Mrs. Shumacher's mouth opened.

"Vot?" she gasped. "Vot? Der professor?"

"The professor's a fraud, I tell you—a wicked, designin' fraud. Oh, I know him now, drat him! I'm fairly bilin' when I think—"

"But der money? Der money ve haf

spent? All our money? Vat shall ve do? Vere—"

"That's all right," went on Deborah, speaking very rapidly, and not looking at her companion. "I made him give back the money. Eighty dollars, wasn't it? Yes; well, here 'tis."

And from her pocketbook she took the roll of bills which represented her savings—her sole reserve fund—and counted eighty dollars upon the table.

"There 'tis," she said, handing the banknotes to the dazed Mrs. Shumacher. "Take it. Take it, I tell you and hang on to it. If anybody else advises you to try any Wizard Remedies, you—you shoot 'em. Good-by!"

She slammed the door and was gone. Mrs. Shumacher stared in bewilderment at the money in her hand.

"There!" soliloquized Deborah, walking briskly along the sidewalk. "That's the biggest lie I ever told, and me a church member. And it cost me eighty dollars, too! But I guess the lesson was worth it, lie and all. Yes, I'm glad I done it. Now, Professor Wizard Montgomery, you and me'll have a final session!"

## VI

BUT Deborah was not destined to see the professor again. When she entered the back door of that gifted person's establishment, she was met by a tall young man, wearing eye-glasses.

"Are you the housekeeper?" he asked. "Great Cæsar, where have you been? Your employer is sick, and likely to be sick for a month to come. I've just sent for a trained nurse."

"Sick, is he?" inquired Deborah sharply. "You're the doctor, I s'pose. What's the matter with him?"

The physician chuckled.

"It's a pretty good joke, all things considered," he replied. "Do you want to know what's the matter with him? Well, I'll tell you."

He did so. As she listened, a rather grim smile slowly spread itself over the housekeeper's face.

"Hum!" she sniffed. "Talk about righteous judgments! If that ain't—"

The doctor laughed aloud.

"Yes," he said, "just so. Well, there's a room full of 'patients' waiting for him in there. Tell 'em all to clear out, will you? He can't see any one for four or five weeks, at least."

Deborah, left alone, reflected for a moment or two. Then, from the shelf in the kitchen closet, she took the cover of a large paste-board box and wrote upon it with a pencil. She affixed a string to it, entered the crowded reception-room, and hung the placard upon the door-knob of the professor's private office. This done, she went up-stairs to get her extension-case, which she had packed the night before with her few personal belongings.

As she passed through the hall, on her return, she peeped into the reception-room. The "patients" were reading the placard on the door and seemed agitated. There was a buzz of excited conversation in broken English.

"Humph!" sniffed Deborah as, for the

last time, she descended the steps leading to the home of the Wizard Appliances and Remedies. "I don't know whether any of the poor fools has sense enough to see the point of that sign or not, but I cal'late 'twill soak into some of 'em after a spell. Now I'll go back to that help place and try for another job. If there's nothin' there, and wust comes to wust, I've got my train-fare back to Ostable and Judge Hanbury's. It'll hurt my pride some, but what's pride alongside of common honesty?"

The placard that Miss Deborah Larkin had hung upon the consulting-room door read as follows:

Professor Montgomery is laid up in bed with rheumatic fever. The doctor he's called in to cure him says he won't be up for a month.

#### THE OLDEST RIDDLE

I GAVE her some roses that day at the fair;  
She pinned a Rêve d'Or in her bonnie brown hair,  
And so warm was her glance I could truly declare  
Never maid was more winsome or kind.  
But those same eyes were blank when I met her again  
At the Smiths'; she was primly conventional then,  
And preferred the cheap chatter of commonplace men—  
Or seemed to; but was it a blind?

We lingered one midsummer-night on the beach,  
Where the foamy-flecked wavelets curled just out of reach;  
My heart was too full for the shallows of speech;  
Long moments in silence were spent.  
But why did she call me a dull-witted chap,  
When I gave her the jacket I held in my lap?  
She had said it was cold, and had asked for a wrap,  
And I thought that was just what she meant!

It is always the same; when my heart-throbs increase  
Her signs of emotion immediately cease.  
Is it innocent girlhood, or studied caprice,  
Or designed with some deeper intent?  
She scoffs at sweet words framed to please her alone,  
She laughs where no subject for mirth has been shown;  
Each change in her mood has a charm of its own;  
If I only were sure what she meant!

When I tried with soft nothings her heart to beguile,  
When her lips were so close—it seemed almost worth while—  
A facetious remark and a whimsical smile  
Gave my pride the proverbial fall.  
Am I hunter or hunted, the fox or the goose?  
Is she one of the many who play fast and loose?  
Or, oh! does she really—? But there, what's the use?  
Ten to one, she means nothing at all!

Harry F. Bowling

# THE LANDING OF DANNY WELLS

A SUMMER ROMANCE WITH MORE HEROES THAN ONE

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

WITH A DRAWING (FRONTISPIECE) BY THE KINNEYS

(A Letter from Miss Beatrice Waterbury to Miss Marie Hawkins.)

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.,  
July 10, 1908.

**M**Y DEAR MARIE:  
First let me swear you to eternal secrecy, and then tell you that at last it has happened. I am engaged. His name is Harrison Lydgate, and he comes from Chicago. He was on the train coming up from New York, and our meeting was, to say the least of it, a romantic and unconventional affair. We were introduced, not by any of the usual agents of old Lady Grundy, but by Fate herself.

When the train rolled into the station at Albany, the car was so hot and stuffy that I got out and began walking up and down the station-platform. He likewise seemed to feel the need of fresh air, and, as I suspect, of a fresh cigar, for after two or three turns on the platform I saw him disappear into the station and walk to the cigar-stand, where for a few minutes he occupied himself with filling his pockets. He appeared so calmly confident that he had all the time there was in the world that I paid no attention whatsoever to the train until I was suddenly conscious of an avalanche of good-looking humanity rushing past me in the direction of the Saratoga Express.

Mixed in with the avalanche were a few words which, though under the circumstances pardonable, are hardly proper to be set down in a strictly feminine correspondence such as this. They were due entirely to the fact that our train had suddenly begun to move, and, horrible to relate, when we got to the track upon which it had been standing, it had gone!

What was worse, I had left my pocket-book in my little traveling-bag, and I was

absolutely penniless. Moreover, mama had kept the tickets.

"Mercy!" I cried, as I saw the tail-end of the vestibuled train disappearing in the distance.

He must have heard my appeal in spite of his own remarks, for, as soon as he had recovered from his trifling and excusable lapse of temper, he turned very politely to me and offered his services.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but if I can be of any assistance to you—"

"You can, indeed," I replied. I am stranded here, penniless and ticketless, and I don't know a soul in Albany to whom to apply for help."

"I shall be very glad," he said courteously, "to let you have my ticket. You are going to Saratoga, are you not?"

"I hope so," said I, "but in my present bankrupt condition there's no telling what will become of me."

And then we both laughed, and I began to feel as if I had known him all my life. I was very much pleased with his offer of his ticket, too. It struck me as rather a tactful thing to do. Most men would probably have whipped out a corpulent-looking wallet and offered to lend me enough dollars to carry me through, "to be returned when perfectly convenient."

"You shall have my ticket," said he, "and I will look around to see what I can do to get another one for myself. It is too bad you have been delayed. These things are very annoying."

"Yes," I replied, "but there is a lesson in it. We should rely more upon ourselves than upon others. My misadventure is nothing more than the natural result of misplaced confidence."

"You are right," he agreed. "It is a good thing in traveling not to rely too much on

what these Pullman porters tell us. That interesting darky on our car told me we had fifteen minutes here, and as a matter of fact we only had ten. He looked so much like a bishop that I had absolute confidence in what he said."

"My misplaced confidence was not in the bishop," I remarked quietly.

"No?" said he inquiringly.

"No," I answered. "I had pinned my faith to you. I didn't think you looked like a man who would lose a train, and you were so very leisurely about buying those cigars that I thought the train stayed here for a week or two."

"Very well, then," said he, with a delicious twinkle in his eye, "if I am to blame I must make amends, and I hereby assume all responsibility for your safe return to your mother at Saratoga—if indeed your very attractive chaperon on the train was your mother. Meanwhile, as there is nothing to be gained by standing out here looking at an empty railway-track, hadn't we better go inside and sit down? It is comparatively cool in there."

Well, Marie, that is what we did, and I don't know when I have so much enjoyed a chat. It was better even than talking gowns with you and Pauline. Mr. Lydgate is one of the best talkers I have ever met, and his voice is so musical that it would be a pleasure just to sit and listen to it even if he didn't say anything. He not only knows the difference between an Ibsen woman and a Gibson girl, but he can talk intelligently about both of them, and the result was that we got so deeply absorbed in a discussion of the two—that is, the difference between the American woman and her European sister—that a couple of hours later, when we started for the next train to Saratoga, we found that we had managed to miss that one too by just three minutes.

However, we got a train about five o'clock in the afternoon, and, much to my regret, Mr. Lydgate fulfilled his promise to deliver me in safety to mama.

Well, naturally, my dear Marie, after such an introduction Mr. Lydgate and I saw much of each other. My gallant young *Lochinvar* from out of the West became the most ubiquitous thing in all Saratoga. Indeed, to me he became so thoroughly identified with Saratoga, and Saratoga with him, that yesterday, when he told me that he was leaving for Chicago to-day, it seemed to me as if this attractive little village was about to be removed from the map. Last night he called to say

good-by; and under the heavenly influence of a gorgeous moon, streaming down upon a quiet spot in the gardens, while the air was laden with the dulcet strains of the hotel orchestra discoursing a Strauss waltz in the distance—well, you can scarcely wonder that something happened.

It all came in such a whirl, and so unexpectedly, that it seemed to me as if I had been completely swept away by some surging tide of irresistible force, and when I got back to shore again I was engaged to be married. These Westerners are so genuine and so masterful that—oh, well, Marie, dear, I am not sorry to find myself in chains at last, and when I think of Harrison I am glad I pinned my faith to him when I first saw him at Albany, and lost my train.

We are not ready to announce it yet, so please regard what I have told you as an absolute secret. Do not breathe a word of it to anybody—especially not to anybody who is likely to mention it to Danny Wells. Danny and I have been friends for so many years, and he gets so cross with me every time I show signs of having grown up, that I think he thinks he has a proprietary interest in me, and I want him to hear of my engagement to Mr. Lydgate first from me. I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world, and—but I guess you understand how it is.

Good night, dearest. Don't fail to write to me, and remember what I have always told you about flirting. When you get to the point that I have reached in my life you will realize, as I do, what a great, true thing, and yet how delicate and tender, is the heart of a real man. It may be, as Danny says, that I am nothing but a fluffy-headed little twenty-year-old, but I have lived, Marie—since I arrived at Saratoga!

Ever your devoted  
BEATRICE.

## II

(*A Letter from Miss Beatrice Waterbury to Miss Pauline Dimmock.*)

YORK HARBOR, MAINE,  
July 25, 1908.

MY DEAREST PAULINE:

Your letter forwarded to me from Saratoga has been lying on my desk unanswered for nearly a week, but I know you will pardon my neglect, dear, when I tell you what has happened to your friend Trixie in the brief space of seven days. It has all come so suddenly that even now, when I am once more in still waters, I can scarcely marshal all the

facts of the case clearly and certainly in my own mind. Anyhow, Pauline, dear, you will be glad to hear that it has happened at last! He—the inevitable, long-awaited *he*—has come into my life, and I am engaged to be married.

It all came about in the way I have always hoped it would, most romantically. We arrived here from Saratoga on Thursday, the 15th, and came at once to the Marshal House. Then, without a moment's notice, the little prank that Fate had held in store for me all these years began.

On Friday morning, about eleven o'clock, I went to the beach, arrayed in that stunning bathing-suit you helped me choose last spring at Galtman's, all prepared for a sun-bath and later a plunge. We had quite a jolly party on the beach—the Basingstokes have a cottage here, and there are a baker's dozen week-enders with them all the time, and several week-throughers besides. Well, dear, you of course know my weak points, and it will therefore not surprise you in the least to hear that your little Trixie couldn't help trying to show off.

Poor old Danny Wells taught me how to swim when I was knee-high to a katydid, and his father always used to call me his little mermaid, I was so thoroughly at home in the salt water. Wherefore, naturally enough, with so many people looking on, it was "stunts" for Trixie, and the first thing I knew I was being carried out to sea! Or, to put it more exactly, I swam out a little too far and couldn't get back—and that was where *he* came in.

I began to call for help, and the bathing-master made the usual picturesque dash for the life-boat, but in some way or other the thing had got tangled up in a lot of ropes and things, with the result that valuable minutes were lost. Trixie went under, and then she didn't know what had happened until she suddenly felt a strong arm passed under her, and heard a voice that sounded like heavenly music saying:

"Now, don't fight, if you please. There's not a bit of danger, you know. Just take a good grip on my shoulder, and we'll swim in together!"

I wanted to see who it was, but there was so much salt water in my eyes that I couldn't; so I simply clutched, and in a few minutes was safely landed on the beach again, where I promptly fainted.

My rescuer turned out to be the Hon. Cyril Hopeleigh, of England, and he is the *he*, dear. He is visiting the United States to look over

some properties in the West that belong to his uncle, the Duke of Barchester. He arrived only last week, and this morning he started for Montana, where his uncle's interests are. He had come to York Harbor to see Jack Basingstoke, whose firm has had something to do, I believe, with getting the duke interested in the property; and I tell you, Pauline, it was lucky for me he was here. If he hadn't come, your little Trixie would now be a mermaid for keeps!

Well, of course mama was effusively grateful, and the Hon. Cyril was made to feel that he was more than a *persona grata* at the court of St. Waterbury. It pleased me very much to observe that he not only appreciated the fact, but intended to make the most of it. He has hardly left my side from the moment of the rescue until he took his departure this morning. He carried my clubs in the golf handicap last Saturday, and I haven't a doubt that it was his advice and steadying influence that enabled me to win second. At the bathing-hour he has always waited for me, and has discouraged all my further attempts at doing "stunts"—Englishmen are very masterful creatures, and when they say "Do not do it" so quietly, but so firmly, you just up and don't.

Now, of course, my dear Pauline, it is hardly necessary for me to tell one who knows me as well as you do that I did not for a moment imagine that Mr. Hopeleigh's attentions were anything more than the usual courtesies of a gentleman toward a girl whose company he finds agreeable; so you may imagine my utter surprise at what happened last night. It was about eight o'clock when Cyril called and, strangely enough, sent up his card to mama.

I was sitting in her room, putting hot applications on her head to relieve her neuralgia, when the card came. Poor mama was too utterly done up to go down, but she felt that she could do without me well enough for a little while. Cyril had saved my life, you see, and he was going away in the morning, and it didn't seem right to let him go without seeing either of us; so I went down to the hotel parlor and found him sitting there in full and formal regalia.

"I am sorry, Mr. Hopeleigh," said I, "but mama begs you to excuse her. She is quite unable to come down. She has had a severe recurrence of her neuralgia."

His face really dropped a mile, without any exaggeration—I never saw such a woe-gone expression as came over it as I spoke.

"I am sorry, too," he said, rising, and then



he seemed to hesitate. "I am awfully sorry. I wanted to see her very much indeed. Yes, very much," he went on in a moment. "You see, Miss Waterbury, I—I am going West to-morrow, out to Montana, you know. It's a long way off, and I really don't know when I shall be able to get back—not for several months, anyhow, and so it is rather awkward not to be able to see her, and—"

"I will say good-by to her for you, Mr. Hopeleigh," I interrupted.

"It isn't that; no, not quite that," he said, evidently much embarrassed. "I had a rather important matter to speak of—to speak to your mother about, Miss Waterbury. It is a matter which I may say vitally affects my future happiness, and—ah, and I trust yours as well."

I am sure I do not know what made me do it—perhaps it was sympathy, he really did look so miserably crestfallen—but, anyhow, I blurted out, almost as impulsively as if I were you, dear:

"Well, if it affects my happiness, too, Mr. Hopeleigh, why don't you speak to me about it? I might have some interest in such a matter."

He looked at me a moment as if dumfounded, and then a great happy smile swept across his face.

"By Jove!" he cried. "I've half a mind to, don't you know!"

And after only a little more hesitation he actually did.

He had come to ask mama for my hand, and by slow degrees he managed to deliver his message to me. He was so fine and sweet and hesitatingly manly about it that I ended by telling him that mama always said what I said, and that in this case I said yes.

And so, dearest Pauline, I have promised. There is no lure of a title here, so do not think that I have been carried away by the glamour of anything of that sort. The Duke of Barchester has seven sons, and ten or a dozen grandsons, so Cyril is not likely ever to be anything else but an honorable—unless, of course, he wins some other distinction for himself later on.

I am writing this just after seeing him off on the early train for Boston. He takes the transcontinental train from there this afternoon. Poor mama is still asleep, and her neuralgia is so acute that I am really afraid to tell her anything about what has happened for a little while, so please say nothing about it. Above all, if you happen to run across Danny Wells anywhere, don't even suggest in his presence that you have heard

from me. Dan and I have been chums for so long that he would be very indignant, I am afraid, if he were to hear of my engagement from any one but me. Mind now, Pauline!

Ever your affectionate

TRIX.

### III

(A Letter from Miss Beatrice Waterbury to Miss Harriet Watson.)

PROFILE HOUSE,  
WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.,  
August 15, 1908.

MY DEAR HARRIET:

I plead guilty! You are perfectly right in what you say about my being a wretched correspondent, but it hasn't been altogether my fault, you dear old thing. It isn't that I love Harriet less, but that I love — more! Now, what do you suppose that blank means? Well, Blank is somebody, and a dear, sweet somebody, and his name is Carey Murchison. He comes from Virginia, and for two blessed weeks he has not left me to myself long enough to write to you or to anybody else in this beautiful world.

What a difference a few days can make in our lives! Three weeks ago the name of Carey Murchison was utterly unknown to me, save as that of a rather ubiquitous young Southerner who exhibited at the horse-show; but now it is in a fair way to be engraved upon my future visiting-cards with the word "Mrs." before it!

Yes, it was all very sudden, and I suppose I may say that it is the only good thing that ever came out of neuralgia. Mama and I were intending to spend the summer at York Harbor, but she suddenly came down with one of her old neuralgic attacks, and the first thing we knew we were packing our trunks and buying our tickets for the mountains. We arrived here about two weeks ago, and it certainly is a heavenly spot. It is high up, impressively beautiful, and at the same time cozy—a snuggling sort of place in a cup of the hills, with a gem of a lake to float on; inspiring mountains; good golf; lovely walks; fair tennis; teas to burn; all the bridge you can decently want—maybe a little more, and—Carey Murchison.

My meeting with Carey was almost like a story-book. You know how fond I always was of wandering about among the trees, and trying to find new walks, and climbing hills. Well, the third day after our arrival here, while mama was taking her afternoon nap, and everybody else was enjoying a similar siesta, I put on a short skirt and started up

the mountainside all by my lonesome. Everything went well until I had got about a mile from the hotel, when, without looking where I was going, I stuck my dainty little cinderella under an exposed root, tripped, fell, and, on rising, found myself unable to stand, having sprained my ankle.

Of course, if you can't stand, you can't walk, and on piny paths down a steep mountainside you can't hop. There were only two things to be done—to stay where I was until some one came along to help me, or to roll back to the hotel. I tried a little of the latter, but soon gave it up; it was too uncomfortable, and I didn't seem to get anywhere. So I hallooed and hallooed, but the only response was an echo that seemed to take delight in mocking my helplessness. Nobody came, and I had the pleasure of sitting there full of mental anguish at the thought of a night on the mountain all by myself. I watched the shadows from the hills on the other side of the notch creeping slowly but surely upward as the sun went down, and I can tell you, Harriet, it was a pretty grim sort of a moment. It gradually grew darker and darker, and darker yet, until finally it was a case of pine-trees and stars for company, and the air was getting colder and colder every minute.

Then the real seriousness of my situation crept over me. Nobody knew where I was. I had not told mama where I was going, and in a place like this it never occurs to anybody to wonder where anybody else is until supper-time; and then there are so many places where one might be that the chance of finding a missing person is very small. I was nearly chilled through, and altogether found myself in a terrifying predicament.

I began to feel that it would be a comfort to have a bear come along, sit down alongside of me, and keep me warm in time-honored bear fashion; and just then I heard somebody coming down the path whistling "Dixie." I always loved "Dixie," anyhow, and whenever I hear it played at the theaters I clap my hands until there isn't a button left on my gloves; but I can tell you, Harriet, dear, it never sounded half so sweet as it did that night, though to tell the truth the musician was not a born whistler, and flatted horribly.

"Hello!" I cried through the darkness, and "Dixie" immediately subsided into a dying squeak.

"Hello yourself!" came the reply in a fine manly voice that was good to hear.

"I have fallen and sprained my ankle," I

called out, and then a dark figure loomed up in the path just above where I was sitting.

It was Mr. Murchison. He had been climbing the mountain that afternoon, and was now on his way back. I had not met him, but I knew who he was. He had been pointed out to me, and his whole family history from the time of Adam down had been related to me by one of the "embroidery group" during the afternoon concert the day before. He had been quite a lively youngster, Carey had, and, if my informant spoke truly, there were those who said this, as well as others who said that, with occasional ones who said the other thing about him. All these things didn't bother me, however—in fact, I was not in a position to be particular about who should rescue me, and if Don Juan himself had come along at that moment I should have been far from snubbing him.

Certainly Mr. Murchison was the soul of courtesy, like all Virginians.

"May I be of assistance to you?" he asked politely as a Chesterfield.

"Yes, indeed," said I. "I am utterly unable to walk, and I am nearly frozen. I slipped and fell here more than two hours ago."

His reply was to whip off his Norfolk jacket and wrap it around me, and then he offered me his arm. I took both the jacket and the arm with a deep sense of gratitude, but the latter availed me not. Even with that aid, it was simply impossible to walk.

"Couldn't you go to the hotel and get a stretcher?" I was about to say, when I gave my twisted ankle another wrench, and in a moment was a limp, fainting heap in the middle of the path.

Mr. Murchison looked at me for a minute or two as if debating something in his mind. Finally he spoke.

"I don't like to leave you here alone," he said. "If you would permit me to do so, I could easily carry you to the hotel. It is not so very far away."

It was rather startling, but what else was there to be done? My ankle hurt so, and I felt so faint, and I was so cold, and he looked so strong and masterful, and was so courteous with it all! I couldn't bring myself either to accept or to decline, and he, taking my silence for consent, picked me up just as if I had been a small child; and fifteen minutes later he stalked into the hotel office and deposited me in my mother's keeping.

Everybody was there, too, excitedly discussing the mysterious disappearance, and getting up volunteer relief-corps to explore

the mountain fastnesses for the missing me. I am sure I do not know what the Penelope Brigade thought when the door swung open and Mr. Murchison strode in with little me folded up comfortably in his arms. Whatever they may think or say, I don't care, for last night Carey asked me to marry him; and when I reflected that in all human probability he had saved my life, it seemed to me that he was entitled to the salvage—and that is how it came to be, dear.

It is not to be announced until next fall, so don't even hint of it as a possibility to any one, especially to any of the Wellses. I want to write and tell Dan about it myself. He's so queer about me, he wouldn't believe it if he heard it from anybody else. He always has treated me just like a child.

We are expecting to spend September at Lenox, so if you don't answer this before the 1st you had better address me there.

Always your devoted

TRIXEY.

#### IV

(*A Letter from Daniel Wells, Esq., to Miss Beatrice Waterbury, at Lenox.*)

HYPERION CLUB, NEW YORK,  
September 29, 1908.

DEAR TRIX:

What is this nonsense I hear about your being engaged? I happened to meet Pauline Dimmock, Marie Hawkins, and Hattie Watson coming out of Gaffney's yesterday, and I took them to lunch at Sherry's; and in the midst of it all this extraordinary fairy tale came out. The exasperating part of it all is that they can't agree on the man's name, or where he comes from. He seems to have as many aliases as a royal personage traveling incog, and to hail from all over the map of two hemispheres. Marie says his name is Lydgate, Pauline thinks he's the Hon. Cyril Thingumbob from Montana, and Harriet has another dark horse whose name I've forgotten. What is the meaning of it all? You aren't old enough to get engaged—or, if you are, I rather think there is a man in New York about my size and complexion who has, or ought to have, something to say on the subject.

Lord save us, Trix! You engaged! I'd laugh if the idea didn't make me mad. Why, I've always thought of you as a little bundle of curls and general helplessness dressed up in pinafores, and of myself as a kid—and here we are old enough to think of proposals and getting married, and all that, and I never

knew it! You don't for a moment think that I am going to stand by and see you—oh, what's the use of writing that? We jumped over a broomstick together years ago, childy, and it counted with me! There never has been any other since, and there never will be while I live.

Write me at once and tell me that those giggling shoppers got it wrong, or were jollying me; or, if they weren't, give me the address of that syndicate of *fiancés*, so that I can waylay them and put them into the hands of a receiver if they even so much as look at my monopoly—which I sure shall!

Always yours,

DAN.

#### V

(*A Series of Telegrams Received by Miss Beatrice Waterbury, at Lenox, Simultaneously with the Above Letter.*)

##### 1

CHICAGO, ILL., October 1, 1908.

Am on my way East. Expect me Thursday night.

HARRISON LYDGATE.

##### 2

ST. PAUL, MINN., October 1, 1908.

Returning. Look for me Thursday evening.

CYRIL.

##### 3

RICHMOND, VA., October 1, 1908.

Have just been called North. Will see you Thursday P.M. about eight.

CAREY.

#### VI

(*Rush Telegram from Beatrice Waterbury to Daniel Wells, Esq.*)

LENOX, MASS., October 1, 1908.

Why did you not say so before? Meet me Grand Central Station, five this afternoon. Most important. Need you.

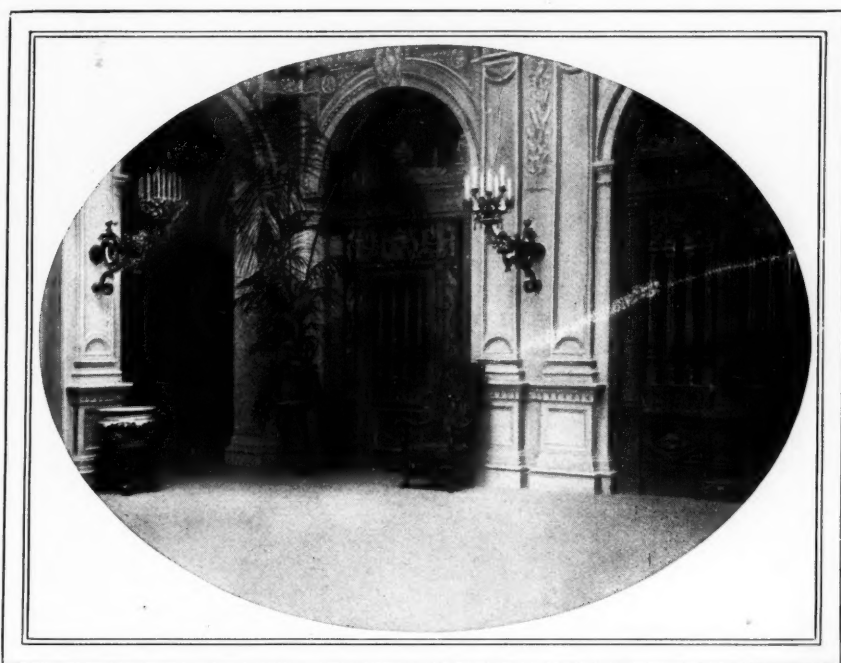
BEATRICE.

#### VII

(*Conclusion, Being an Extract from the New York Times, October 2, 1908.*)

MARRIED.

WELLS-WATERBURY.—On October 1, at St. Timothy's Rectory, Stamford, Connecticut, by the Rev. Peter J. Terwilliger, D.D., Beatrice, daughter of the late William Waterbury, of Lenox, Massachusetts, to Daniel Wells, of New York. No cards.



THE COURT, OR WINTER GARDEN, IN THE ASTOR MANSION—THIS IS A SPACIOUS RECEPTION COURT ON THE FIRST FLOOR, ROOFED WITH A GLASS DOME

## THE NEW ASTOR MANSION

COLONEL JOHN JACOB ASTOR'S NEW YORK HOUSE AS  
RECENTLY REMODELED

BY WALTER E. PATTERSON

THAT section of Fifth Avenue, New York, known as Millionaires' Row used to extend from Fiftieth Street to the Plaza, and contained the Vanderbilt mansions, the stone castle of the late Collis P. Huntington, and many other famous houses. But in recent years commerce has pushed the residence section farther north, and now it may be said that the avenue from the Plaza northward along Central Park to Ninety-Third Street has become the real Millionaires' Row.

Here are the mansions of John Jacob Astor, of Elbridge Gerry, of George Gould, of Andrew Carnegie, of the late William C.

Whitney—now occupied by Harry Payne Whitney, his son—of Senator Clark, of Henry Phipps, of Thomas F. Ryan, of Jacob H. Schiff, of E. J. Berwind, of D. G. Reid, of Archer Huntington, of James B. Duke, and many more besides.

The interior of the Whitney house at Sixty-Seventh Street was entirely designed by Stanford White, and it is constructed and furnished with the spoils of European palaces and châteaux, selected and recombined by the architect. The wrought iron entrance gates were brought from the Palazzo Doria in Genoa. The ceiling of the entrance hall came from the château of the Vicomte de

Sauze, in southern France. The great fireplace was brought intact from another French château, and dates from the time of Henry II. In the library, the bookcases are built out of a set of carved choir-stalls from a church in Naples. Almost every bit of floor and ceiling in the lower portions of the house is thus constructed out of antiques, while the wall spaces are covered with ancient paint-

and Fifth Avenue, is a typical French château of the period of Francis I, and, like all châteaux, it should, for its proper effect, be set not on a city street but amid acres of formal gardens to complete the design. Originally it was built, within, as two houses, Colonel Astor's mother, the late Mrs. William Astor, so long the arbiter of New York society, occupying the northern half, her son



A CORNER OF THE LIBRARY IN THE ASTOR MANSION—THIS ROOM REMAINS AS ORIGINALLY DESIGNED, IN THE STYLE OF LOUIS XII, WITH HEAVY GILT DECORATIONS

ings or tapestries, and the antique furniture was purchased at great price to match.

Colonel Astor's mansion, completed some fifteen years ago from plans made by Richard M. Hunt, has had its interior remodeled, in the past year, by the firm of Carrère & Hastings, the architects of the New Theater and the New York Public Library. Here, unlike the Whitney house, the workmanship is entirely American; and although classic architectural models have been followed, they are freely adapted to the case in hand. The house suggests a sumptuous palace of the old régime, without in the least resembling a museum, or failing to be a home.

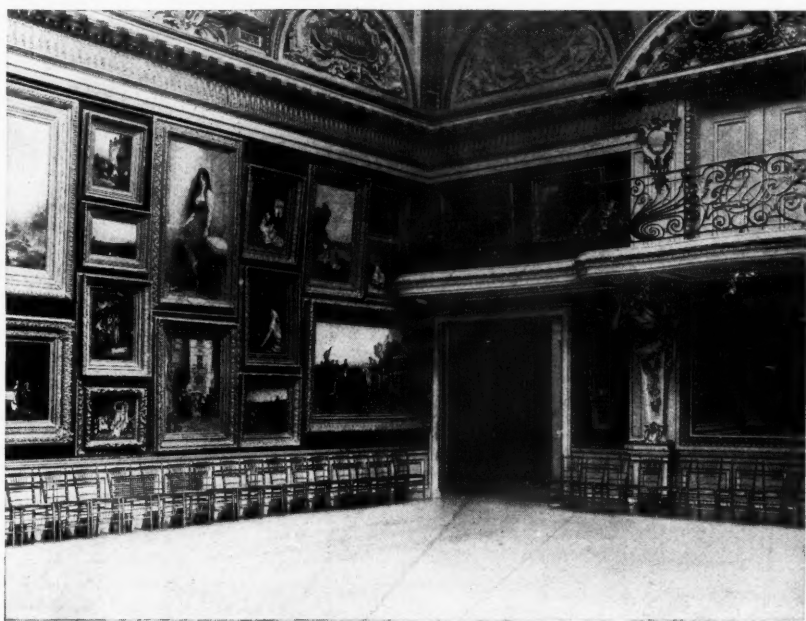
Externally the Astor mansion, which stands at the corner of Sixty-Fifth Street

the southern. A large grilled entrance at the front, however, serving for both wings, gave it the aspect of a single house.

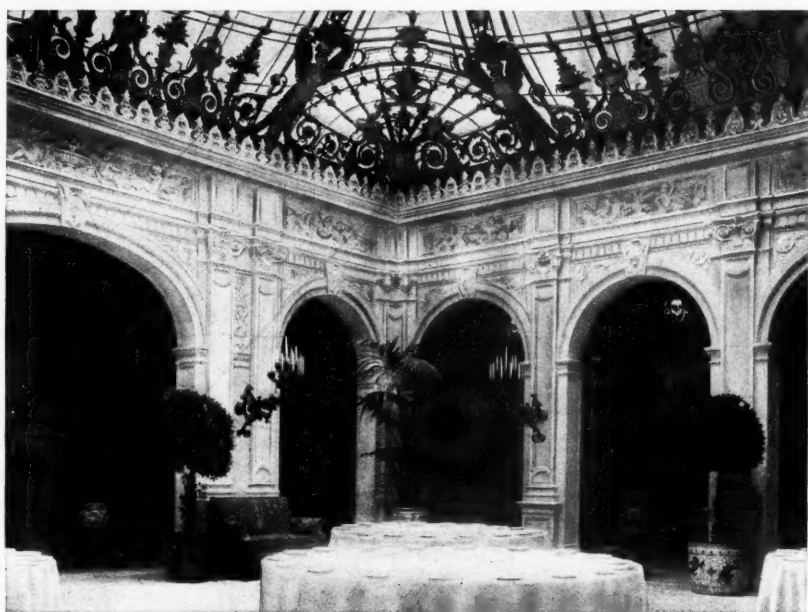
After his mother's death, Colonel Astor decided to convert the whole structure into a unit, and in the process the architects have practically made a new design of the lower story, though the upper story, built around a central court, remains unchanged. The alterations are said to have cost not less than half a million dollars.

Removing the dividing wall between the two wings of the house, and pushing back the stairs to the extreme corner, so that they ascend cleverly concealed in the rear wall, the architects have converted the entire square space on the first floor, under the open





THE PICTURE-GALLERY IN THE ASTOR MANSION—THIS IS ALSO USED AS A BALLROOM, AND HAS BEEN THE SCENE OF MANY NOTABLE SOCIAL FUNCTIONS



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE COURT IN THE ASTOR MANSION, SHOWING THE LOGGIA THAT FLANKS IT—A FOUNTAIN OF GRAY SIENNA MARBLE IS NOW BEING CARVED FOR THE CENTER OF THE COURT



THE MANTEL IN THE ASTOR PICTURE-GALLERY

court above, into a great reception court, roofed with a glass dome and flanked by a loggia. A great fountain of gray Sienna marble is now being carved to place in the center. This fountain alone will be as large as an ordinary room.

The court is built of beautiful soft, white Caen stone, not unlike Yorkshire sandstone in appearance. The glass dome is supported on a bronze grille designed by the architects, somewhat elaborately wrought with scrolls and figures, but avoiding any top-heaviness. At the far side, under the cloister, is a stone fireplace. Opposite the entrance, a richly carved oak screen shuts in the arches. This screen was executed by a New York workman, but, as the architects say, a little dust might be rubbed upon it and a few worm-holes peppered in it with a shot-gun, and it would pass nicely for a forty-thousand-dollar antique. The heavy bronze lamp-brackets, on the stone pillars, are also made from special designs.

The furniture, however, in this room consists of real antiques. It was purchased

under the advice of the architects, and blends with the style of the court. There is not much of it, and it is made of carved oak, with tapestried upholstery, toning gratefully in with the stately white walls.

The inner walls of the loggia are of brown stained wood, and the plaster panels and groined ceiling have been appropriately decorated with designs in warm but unobtrusive colors by James Wall Finn.

South of this central court open the library and drawing-room. They remain much as they always have been, done in the style of Louis XII, and somewhat over-elaborate and heavy with gilt. But to the north, in the wing of the house formerly occupied by Colonel Astor's mother, the present architects have made great changes, their chief work being done in the dining-room.

#### A MAGNIFICENT DINING-ROOM

Here almost the entire end wall has been removed, the upper stories supported on a cross girder, and a huge bay window substituted, set in a bronze grille.

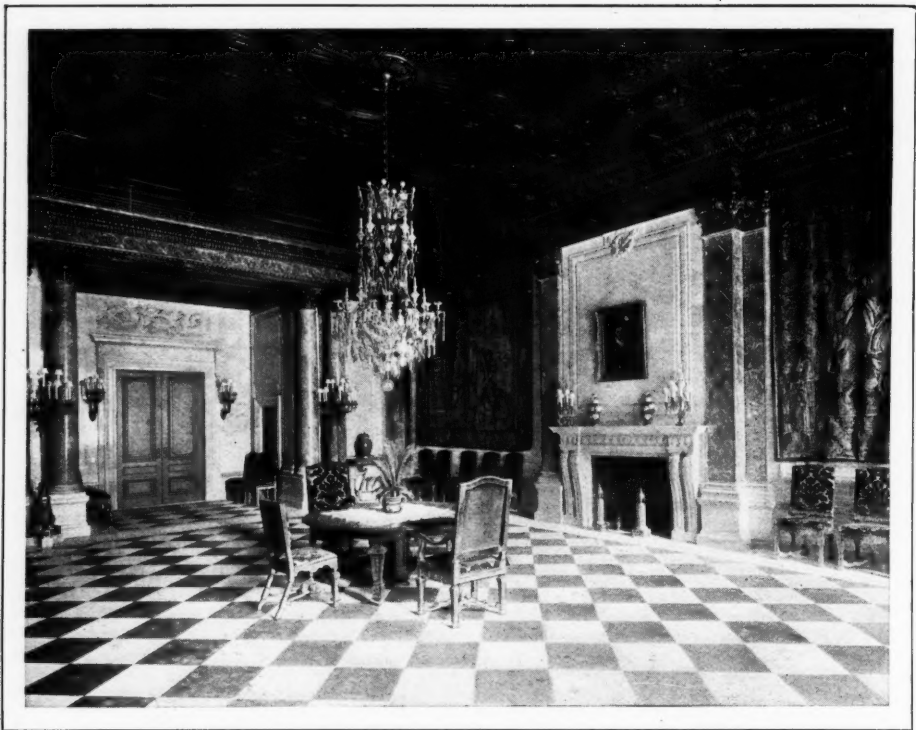
Thus the room is flooded with daylight, though the prospect without is not of rolling acres of formal gardens and forests, but of the neighbors' back yards down behind Sixty-Sixth Street.

The floor of the dining-room is a checker-board of black and white marble, each square being eighteen inches across. Balanced columns of lovely mottled, rose-tinted Formosa marble flank the entrances, the bay window, and the fireplace. The marble fireplace, the supports of the rose-tinted marble serving-slabs, and the trimmings of the room, are of Vermont cream marble. The wall spaces are hung with huge tapestries a delicate golden green in general tone, and the ceiling has been specially designed in low plaster reliefs and painted a rich brown, just touched with old gold.

Thus the room, which may be described as a free adaptation of Italian Renaissance, is sumptuous without seeming to be overloaded. Under the strong light from the great bay window, or in the candle-light effect produced by the crystal pendant chan-



THE DRAWING-ROOM IN THE ASTOR MANSION—THIS ROOM REMAINS AS ORIGINALLY DESIGNED, WITH FURNITURE AND DECORATIONS IN THE STYLE OF LOUIS XII



THE DINING-ROOM IN THE ASTOR MANSION—THIS MAGNIFICENT ROOM, MEASURING FORTY-TWO BY THIRTY-TWO FEET, IS ENTIRELY NEW, AND IS TASTEFULLY DECORATED IN AN ITALIAN RENAISSANCE STYLE

delier, it has a spacious coolness which is peculiarly grateful. Some costly dining-rooms seem only adapted for dinner. In this one you can also fancy yourself enjoying breakfast.

Opening out from the dining-room, on the Fifth Avenue front of the house, is another large room, somewhat less formal in character, and substituting a warmer wood paneling for the marble. It has been adapted to blend alike with the French style of the older portions of the house and the free Renaissance design of the new portions.

The art gallery—which was also Mrs. Astor's famous ballroom—opens out of the new court at the rear, at either side of the stone fireplace. It has not been altered. It is a rectangular room of great height, lighted from the roof. At one end is a musicians' gallery, at the other a huge fireplace, surmounted by two life-sized figures, in high relief, supporting between them an old portrait in an oval frame.

The walls are entirely hung with paintings by Schreyer, Van Marcke, Jules Breton, Corot ("Le Nid"), Detaille, Troyon, and

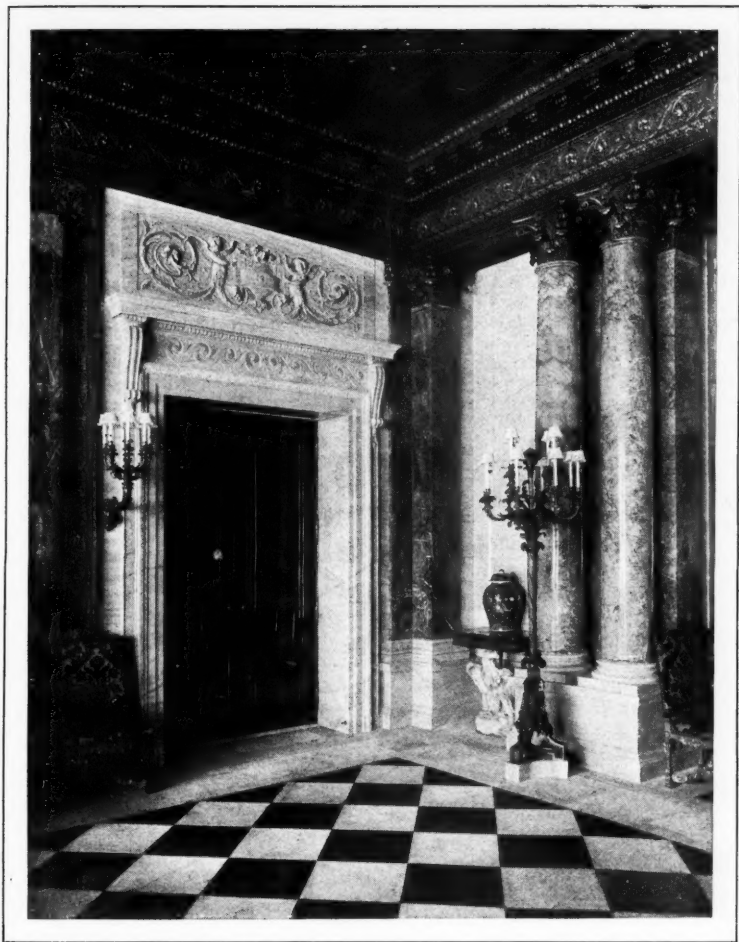
others, largely Frenchmen. The quantity of paint in this gallery, at least, is impressive; but there can be but little intimacy in viewing the pictures. Many of them hang high, and the gallery is cold, with its smooth ball-room floor. It does not seem whole-heartedly dedicated to art.

It is, indeed, the newer portions of this house—a house which is the city home of one of America's wealthiest men—that gives most satisfaction to the visitor. Just as the brown-stone atrocities which filled our residence streets a generation or two ago are now giving way to a more varied and beautiful type of dwelling, so the slavish adaptation by our architects and builders of the French châteaux, misplaced on a city curb, and by our decorators of the eternal gilt furniture and rococo ornamentation of the period of the Louises, is giving way, in the homes of the very wealthy, to a less showy if no less sumptuous adaptation of Renaissance models.

George Gould's new house, and several others on Fifth Avenue, present a dignified, almost classic, front to the street, and gain their beauty and elegance by their propor-

tions, by the restraint of their ornamentation, and by their fitness to flank a curb. The men who built the medieval towns of Italy had to meet just these conditions of placing a house on a comparatively narrow street with no grounds to show it off. The French

wall paintings under the shadow of the cloister, and the white daylight streaming down through the glass dome, while a few green plants and darkly tapestried chairs—their frames not of gilt, but of stately oak—add a touch of unobtrusive color. There is the



A CORNER OF THE DINING-ROOM IN THE ASTOR MANSION—THE COLUMNS ARE OF ROSE-TINTED FORMOSA MARBLE; THE FLOOR IS A CHECKERBOARD OF BLACK AND WHITE MARBLE

architects of the days of Henri IV or Louis XIV placed their châteaux in the midst of gardens and trees. Naturally, the Italian models are the better to follow in a crowded city like New York.

But within as well as without, a more developed taste turns from the overload of gilt to a cooler and simpler style. Its simplicity is a striking feature of this great white court of the Astor mansion, with its quiet

same air of simplicity about the dining-room, where ancient tapestries fill in the spaces between the marble lintels and a single portrait hangs against the white marble panel over the fireplace.

The newer idea represents a distinct advance in taste in the houses of our American millionaires. Gilt is the least beautiful of colors, and the blank space the most eloquent of architectural expressions.



# PERIWINKLE\*

AN IDYL OF THE DUNES

BY WILLIAM FARQUHAR PAYSON

AUTHOR OF "BARRY GORDON," ETC.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

THE heroine of the story is a girl who, as a baby, is the only living creature saved from a vessel wrecked on the treacherous shore of Cape Cod. She is picked out of the surf by a young man named Ira, the "kid" of the Crooked Bar Life-Saving Station; and having no clue to her name or parentage, the crew of the station christen her "Periwinkle."

The child speedily captures the affections of the life-savers, but they are anxious that she should have a mother's care. They therefore entrust her to Ann Scudder, a widow who lives with her father—Ephraim Rawlins, an old beach-comber—in a solitary cottage not far from the station. Here she spends her lonely childhood, and grows to budding womanhood, with the life-savers as her friends and companions.

One stormy night, Periwinkle, who is out with her oilskins and lantern, sees a vessel on fire close to the shore. There is an explosion, and then all is darkness—the ship has sunk. She hurries to Crooked Bar to summon aid, but finds the place empty, the crew having been ordered off to another wreck. Returning to the scene of the disaster, she finds a man lying helpless and senseless in the sand. She partially revives him, and with great difficulty gets him to the station, where he remains for several days, weak and fever-smitten, cared for by the crew.

As he recovers, there grows up a friendship between the rescued man and Periwinkle, to whom he owes his life. Unwilling to leave this out-of-the-way corner of the world and go back to civilization, he proposes that he should board for a while at the old beach-comber's. Ann Scudder objects, but her father overrules her, and Richard Langdon—so the stranger calls himself, though he admits that Langdon is only his middle name—is quartered in the cottage. His presence arouses a jealous disquietude in the girl's foster-mother.

## XXI

IN the evening Dick Langdon went out on the bluff to speak with the patrolman from the station. It was the giant form of Jim Curran that loomed up out of the darkness. The two men met near the half-way house, and stood talking for a moment in the open night under the stars.

"I missed my train."

"Yes, we knew you would."

"I'm staying at Mrs. Scudder's."

"Yes, we figured out you'd try and work that."

"Tell Captain Sears I'll be over to see him in the morning."

"All right—don't hurry yourself;" and Jim, turning up his lantern, entered the half-way house to leave his token for the patrol from the next station. When he came out he asked:

"How long are you going to stay?"

"I don't know," said Dick. "Just overnight, very likely."

"Do you mean that?"

"Of course I mean it."

"H-m! Where are they stowing you away?"

"Periwinkle's going to sleep with her mother. They're giving me her room."

It was as if a tremor passed through the giant body. To the men at the station that little bedchamber, which none of them had ever entered, seemed sacred as a shrine. The light she kept burning for them in that upper window had been for years the patrolman's guiding star.

Jim turned without speaking and began the homeward march, his head bowed as if against a gale, though no wind blew.

Dick, returning to the house, met Periwinkle in the doorway. He said to her:

\* This story began in the April number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

"What do you suppose is the matter with big Jim? I never saw a man so gloomy."

Her brow took on a troubled look.

"Where is he?"

"He's just started back from the half-way house."

She hastened out past Dick.

"I must go and cheer him up."

"Shall I come, too?"

"No."

"I think I'd better," he called after her.

She looked back at him over her shoulder, smiled, and shook her head.

"You ought to put on your hat and coat," he called; but she saw Jim's lantern now, and there was no detaining her.

She went off swiftly along the beach. A moment later, Jim felt her little hand slip through his arm. He did not stop. For a moment he went on walking without looking at her; then, very cautiously, he glanced down sideways from his great height to see if by any chance it was not a dream.

She laughed that little merciful laugh of hers that was like golden light poured into others, seeking out all the dark crevices of their discontent.

"Jim, you great foolish!" she said, slipping around in front of him to look up into his face. "Did you think I was a ghost?"

He stopped and heaved a deep sigh.

"The touch of your hands felt too good to be true," he replied simply. "How long is it since we've patrolled the beach together?"

"Not long, Jim."

"Seems years," he told her. His glance, bashful as a boy's, fell before hers. "Seems a lifetime."

Her heart went out to her beloved giant, he was so downcast; but something warned her to restrain her sympathy. For the first time she felt shy with him and reserved. She averted her eyes toward the dark water. There was an awkward silence, she wistful and wondering at the change, he staring down gloomily at the sand.

The night was clear and cold. The stars shone forth with a wintry brilliance. The sea lay calm; and here and there, far off, where the star-beams faintly touched it, there were spots of emerald luster like the eyes of fabled sea-creatures peering ashore. The ripples along the beach caught the star-shine, too; and their froth broke lightly into diamond-dust.

The sandy slopes and hollows, with their carpet of pallid moss, were flecked with an unearthly greenish hue. They were like the billows of another sea.

At length Jim raised his eyes and looked at Periwinkle. Summoning up his courage, he said, with slow and simple directness:

"The time's come to speak out. We've all been feeling mighty bad the past few days. You're not going to give us boys at the station the go-by, are you? We'd always hoped you'd choose one of us for your husband. I'm not laying particular stress on myself. That don't seem fair to the others. But if you could ever"—his voice fell lower, hushed with feeling—"if you and me—"

She checked him as gently as she could.

"Oh, Jim!" she broke in, looking up at him and shaking her head in tender reproach. "Don't say anything more. Let's forget you've said as much as you have. I've always felt like such a boy with you all—a sort of younger brother of the whole crew." Her hand stole affectionately to his shoulder. "Please don't spoil it—don't make love to me, Jim!"

He saw that her eyes were moist in the lantern-light, and his heart smote him. He spoke to her much as he had spoken that first morning in her babyhood.

"There—there!" he said sympathetically. "Don't feel so bad about it. I'm sorry I let myself go."

She took his hand and gave it a grateful little squeeze.

"Good night, Jim. Try and forget. Don't dwell on it. If we dwell on things, we get moping, and aren't any use to any one." She drew away, and turned again to the dark sea. "I know what I'm talking about, Jim. There's something which, if I really thought about it for one minute, would make me so down-hearted that I don't know what I'd do."

He forgot his own trouble at once.

"What is it, Periwinkle? What is it?" he asked solicitously.

She shook her head. She had generously mentioned it to divert his mind, knowing that misery loves company.

"Good night, Jim," she repeated.

Turning, that he might not see her tears fall, she drifted back toward the lights of her home.

She slept with her mother that night, to make room for Langdon.

He entered her little bedchamber with a feeling of tenderness, a feeling of awe, which he had not experienced since his earliest youth.

The white walls and muslin curtains, the small white bureau and washstand, the clean matting and the little snowy cot, all spoke to

him of peace, innocence, and simplicity that had been beyond his ken since childhood.

On a table near the cot he found a diminutive New Testament, much worn, and he wondered at it. Periwinkle seemed to be such a little pagan, so utterly beyond the snares of dogma. But then he understood. He realized how she must love the story of the simple Galilean fishermen and their Captain.

He lay awake for hours in the little cot, thinking of her.

## XXII

THE next night Dick, who strolled alone to the beach, met Sam Coffin at the half-way house. Sam said to him:

"You didn't get over to the station to-day. What kept you? You told Jim you'd likely be going home this morning."

"Yes, but I wanted to see the old man's curios."

"H-m—we thought you'd find some good excuse."

Dick ignored this.

"What a contrast!" he said. "That little flower blossoming in the midst of all that decaying wreckage!"

Sam eyed him uneasily.

"You refer to Periwinkle, sir?"

"Yes. It isn't only those funny little beach-things that are called periwinkles; there's a pretty garden flower called a periwinkle, too."

"Is there, sir? Then her name fits her in more ways than one. She's more than ever a child to be cherished, so to speak, and allowed to blossom without blight or blemish from the hand of man. Ain't that so, sir?" Sam asked, with meaning.

"That's so," said Dick, his eyes wavering before the other's unhappy gaze.

Sam looked to his lantern, and, entering the half-way house, left his token. On emerging, he paused a moment to glance off at the lighted window of Periwinkle's little upper room. His sad, ardent face, lit vaguely by his lantern, suggested to Dick some worshiper's face that he had once seen abroad in a quaint old painting of the "Adoration of the Virgin."

"That light's been a great help, a great comfort," said Sam.

Then, suddenly, he remembered the news Jim Curran had brought back to the station the night before—the news that this man Langdon had entered that upper chamber and was living there. Sam looked like a man stricken with disillusion. The glow that had

lighted his face turned to ashes. Without another word, without another glance at Dick, he faced about in the direction of the station and trudged off slowly and wearily along the dark beach.

Later that evening Dick said to Periwinkle:

"Sam's love for you is more impersonal than Jim's. He has the heart of a poet. He worships you from afar—as Dante worshiped Beatrice."

"Tell me," she said, "about Dante and Beatrice;" and he did so, walking with her under the stars.

## XXIII

DICK was deeply interested in this grim old regiment of which Periwinkle was the daughter. On the third night he strolled out again to the half-way house, and this time he met Ira on patrol duty. Ira's greeting was curt, dry.

"Hullo! I thought you were goin' home to-day?"

"So I was, but I wanted to see the buried forest."

"Yes, we noticed you from the lookout. We saw you meandering around with her."

Ira entered the half-way house and hung up his token. He was not as forbearing as Jim and Sam. When he came out again he held up his lantern so that its gleam fell full on the other's face, and he said sharply:

"Look here—that little flower you spoke about to Sam Coffin ain't to be picked for a night's pleasure. If any man did that, by Heaven, we'd drown him in the sea!"

Ira was not slow like big Jim, not vague like queer Sam. He was aggressive and crotchety, and sometimes as rash as in his youth. Frequently his hot temper led him to extremes which could only be followed by periods of bitter repentance.

He was in the grip of that temper now. Flinging past Langdon, he made off headlong for the beach-comber's cottage. Taken aback by his sudden warning, Dick roamed off farther along the beach, to face new issues of life that seemed to be rising around him on this shore, vague and obscure as a mist out of the sea.

Ira's sharp rap on the cottage door was answered by Periwinkle herself.

"Come out a minute," he besought her feverishly. "I've got to have a word with you alone, Periwinkle."

Bewildered, she stepped down from the threshold and closed the door behind her.

"What's the matter, Ira?"

"Everything's the matter. Look here, Periwinkle, if that man Langdon stays hoverin' round you much longer, there's goin' to be trouble. If any man has a right to you, it's me. Who was it took you from the hand of your drowning mother? Who is it would cut out his heart for you? Answer that!"

They stood in the dense shadows of the house. The air was not so clear to-night; the stars were dim, and the sound of the surf had a note of muffled thunder in it. The sea was inky, the sand black as coal-dust, save just here where Ira's lantern and the windows of the house lit it up in yellow patches.

Periwinkle was silent as death at first. Then she took the lantern from his hand and raised it so that its light fell across his distorted face.

"Ira, can this be really you?"

As she held it up the light was on her face, too, and he read his answer unmistakably.

Periwinkle could not help thinking how different he was from Jim and Sam. Jim had not said a word against Dick, nor a word about the rescue that gave them a claim on her, though he had had a hand in it himself; nor yet had he advanced his own suit to the detriment of his comrades. As for Sam, he had not made love to her at all, and never would; yet, in a way, he loved her more deeply than did any of the other surfmen.

But she had seen Ira risk his life in the sea a hundred times to rescue the drowning, and she knew that after this selfish outburst he would hate himself at thought of it.

"Is this really you, Ira?"

Under the light from the lantern he hung his head and prodded the sand with the toe of his rubber boot.

"Ira, how could you? You know I'd do anything in the world for you but this. Don't think I'm ungrateful. You'd none of you want me to marry you to pay you for saving me from the sea. I love you all, but I can't, can't love you that way. I've always felt like a boy with every one of you—the younger brother of the whole crew."

She rested her hand on his shoulder as she had rested it on Jim's. She had said she loved them all. It was because she knew their hearts.

"Ira, I believe you're sorry already that you've spoken to me like this."

His face was dogged.

"No, I ain't," he said, like a sullen boy.

Her hand slipped under his arm.

"Will you let me patrol the beach with you a little way?"

He looked up at her eagerly, his face brightening, softening.

"Would you do it, Periwinkle? After the things I've just said to you?"

"Of course I would. You didn't mean them."

"No; but I don't deserve to have you patrol with me. Go back in the house, Nance. You'll take cold out here. What I need is to have it out with myself all alone. If ever there was an angel walking this earth, you're her; and if ever there was a devil walking it, I'm him. Good night," he said brusquely, and turned on his heel without another word.

She looked after him with a wistful little smile; then, sighing, she went back into the house.

When Dick came in he said to her:

"Your friend Ira's a dangerous customer, I believe."

Her answer surprised him.

"Maybe he is; but, anyhow, he's the noblest of them all. He puts me in mind of St. Peter."

#### XXIV

RICHARD LANGDON stayed there several weeks before he wrote to the friends of his old life; and even when at last, under the spur of conscience, he sent news of himself, he jealously guarded the mystery of his present whereabouts. He walked seven miles to one of the more distant villages, found a man taking train for Boston, and entrusted to his keeping a letter to be posted in that city. The letter said:

DEAR ISABEL:

My cruise, begun in madness, has ended in tragedy. One night the yacht caught fire, her boilers exploded, and we were cast up as if out of a volcano into the sea.

I'll spare you the awful details. They're branded on my mind forever—little Morty's terrified look as he sank. Yes; poor old Morty's dead, and all the crew. I'm the only survivor. This is the crowning irony of it—that I, who cared least about life, should have had it forced on me all over again.

There was Morty, a moment before it happened, calling for champagne. He wanted it because he was sick, but he said he wanted it to drink to human happiness. Wasn't that like him? And there was I saying that he must be drunk even to dream that human happiness existed.

He looked at me with that forlorn droop of his eyes and mouth—you know—a kind of silent drawl, cynical beyond words.

"Dickie, don't say it doesn't exist," he pleaded

plaintively. Then he looked so miserable that he had to confess how he was feeling. "To think of ordering that wonderful wine of yours as a mere medicine for seasickness!"

Those were almost his last words. Just after the fire broke out, he said:

"I wouldn't have minded so much if Henry had brought the champagne."

Poor Morty! The very last thing he said was almost inaudible, the racket of the explosion was so terrific, but I heard him cry:

"Dickie, I'm in pieces!"

Isabel, I didn't mean to tell you this. I didn't mean to profane his memory. But you knew him, and I knew him, and between all of us there were few illusions left. That's the point. It isn't Morty; it's merely all that he stood for—the poor little worldly devil—in my life.

Can I make you understand—you who are still in that world? Can I count on your forgiveness if I withhold my address from you? I am sending this letter to be mailed in Boston, so that the postmark won't betray me.

Let me beg you to consider me dead to you and all our crowd for at least some time. Isabel, look upon it all as if I had gone down with Morty. I ask this because I think, in a way, I really did die that night—the old husk of me. At least I sincerely hope so.

My present life is utterly new. I think I'm being born again, though there are temptations even in this lonely, simple place—temptations stronger than any of those in the old days—and the sin would be a thousand times blacker.

Do, if you can, keep the news of the wreck out of the papers. Morty has no family, so there's no duty to be done by him. He left no money, poor fellow!—only debts. As for the crew, I'm doing what I can for their families, indirectly, through certain bankers.

Speaking of bankers and money brings to my mind, Isabel, an old misgiving. Let me put it plainly; I'm trying to learn to speak out nowadays.

It has seemed to me that my fortune—I mean that you—no, I can't speak out. I'm afraid I haven't learned how, after all. And yet why not? Think how I've written about Morty and myself. And we were a trio, you and Morty and I—too much of a trio, dare I say? Why is it that because you're a woman I should spare you? Isabel, you must have known why I started on that crazy cruise in the dead of winter—and Morty, too. Here's the truth as man to man—the modern, rude truth, which one of your sex, in these equal days, should bear. Here's the truth—Morty set out because you had thrown him over for me; and I set out because I wasn't sure of myself. I won't say I wasn't sure of *you*. I can't bring myself to put it all in words. The old-fashioned way is best. You're a woman, and womanhood is sanctuary. Our world at least teaches little charities—the kindness of glossing things over—the courtesy of beating about the bush.

But I must convey my doubts to you.

In the first place, I am absolutely certain that you cared for Morty—cared for him as a sort of toy, or curious kind of pet, who never bored you. That was as near as you could come to loving any man. But you loved money more. And I with my fortune—worse luck to it!—personified luxury to you; so you threw him over for me.

I know beyond a shadow of question that you don't love me. If I thought there was a possibility of your even missing me I'd come back to you at once; but it isn't in you ever to miss any one—except perhaps Morty.

Nevertheless, I know you'll hold me to our engagement, as you have every right to do. If you were here, you would frankly say as much in so many words. You're almost inhumanly honest. That's part of your power.

The other part lies in your utter coldness. Yes, Isabel, you're cold as death. That was what fascinated me. I wanted somehow to melt you, to compel you to know the meaning of human feeling—of a woman's passion. I wanted to destroy your balance, upset your cool calculations, throw you into mental and spiritual confusion.

I believe this is one of the subtlest, most dangerous fascinations—but of course it isn't love. It's a desperate game while it lasts—part of man's eternal search for the thing he knows he can't find—this diving down to grasp the heart of a woman who has no heart.

But can the game last long? What if the player wakes to the follies of it all? What if he longs for sturdy manhood—to be clean, simple, real, living his life true? Then, if he has the chance which I have now on this secluded shore—the chance to stand on solid ground after a dark life of shipwreck, to feel a new dawn rise out of the east and flow around him full of promise—can the man be blamed if he tries to make of it a re-incarnation?

And yet, Isabel, I sign myself in honor, yours,  
DICK.

The letter, heartfelt though it was, caused him no uneasiness as to results. There could be no results, no reply, he had so carefully guarded his privacy.

He knew little of the close interweaving of gossip along the Cape. Ann Scudder walked all the way to the village three times in a week. The third time she had her reward. She unraveled the close weave and picked up the thread she wanted. She learned the name and address on Langdon's letter.

For weeks thereafter, watching his conduct with her one ewe lamb, she held the secret, a ready weapon, hidden in her breast.

## XXV

SPRING and summer came, and Richard Langdon was still there, steeped in the enchantment.

From Boston he had procured a small



sketch-easel and other paraphernalia of the outdoor artist, and was trying to regain a talent thrown aside in early youth. To put these scenes on canvas, to catch their ever-changing tones, the elusive flush and radiance of the shapely dunes, the rise of the breakers—those white, gray-headed grenadiers advancing—and, best of all, the girl, the daughter of that terrible sea-regiment, little Periwinkle, always vivid in the foreground, yet elusive, too—what an inspiration it was to him!

It was as if it would in a way insure the permanence of his new vision of life, if he could only put these scenes and people definitely on canvas.

He and Periwinkle were always together. Sometimes, when the old beach-comber sat nodding outside his door in the summer sunshine, Dick would sketch him, while Periwinkle watched his attempts, fascinated, and the two conversed in undertones, not to disturb the sleeper.

Again, as a detail in the landscape, he would try to sketch the tumble-down shed. How frowzy it looked, with the salt bay straggling out of its gaping seams, and yet what a touch of quaint rusticity it lent to the barren expanses!

He tried, too, to make a sketch of the rickety barn, with its coating of silver-green moss and purple lichens, and the ship's name-board over the door. Periwinkle stood for him in that crazy doorway, her slender, fair figure flanked by wreckage against a background of inner gloom. What a contrast! Above the eaves she had long ago built crude little bird-houses; and now, as he painted her, the swallows were darting in and out above her head. He suggested one or two in the picture, so that, for all the contrast, there was a touch of sprightly harmony between Periwinkle and the sea-ruins.

"Valkyrie" was the name on the board over the door. Dick talked to Periwinkle of Norse legends, of the old sea-kings. He told her of Wagner's opera and its story, and of other operas and other stories, opening up vistas into undreamed-of worlds.

Thus here and there, out of the wreckage from foreign shores, there sprang, as it were, the seeds of a new life for the little sea-foundling.

He tried once to paint an interior—a corner of the small museum they called the parlor. On a corner shelf stood an old ship's figurehead—an image of the Virgin, with cracked halo and splintered face; yet there was a certain faded beauty in the image, and

in many of the conglomerate knickknacks cluttering the shelves beneath it like votive offerings.

He found wonderful old curios of wrecked ships—antique brasses; a battered compass of fine Levantine craftsmanship; an old-fashioned sextant, inscribed with the name of its Venetian maker; a broken navy bugle, engraved in Spanish; a moth-eaten cocked hat; a pair of tarnished epaulets. What a medley! What a mixed and cosmopolitan array! Only the ocean could have yielded up such treasures. In age and variety they suggested more than one generation of sea-harvesters.

Dick could not paint this interior; its details were too numerous and confused; but into each relic he read a story for Periwinkle. He talked of the Virgin and of Italy, of this religion and that religion. The Levantine compass suggested old tales of the corsairs; the Venetian sextant led them to the stars, many of which he named for her at night; and the Spanish bugle, cocked hat, and tarnished epaulets conjured up the great Armada and legends of naval heroes—Raleigh, Drake, Nelson, Paul Jones.

In five months the girl had a wide smattering of education; yet it had come idly and at random, glowing with the daily joy of their companionship.

Dick wanted to paint Ann Scudder on a gray day, standing solitary against a leaden sea; but in her philosophy art was a vain thing. Moreover, she looked upon this painting of his as a mere pretext to prolong his stay, upon his tubes and brushes as the devil's weapons; and she doggedly refused him.

Meanwhile, lying stark awake night after night, with Periwinkle sleeping beside her, Ann laboriously composed a letter to the woman in Boston. She learned it by heart; so that, if the need arose, she could write at once. But, in spite of her jealousy, Ann's vigilance and mother instinct assured her that this little Periwinkle, lying so close to her, was Periwinkle still. And with this supreme consolation, she would fall asleep in the gray dawn.

## XXVI

It was an August evening. The air was heavy and warm, the moon full, the silver sea calm as death.

"What a night," said Dick, "for a walk to the buried forest! Let's go."

Periwinkle went to her mother, who was seated in her straight-backed chair near the stove. It was a warm night, but the stove

was glowing with a fire. The aged beach-comber always felt cold nowadays, and when the sun had set he dragged his old bones to the corner beside the stove. Ann, too, seemed to need the stove's warmth. She was lean now, as in her early years, and looked bloodless.

Periwinkle bent over her.

"Mother, we're going for a walk."

Unfortunately, this was one of those moments when Ann felt the presence of the natural barrier between her and her foster-daughter. Nancy was more than ever aloof from her, independent by right of birth. Moreover, there was a soft place in Ann's character. In the past she had not found it hard to protect Nancy from her suitors, because Nancy had not cared in her heart; but this was different. Nancy did care in her heart, and Ann was as indulgent as the weakest of mothers.

"All right," she consented lifelessly. "I won't say no."

"Thanks, mother!"

"Take a lantern, Nance."

"No, there's a moon."

"All right. Be back in good time."

"Yes, mother, we will."

As they left the house, the aged beach-comber chuckled.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded Ann.

"You," he told her derisively, and dozed off again.

Dick and Periwinkle set forth along the shore like birds set free of a cage. Their comradeship of months seemed suddenly to be hastening to completion. Each felt—he more consciously than she—that they were fast approaching, as it were, some verge—that something good or bad was impending.

They said little, but their long silences were tense with unspoken feelings. Hitherto, when they had walked together silently, they had said nothing because they understood each other; to-night they did not dare to understand each other, and when they did speak their few words had a muffled ring and reverberance like sunken bells.

"Here comes the patrol! Who is it to-night?"

Periwinkle watched the figure of the military surfman as he approached them along the beach.

"It's Sam! I'm glad it's not Jim or Ira!"

"Why?"

"It would make them so angry to find us 'way out here together at this hour."

Sam Coffin met them, and stopped with a

murmured greeting. He looked like a frail and grizzled ghost in the moonlight.

"Fine night," said Dick.

"Yes, but it won't be later. Over by the station fog's crawlin' in from the east'ard." He turned to the girl. "Where you goin', Periwinkle?"

"Just for a walk."

Sam cast a wistful glance about him over the sea, and up and down the beach, and across the dunes and endless sandy spaces in the moonshine. Dick had never seen a lonelier figure.

"Do you know," said Sam, "they come here nights like this—lots of 'em?"

Periwinkle nodded. She understood.

"He means the souls of the drowned. I've sometimes thought so, too."

Sam tried to smile at her.

"I hope they'll look after you this night. I hope they'll keep watch and guard you." He turned a sidelong glance on Dick. "Remember, you and she won't be alone—no, you won't be alone."

There was a sort of moan in the surfman's voice that reminded Dick of the monitory tolling of a bell-buoy.

Sam wandered away on his dreary beat alongshore.

His words oppressed them, and they spoke even less than when they started. At length, after they had gone perhaps a mile farther, they came to a great sand-dune, solitary and pallid in the moonlight. Dick paused.

"Here's where I sat that day, all off the key with everything, and you came and sat beside me without a word, and put me in tune. It seems centuries ago!"

She seated herself under the dune, in the quaint position habitual with her—elbows on knees, chin in hands, eyes gazing at the sea. He stretched himself on the sand, his back to the water, and lay on one elbow, looking up at her. Silent moments passed, and she was still gazing beyond him. Waiting in vain for an answering glance, he said finally:

"Could you ever love a man more than you love the sea?"

"There's no difference," she replied. "Both loves are the one love."

"I don't understand."

"Neither do I. How can any one understand these things?"

They were silent again.

She was wearing a white dress, and seemed to melt into the flood of moonlight that bathed her. He had a feeling as if the sea and shore and the pale dune behind her

were all absorbing her—as if she might slowly dissolve into the warm radiance of the night.

Overhead the sky seemed clear; but the stars were very faint, and the moon, now high above the sea, wore a vaporous veil. The far horizon was lost in a vague blur, and the outlines of the dunes were less sharp. Illusion, all was illusion; and she, the center of it, white-clad and brooding over the sea, would soon be lost in the gathering vapors.

And yet she was very real. If it was a dream, it was the vividest dream he had ever known. Here she sat close to him, her figure lithe and boyish, her quaint little face a child's, with its wistful mouth and wide-eyed wonder. The dampness was in her hair, giving it the gleaming look of seaweed. Her hands, in which her chin was buried, seemed pathetically inadequate for the work of life-saving; but there was all about her, as it were, an envelope, or atmosphere, made of the stuff of lovely qualities—courage, truth, mercy—a delicate aura surrounding her, as visible to him as the silver light that fell on her from the sky.

No wonder she could take an oar in rough seas! The spirit was in her hands. No wonder she could make her way against winter storms! The spirit was everywhere in her slender body.

But, unfortunately, it was not this visible soul of hers that most fascinated him to-night. As he looked at her red, baby lips, blossoming with unconscious seductiveness in the midst of her ethereal personality, it was as if a soul in paradise should come suddenly upon one of earth's forbidden flowers—perhaps a crimson poppy—and should risk eternity to pluck it.

He reached forward, took her hand, and said:

"If I had a wish, do you know what it would be?"

She shook her head.

"To have everything go on forever as it is now."

She did not withdraw her hand. He felt it tremble in his, and she replied simply:

"That would be my wish, too."

"But it's impossible," he said.

She was still gazing seaward, striving to quiet her heart by reverie and by her sea-love.

"I don't know. Grandfather thinks that in a thousand years he will still be on the Cape, bringing in rubbish from the wrecks."

Dick smiled.

"I can believe that; and I believe that in

ten thousand years you will still be crouching here, the veiled spirit of this dune. You and your grandfather are both unchanging, immortal. He's the everlasting old man of the ocean; you're an eternal sea-child—but what about me? I haven't yet got an elemental soul like yours—though God knows I've been longing for it lately."

He released her hand.

"You've saved my life," he said; "you've given me a new birth; but is it fair not to give me a new soul, too?"

He saw a mist like the sea-mist gather in her blue eyes; but when she spoke her voice was steady, even matter-of-fact, like a child's.

"What can I do, Dick? What do you want me to do?"

He shook his head sadly, and rose.

"I don't know. Let's go on. Sam was right. There's a fog coming in."

He helped her up, and they struck inland toward the buried forest.

Their course led across the dreariest expanses of the Cape—the waste that spreads away for miles from the Crooked Bar Station. This was the desert through which he had walked that first day when Nature, austere in her nakedness, had appalled him. Then the desert had been all burnished gold and purple in the sunlight; now it was vague, silvery, and opalescent in the failing light of the moon. Then the dunes had risen about him sharply—significant and baffling shapes, tawny as lions; now they began to fade into fountains more baffling still as the mist rolled in from the sea. Then the sand had been cloth of gold, crossed in places by black streaks like scorched marks; now, in the vaporous moonlight, it was the scattered dust of pearls—white pearls, faintly tinged here and there with the dust of black pearls and of opals. Then he had been alone and out of tune with that splendid midday; now he was not alone, but side by side with a true, sweet spirit, and they were both in harmony with these minor chords of the night.

As they walked on, he said:

"When I was a boy I used to have moods like this. Nature and music and poetry spoke intimately to me. Perhaps you can imagine."

"Yes; they speak to you now."

"Since I have known you and this solitude. Before that the noise of the world shut out everything else—and it will again when I go back to it."

"Must you go back?"

"Five months ago I said, 'I'm going to-

morrow.' I might say the same thing to-night. But how could I go? I can't bear to think of the day when that to-morrow really comes."

"If you ought to go back, Dick, then do."

"And you?"

"I have the sea."

"Would that satisfy you?"

"And mother and grandfather."

"Do they satisfy you?"

He knew it was not worthy of him, but a devil had come to him in the desert.

"There's a lot to be done," she said, "at Crooked Bar—nursing the shipwrecked and all that."

"Periwinkle, is that enough for you?"

"I wouldn't be happy unless I could go on helping the boys at the life-saving station."

"Are you contented with them?"

She quickened her pace.

"Think of all they've done for me—Ira and Jim and Captain Sears."

"Yes; but a woman's never really won by the things that are done for her."

"No, Dick—I'm afraid that's true. But I can do something for them. Captain Sears retires this month without a penny in the world. If I could only find him work and a home!"

The subject did not appeal to Dick at the moment; but, in spite of himself, he muttered:

"What a big heart!"

She walked more slowly again, and spoke more slowly; her sympathy for her simple friends genuinely asserting itself now, and restoring her perfect balance.

"But the captain's not strong enough for work," she said. "The service breaks a man down. Oh, what a cruel government! No pension! Soldiers get pensions for killing people; surfmen get none for saving people's lives. Dick, can't something be done about it? You're rich—you have friends—can't you?"

He bit his lip. As she rose above the moment, he sank lower. He was carrying the walking-stick which her grandfather had given him. He began flecking the salt grasses with it irritably. His answer was impatient:

"I'll see," he said, "some day. I'll see what I can do. Let's be happy to-night just in ourselves!"

They were walking amid great dunes, and the dunes were now swathed in fog. About their bases it lay thick, and overhead the moon was all but obscure.

They came at last to the buried forest and

paused at the edge. The mystery and tragedy of it always drew them. The trees, nearly all firs and spruces, once majestic, were now buried so deep by the shifting sands of years that only a few feet of their stately tops protruded. The man and girl, standing at the edge, could look over the entire expanse of this graveyard of the trees. Some called it romantically a buried forest, though it was in reality only a small copse. The sad effect, however, was none the less impressive, especially now, in the foggy moonlight. It was as if the dead had half risen from their tombs and were peering out into the gray world.

The few branches struggling above the sand were now wrapped in a fog that clung to each like a shroud. And these ghostly cerements seemed to render the partial exposure of the poor trees scarcely decent. It would have been better had the sand long ago buried them completely beneath the sight of man.

About them, too, hung a faint luster, where the moonlight filtered through the mist. Shining fitfully on their green boughs and needles, it heightened their ghostliness. Dick shivered and said:

"They never looked like this before."

In the daytime their greenness seemed like a relief in the barren desert.

"I always wonder," she said, "how far down their roots are, and where their branches extend. How they must grope up toward the light and air! But they never find it. How I'd like to dig away all this mountain of sand and set them free!"

He smiled.

"Would you? What a soft-hearted baby you are! Even these trees arouse your sympathy."

They were about to enter the weird copse, when gradually they grew aware that the shrouds on the tree-tops were all melting into one vast veil; and in another moment the entire grove was blotted out in the fog.

Periwinkle turned with a startled exclamation and looked about her. Dick, too, turned and looked. There was no earth and no sky. Under foot even the sand was invisible. They were standing in a stream of fog, almost as thick as cotton batting. Overhead only a very vague effulgence told of the heavens. On all sides hung the baffling gray blanket. The dunes were gone, and so was the sea.

Periwinkle started forward, bending over the sand. She searched here and there for their footprints, but she could not trace them.



Though they were only a few feet apart, she could not see Dick.

"Dick, where are you?"

He heard a catch in her voice that he had never heard before.

"Here, stand where you are!" he said. "Speak to me!"

"Yes, Dick. Come!"

In a moment she felt his hand grasping hers.

"Listen!" she bade him. "If we can only hear the sea—"

"The sea would save you from me," he said, scarcely knowing what he meant.

He felt her quiver.

"The fog muffles even the sea's voice," she whispered; "we're so far inland."

They walked this way and that blindly, she leading him by the hand that they might not be separated again. Finally she came to a halt, helpless.

"I've heard of it happening on the Cape," she said; "but I never believed it could. Oh, Dick, we're lost!"

"Yes," he said, "lost!"

He put an arm about her and drew her to him. Though she did not try to release herself, he felt her shudder slightly in his grasp. She seemed to be straining her eyes past him through the fog, as if trying to penetrate it by some second sight.

"But, oh, Dick," she faltered, "remember what Sam said about the souls of the drowned! I hope they are guardian angels—I do hope so—for you and me. My mother was drowned, you know. Perhaps even in this desert we're not alone!"

## XXVII

AFTER the two had started on their walk, Ann Scudder tried to occupy herself with household duties; but these were always over by nightfall, and she could invent nothing to distract her mind. She tried to arouse her father to conversation, demanding why he had laughed at her; but he was dozing in his chair beside the stove, as usual, and afforded her no companionship.

She found herself alone in the world. The intruder was gradually robbing her of the daughter she idolized. She was living over again the old tragedy of her childless days and nights, the tragedy of the empty cradle; but this was worse, more bitter, because she felt the added pangs of loss.

She had a total revulsion of mood. The weak indulgence with which she had allowed Nancy to go out with Langdon gave place to a nervous, feverish regret that she

had done so. It was not the fog that alarmed her; as yet there was only a light haze. She was tortured by the mere thought of Langdon and Nancy together, out somewhere in the secret night; and her anxiety was not untainted by jealousy.

She rose, she paced the floor, she stared out at the window, she turned and said to her father:

"Wake up! How can you sleep all the time? Do you think any harm'll come to Nancy?"

He blinked up at her.

"Why are you always so set on calling her Nancy? I know. It's because he calls her Periwinkle. My, but you're jealous of Richard Langdon."

"Why shouldn't I be? He's tearing my heart out."

"Ann, how you do take on! You're no better than you used to be in the old days, when you went daft hankerin' for a child."

"It's ten times worse," she cried bitterly. "I've had her on this breast of mine; and now, for all I know, he has her on his!"

The old man chuckled again.

"What of that? He'd be the best prize we ever combed the beach for."

Ann uttered a harsh ejaculation of scorn. For a moment she stood staring into vacancy with narrowed eyes; then she yielded to a temptation that had been gnawing at her heart for months.

She set a lamp on the kitchen-table, and, fetching pen, ink, and paper, wrote the letter long since laboriously composed and learned by rote.

It was written very precisely in the copy-book hand of the one-time school-mistress:

MISS ISABEL DURAND,

DEAR MADAM: I trust you will forgive an intrusion by a stranger. I am driven to the necessity of writing to you by circumstances which I cannot explain.

I have a boarder who has given his name as Richard Langdon, but who I have reason to believe has another name, which is known to you.

Five months ago he was cast up on this shore from a burning yacht. I suspect that for some reason he is hiding from the world, and his seclusion in my house is detrimental to the welfare of my family. I cannot, however, openly affront him, for fear of hurting the feelings of a certain person who is more dear to me than life itself.

I therefore take this means of once more connecting this young man with his past life. I have a feeling that you, if I make his whereabouts known to you, may be of service to me. I live on the Cape, two miles up the beach from the Crooked Bar Life-Saving Station.



Once more asking your leniency toward an old woman whose heart is broken, believe me, yours very truly,

ANN SCUDDER.

Lighting a lantern, Ann set out with this letter. Through deep sand, through great stretches of salt hay that made every step an effort; through marsh-land in which she sank almost knee-deep, through brambles that tore her bedraggled skirts and stockings, she made her way inland.

By the flare of her lantern she could detect, even in the gathering fog, the nature of her immediate surroundings, and could follow the trail to the village. There, in the small hours, like a ghost in the deserted street, she dropped her letter into the outer box of the little post-office.

She returned, expecting to find Nancy waiting for her. She invented an excuse for her absence. She would say that she had been lonely, and could not stay indoors doing nothing, so she had tried to keep on the go. There were errands to be done in the village. Perhaps this would prick Nancy's conscience. Nancy would pity her loneliness, would feel guilty at having left her.

The pitiful subterfuge was planned in vain. When Ann came home, she found the kitchen even more desolate than before. Her father had gone to bed, and the fog had crept in through the loose windows. She thought it strange that Nancy should have gone to bed, too, without waiting for her.

She glanced at the nickel alarm-clock on the shelf behind the stove. The hands pointed to midnight. No wonder Nancy had gone to bed; the child's walk had tired her.

Ann went calmly up the narrow, creaking stairs, lantern in hand, for the hall was dark, the family not being in the habit of wasting either oil or candles. She went to her own room first, where Nancy slept, and held up her lantern in the doorway.

The room was vacant; the bedclothes were unturned; the white cotton spread lay flat, devoid of the undulations she knew so well, the gentle curves and convexities which meant that Nancy lay sleeping there. And beside the bed the chair, over which Nancy hung her underclothes at night, stood bare.

The lack of these girlish white garments, always so familiar on that chair by the bed at night, conveyed to Ann the deepest impression of the room's emptiness. Tears, such as she had never before known, sprang into her eyes. She called brokenly:

"Nance! Mr. Langdon!"

There was no answer save a wheezy ejacu-

lation from her father, bidding her be still and not disturb his night's rest.

Fighting against her tears, she hastened to Nancy's little bedchamber, which Langdon had invaded and still occupied. Holding up her lantern, she saw that this room, too, was vacant.

She set down the lantern on the floor and tried to reason. What could have happened? Surely Nancy had not lost her way in the fog. She knew every foot of this shore. Nevertheless, Ann began to blame herself bitterly for not having insisted on their taking a lantern.

Ann went down to the kitchen, took the lamp from the table, ascended again to the little bedroom of Nancy's childhood, and set the lamp in the window. Its light struggled outward only a short way into the fog, but that might be some little help if Nancy was near home without knowing it.

This small act afforded her a moment's respite; but when it was done she was left at the mercy of her emotions. She felt a victim to a mother's tragic anxiety; indeed, she was almost demented.

Catching up her lantern, she went downstairs to the kitchen. Here she found another fleeting respite, a woman's solace in a little task. The fire was low in the stove. She took out an armful of driftwood from the wood-box, and, opening the stove door, poked in the fuel stick by stick.

Then she peered into the kettle, to make sure there was water in it, and shifted it to the middle of the stove. When Nancy came she might be chilled by the dampness.

The busy moment passed, however, and Ann was again exposed to all the torments of her anxiety.

She went to the doorway, and looked out. The shadows of the dunes hung close about the house, depriving her of even the dim moonlight that lay beyond. She fetched her lantern, and, holding it high to dispel the shadows, looked out again.

"Nance!" she called. "Mr. Langdon!"

Her voice was thin and unreal in the void. It reached some lonely sea-fowl, which answered from the beach with a faint, shrill cry. There was no other reply save the hushed whisper of the surf.

Somehow those two answers—the cry of the lonely sea-bird and the whisper of the eternal sea—added to her torture.

She plunged out into the night again, panic-stricken. Hour after hour she wandered in futile search, this way and that through the fog, a figure so disheveled, so

distraught, that she herself might easily have been mistaken for one of the souls of the drowned.

What could have happened? In the past, when Nancy had been helping the life-savers, she had often been out late at night, but that was expected, could be explained, whereas this was utterly unexpected, could not be explained. She had said, "Be back in good time"; and Nancy had answered, "Yes, mother, we will."

Ann thought of the great blow-holes in the sand-bank, pictured Nancy making a mistake and falling headlong, with the sand caving in upon her in fatal volume. She thought of the flood tide. When the moon was full, like to-night, she knew that the waters crept up to unusual distances, swallowing whole strips of shore. She pictured Nancy cut off by this insidious tide; saw it rising to Nancy's knees, to her waist, even to her baby lips, and strangling her.

Oh, the nameless pangs of her mother's imagination! It was as if a hundred devils were at her ears. Nothing but this search, this desperate physical effort of struggling about through the deep sand, the salt hay, the swamps, could have saved her reason.

She went to one of the blow-holes she knew, and peered down, holding out her lantern over the pit.

Nothing!

She patrolled the shore like a surfman after a wreck, on the watch for bodies. She kept an eye on the surf, fearing to see it cast up the beloved form at her feet. She stood and listened, lest from somewhere some cry should come that might guide her to her daughter.

It was nearly daybreak when she dragged herself back to the cottage, but Nancy had not come home. Again the hasty climb up the narrow, creaking stairs to the bedrooms; again the vacancy confronted her, the flat cotton spread, the chair by the bedside bare of the little white garments that hung on it every night.

She descended once more to the kitchen, crossed to the door, and, sinking down on the sill, sat facing the outer night like a stone image.

And now a devil, more malignant than all the rest, came and whispered in her ear:

"She is not dead; she is not even lost. Don't lay it to the sand; don't lay it to the sea or the fog. Nature does not use only these agents to harm her sons and daughters. She has other agents—their own hearts, their

passions. How silly of you not to have thought of that!"

"I can't bear, can't bear to think of that. It would have been better if she had fallen into the sea."

"No; his arms are more to her liking now."

"You mean—"

"Yes, of course."

"Oh, why did the sea ever give her to me to love so? If Richard Langdon has caused Nancy to fall this night—oh, no, not that! Never that! God save little Nancy! If Richard Langdon has caused Nancy to fall this night, then, unless there's no such thing as honor on the face of the earth, he must make her his lawful wife!"

"Lawful wife? How about that letter? Here you've just written dragging in another woman who may come and take him away from Nancy—a woman of his own class. What a fool you were! What a jealous fool!"

She groaned aloud. She herself had added to the cup of her own bitterness—to the cup of Nancy's unhappiness.

But perhaps it was all right. They were merely lost in the fog, and could not get home. Nancy's babylike innocence would awake all that was good in Dick. He would guard her like an elder brother.

The devil was still at her ear.

"You think so, do you? Well, even if she does go unscathed, her good name won't escape. The fact remains they are spending the night together, and folks will somehow find it out. They'll gossip derisively about the girl whose mother, Ann Scudder, always said she was innocent as a child. Can't you hear them? Can't you hear them classing your Nancy with Jennie Ingram, Sue Fuller, Polly Slocum, and all the loosest girls in the villages along the Cape?"

"Oh, no, not that!" cried Ann. "God save my Nancy! Whatever happens, Dick must marry her and protect her good name!"

"Fool! I tell you you've prevented that by writing to this other woman to come and take him away from Nancy. Jealous fool!"

Ann struck her breast.

"I was! I was! But I'm not jealous now. I'll love him with all my heart if he'll only be good to Nancy."

"If!" said the devil, and that was his parting whisper.

Ann, stricken with remorse, sat staring into the grayness, forgetting to put out the light in her lantern even when the sun came stealing through the fog.

*(To be concluded)*

# THE TELLTALE SHADE

AN INCIDENT OF SUBURBAN LIFE

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

AUTHOR OF "MAKING COPY OUT OF FATHER," "THE CONFESSION  
OF A SUBURBANITE," ETC.

"OF all spoony newly wedded couples the Stactons are the worst!" said Mr. Adams to his wife. They were sitting on their piazza, looking at the dying colors reflected in the creek that meandered through the marshes to the west of them. "The idea of their kissing in public the way they do! It's nauseating."

"I think it very pretty, myself," answered his wife. "Most wives like such attentions to continue after marriage."

"What, in public?"

"Well, perhaps not in public, but when a man doesn't even kiss his wife when he's going away—"

"We're middle-aged, Martha, and I hope we've put away childish things. For my part, I think that when a married couple overdo it, as the Stactons do, there's generally a divorce before long. The wife gets used to kisses, and she wants them all the time."

Mrs. Adams shook her head with a very positive expression of dissent.

"There's certainly no danger in that quarter. They seem devoted to each other, and Mrs. Stacton is so proud of him that it's positively amusing. At the gild meeting the other day, Mrs. Frenchly asked Mrs. Stacton if business was good. You know her husband and Mr. Stacton are in the same line. She answered up just as quick, with a proud little perk of her head: 'Oh, Mr. Stacton's business is always good. He's considered the best traveling man in the white goods trade!' Mrs. Frenchly, who is very sarcastic, said that she wondered why her husband had never spoken of it, and—"

"For Heaven's sake, Martha, don't give me any more of what 'she said' or 'the other one said' at gild meeting. I don't like gossip."

Mrs. Adams smiled sweetly—too sweetly, in fact—as she said:

"I'll remember that the next time you refer to the possibilities of a divorce in the Stacton family."

And there the conversation languished.

## II

It was a week later that Mr. Adams met Mr. Stacton on the ferry-boat bound for the shores of New Jersey.

Mr. Stacton had a valise in one hand and a box of candy in the other.

"Hello!" said Adams. "Been on the road, eh?"

"Yes, little trip up State. Go on my big trip next week. Warm, isn't it? Very cool up in Glens Falls. That's a hustling town."

"That so? Never was there. Say, Stacton, I've got a great joke on you."

Adams seemed bursting with it. He was breathing in a wheezy way in his efforts to keep it in until he could give it proper utterance. His coarse, red face radiated his inward pleasure.

Stacton did not seem interested. He was not overfond of Adams, and had no great idea of his jokes.

"Joke on me? Hope I'll like it. I don't always see the point of jokes on myself."

Adams gave a gusty laugh.

"You'll see this one, all right. Just want to drop a hint that next time you salute your wife after the lights are lit, you might be more careful about the shadow-picture you throw on the parlor shade. Mrs. Adams and I sat on our piazza and roared."

Mr. Stacton stiffened.

"Oh, you roared, did you? Well, if roaring does you good, I hope you enjoyed it. I suppose it's my own business if I kiss my wife."

Stacton was quick-tempered, and he was still a little touchy on the subject of his mar-

riage, as it was barely five months since the wedding had been celebrated. Adams, coarse-grained and hearty, did not notice it, and laughed the louder.

Suddenly Stacton's eyes widened for a moment, as if an unpleasant thought had come into his mind.

"When did you enjoy this little vaudeville act?"

"Oh, night before last—"

"Night before last?"

"Yes, that's what I said."

"Well, then, you're mistaken."

It was the turn of Adams to be offended.

"I don't know that it makes much difference when it happened, but I'm very careful in my statements, and I say it was night before last—Tuesday night. I came home later than usual, and Mrs. Adams called my attention to the peep-show as I came out of the dining-room. It was night before last."

Stacton broke into an unpleasantly explosive laugh.

"You're right. It was night before last. I was going away on the nine o'clock train, and I kissed my wife good-by."

"Before you put your overcoat on, eh?" blundered Adams, in his heavy-footed way; "and then again afterward, I suppose?"

"I don't know, Mr. Adams," said Stacton, with twitching politeness, "that it is any particular business of yours or of anybody else's when or how often I choose to kiss my own wife. I dare say the shadow pictures were very amusing, and I'll see to it that you have one every evening, if you care to. *And it sha'n't cost you a cent!*"

As this was a taunting reference to the somewhat well-known "nearness" of Mr. Adams, that gentleman refrained from saying anything more; and in a moment or two he stepped over the chain and placed several feet between himself and the explosive Stacton.

### III

"STACTON was as mad as a hornet when I joshed him on the subject of kissing his wife the other night. I thought he'd see the point, but he hasn't much sense of humor."

"You haven't much tact, John. I shouldn't have thought of speaking of it to him. But wasn't it funny?"

And husband and wife broke into peals of laughter at the thought of the shadow-picture they had seen on their neighbor's shade.

Mr. Stacton had *not* seen the humor of it. Indeed, never in all his life of twenty-nine years had he felt so little like laughing.

Mr. Adams had stated that he plainly saw

a man and a woman kissing each other in the parlor of the Stacton house on Tuesday night.

And Mr. Stacton had left home on Monday night.

And Mrs. Stacton had no male relatives.

He remembered that in the days of their courtship he had sometimes thought her too attentive to other men. His idea of a sweetheart or wife was a woman who had no thoughts save as they applied to her husband. He himself would never look at a pretty woman, unless she was very noticeably pretty, and then he regarded her as he would regard a picture in a gallery.

Oh, what a shattering of his ideals! His girl-wife allowing a man to kiss her, and inadvertently throwing the amorous picture on a screen for the benefit of all the neighbors! To be sure, Mr. Adams had not realized that the man in the case was any one but Mr. Stacton; but some one else may have seen and known the truth.

How could he broach the subject to her? Of course, everything would have to be at an end between them. He could never condone such an offense. Separation without publicity—and then, for him, weary years of dragging about on the earth alone.

### IV

It was Stacton's wont to announce his home-coming by a "cooe" which penetrated to any part of the house, and which was answered by a similar dovelike sound. Then there would be a rush to meet him, and such a greeting as not always falls to the lot of even affianced men, to say nothing of husbands of nearly half a year.

But to-night, although he saw her attractive form in the window—she was sitting there with a book—he uttered no sound, and it was not until his step on the walk betrayed him that she looked up. Then she rose to her feet, ran to the door, opened it quickly, and hurried out to meet him.

The smile on her pretty features faded when she saw his expression, and it was succeeded by a look of dread. What had happened to him? Was he sick?

He had thought it all over. He would be judicial. He would fly into no passion, for passion was vulgar. He would calmly denounce her, as calmly announce his ultimatum, and then set to work packing his trunk. Before midnight she should be alone. He would settle on her an amount abundant for her needs, and she could give it out that he had gone on a long journey.

"What's the matter, darling?"



"Let yourself tell yourself," said he oracularly.

"Let myself tell myself? That sounds like a riddle. Aren't you well, dear?"

She attempted to kiss him, but he put her firmly away. He wondered, as he did so, how he looked in doing it, for self-consciousness was his leading characteristic.

She looked at him for a moment; then she burst into tears and ran into the house. That act told him all. His heart was a leaden thing. The world had stopped revolving.

He followed her in, closed the door into the kitchen, and then said, in even tones like those used by *matinée* heroes:

"Who was here on Tuesday evening? What man?"

Her pink cheeks were overshot with red in a moment; then her forehead flushed, but she answered, without hesitation:

"Mr. Taney."

"That man?"

Stacton had disliked Mr. Taney the first time he met him, because the fellow had inquired, at an affair at the country club, who "that pretty little woman" was—and "that pretty little woman" turned out to be Mrs. Stacton. Stacton did not want other people to go about bandying remarks about his wife's looks.

In the same even, inquisitorial voice, Stacton went on:

"How long was he here?"

"You have no right to ask me!" said Nancy, who was not lacking in spirit.

"How long was he here?"

He himself felt that the tones were inexorable but not unduly vibrant.

"Why, dear, how silly you are! He was here for a quarter of an hour, perhaps. He called to see if you—"

Stacton held up his right hand as a policeman does at a congested crossing. With distended nostrils, he said:

"That is enough. I leave the house to-night. I will provide you with money enough to live comfortably, and there shall be no publicity."

"You talk like a fool, Harry Stacton—a fool or a madman! What insane jealousy—"

"Anna—you—kissed—Mr.—Taney—on—Tuesday—night! Unfortunately for you, you chose a place between the light and the window-shade, and that gossip-mongering old Adams saw you. It will be useless for you to attempt to defend yourself. I do not accuse you of anything worse, but that is enough for a man of my type. A man of my type wants his wife to be his entirely, or he has no inter-

est in her whatever. As I say, there shall be no publicity, but our paths lie in different directions from this moment."

Anna looked at him for a full minute while he stood there, his head erect, his eyes flashing to the best of his ability, and his interior like a volcano about to burst into eruption. Then she threw her arms around his neck, and hugged and kissed him—acts which he suffered in silence, but quite passively, on account of the love that had been between them.

Then she left him, and, running to her room, she locked the door, threw herself on the bed, and burst into tears.

Her kisses had a calming effect on her husband. They were worth coming home for. If he left her, he would never have any more kisses.

And she had borne his gaze. Perhaps Taney—hideous beast—had *forced* her to kiss him. What if he merely killed Taney, and went on living with Anna? The killing would be an adequate vengeance.

He stood there, with his head bowed and his hand covering his eyes and nose and a part of his mouth.

## V

THERE was a step on the piazza behind him. Turning, he saw Ridge and his wife, the Stacton's next-door neighbors. The visitors opened the door without ceremony and came in.

"Back again, eh? You make short trips," said Ridge, holding out his hand. "Where's Nancy?"

"Anna is up-stairs," said Stacton in a cold tone.

It did not seem to be his own voice that he heard. It interested him, this voice that sounded so distant, so heart-broken.

"Oh, by the bye, old man, before I forget," said Ridge, with a glance at his wife and a smile, "when are you going to give us another lantern-slide exhibition?"

"A what?" asked Stacton, giving little heed to the question, but automatically asking another.

"Stop, George!" said his wife. "I told you—"

But George did not stop.

"Why, Monday night, when you kissed Nancy so vigorously, and threw a beautiful silhouette on the shade."

Stacton caught his breath.

"Mon—Monday night!"

"Yes, Monday. The night you went to Glens Falls. It was rich!"



"Tuesday night, you mean."

"No, no. On Tuesday night the Adamsons and we went into New York, to dinner and the theater."

Stacton felt foolish and happy at the same time, and the voice in which he asked his next question was weak, although he himself did not notice its quality.

"Adams was in town Tuesday night? Did you say he was in town Tuesday night?"

"Yes, we all went to see 'The Girl and the Gridiron.'"

Stacton sprang into the pantry, where the telephone hung, and called Adams up. When he got the number, he said:

"That you, Adams?"

"Yes. That you, Stacton?"

"Yes. Say, Adams, why did you tell me you were on your piazza on Tuesday evening, when you were at the theater?"

There was silence for a moment. Adams was evidently thinking. Then there came a roar of laughter that the Ridges heard in the parlor.

"It's one on me. It was Monday night I saw you kiss—oh, I forgot, the missus told me not to speak of it again!"

Stacton's eyes were winking rapidly as he shouted into the transmitter:

"Speak of it all you like. I'm glad you saw me. It showed that I love my wife and she loves me. Good-by!"

"Stacton's a plain, common, or garden ass. He's proud of his kissing-exhibitions!" said Adams to his wife as he hung up the receiver.

"Harry's gone crazy," said Mr. Ridge to his wife, as Stacton hung up the receiver, rushed up-stairs three steps at a time, and banged at the bedroom door.

He had no wish to be the self-restrained *matinée* hero now; for once in his life he was absolutely unconscious of self.

"Let me in, dear, let me in and forgive me. It's all a mistake!"

There was no response.

"Anna, Annie, Nancy, *darling*, where are you? Let me in, I say! I was all wrong! It was Monday! It was I and not Mr. Taney. Let me in!"

Nancy Stacton, lying on the bed, sat up, her face suddenly radiant. Then she cast herself down again, and had another fit of weeping. Then she rose from the bed, sat down calmly on a chair commanding a view of the peaceful meadows, and let her husband pound away at the door.

"It serves him right, jealous thing!" thought she.

"I'll break the door down if you don't let me in!" said he at last; and then she opened the door.

The Ridges, as they went on tiptoe down the piazza steps, said:

"Their first quarrel!"

## THE SHIPS

ONCE we manned great galleons—saw them sail away—  
Watched their topsails filling far across the bay,  
Watched them from the shore-wall, watched them from the height,  
Until our galleons faded far into the night.

Ah, but success seemed sure to us as we watched them sail away;  
Fame and gold flung their lure to us o'er the rainbow-tinted spray;  
Other ships might be lost at sea, wrecked on the coast of Barbary,  
Sunk or shattered—small care had we—ours would come back one day.

Weary days we watched for them, but they never came;  
Down behind the shore-wall sank the sun like flame,  
Up against the shore-wall bits of wreckage beat,  
Brought to us by wind and wave—tidings of our fleet.

Then for a while hope died to us, for a while despair held sway,  
Until faith rose again for a guide to us and held us on our way.  
The ships we watched from the old shore-wall were gay with flags in their topsails tall;  
Now we are building them gray and small—mere cargo-boats are they.

And up the shallow channels where the small craft go  
We watch our little cargo-boats plying to and fro—  
We, who sailed great galleons out across the foam;  
Ah, but we are happy when our little boats come home!

Edna Valentine Trapnell

# FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

## XIX—THE STORY OF GEORGE SAND

BY LYNDON ORR

TO the student of feminine psychology there is no more curious and complex problem than the one that meets us in the life of the gifted French writer who is best known to the world as George Sand.

To analyze this woman simply as a writer would in itself be a long and difficult task. She wrote voluminously, with a fluid rather than a fluent pen. She scandalized her contemporaries by her theories, and by the way in which she applied them in her novels. Her fiction made her, in the history of French literature, second only to Victor Hugo. She might even challenge Hugo, because where he throws upon the canvas strange and monstrous figures, exaggerated beyond the limits of actual life, George Sand portrays living men and women, whose instincts and desires she understands, and whom she makes us see precisely as if we were admitted to their intimacy.

But George Sand puzzles us most by peculiarities which it is difficult for us to reconcile. As a woman, she seemed to have no sense of chastity whatever; yet, on the other hand, she was not grossly sensual. She possessed the maternal instinct to a high degree, and liked better to be a mother than a mistress to the men whose love she sought. For she did seek men's love, frankly and shamelessly, only to tire of it. In many cases she seems to have been swayed by van-

ity, and by a love of conquest, rather than by passion. She had also a spiritual, imaginative side to her nature, and she could be a far better comrade than anything more intimate.

Perhaps we may find the explanation of these contradictions partly in her ancestry, partly in the story of her early years, and partly in the influences that surrounded her when she was at her prime.

The name given to this strange genius at birth was Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin. The circumstances of her ancestry and birth were quite unusual. Her father was a lieutenant in the French army. His grandmother had been the natural daughter of Marshal Saxe, who was himself the illegitimate son of Augustus the Strong of Poland and of the bewitching Countess of Königsmarck. This was a curious pedigree, when we recall what has already been written in this series about Augustus the Strong and Aurora von Königsmarck. It meant strength of character, eroticism, stubbornness, imagination, courage, and recklessness.

Her father, Lieutenant Dupin, complicated the matter by marrying suddenly a Parisian of the lower classes, a bird-fancier named Sophie Delaborde. His daughter, who was born in 1804, used afterward to boast that on one side she was sprung from kings and nobles, while on the other she was a daughter of the people, able, therefore, to

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of articles deals with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral and psychological problems which they illustrate. Previous articles have dealt with "The Empress Marie Louise and Count Neipperg" (January, 1909); "George Eliot and George Henry Lewes" (February); "Antony and Cleopatra" (March); "Byron and the Countess Guiccioli" (April); "Thackeray and Mrs. Brookfield" (May); "Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Bothwell" (June); "John Stuart Mill and Mrs. Taylor" (July); "Léon Gambetta and Léonie Léon" (August); "Percy Bysshe Shelley and Mary Godwin" (September); "Abélard and Héloïse" (October); "The Story of the Ruskins" (November); "Charles Reade and Laura Seymour" (December); "The Story of the Hugos" (January, 1910); "The Empress Catharine and Prince Potemkin" (February); "Dean Swift and the Two Esthers" (March); "Maurice of Saxony and Adrienne Lecouvreur" (April); "Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay" (May); and "The Story of Franz Liszt" (June).

understand the sentiments of the aristocracy and of the children of the soil, or even of the gutter.

She was fond of telling, also, of the omen which attended on her birth. Her father and

and was told that his wife had just given birth to a little girl. It was the child's aunt who brought the news, with the joyous comment:

"She will be a lucky girl; for she was



AUORE DUDEVANT, ONE OF THE FAMOUS FRENCH NOVELISTS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, BETTER KNOWN BY HER PEN-NAME OF GEORGE SAND

*From a pencil sketch by Jean A. D. Ingres*

mother were at a country dance in the house of a fellow officer of Dupin's. Suddenly Mme. Dupin left the room. Nothing was thought of this, and the dance went on. In less than an hour, Dupin was called aside

born among the roses and to the sound of music."

This was at the time of the Napoleonic wars. Lieutenant Dupin was on the staff of Prince Murat, and little Aurore, as she was

called, at the age of three accompanied the army, as did her mother. The child was adopted by one of those hard-fighting, veteran regiments. The rough old sergeants nursed her and petted her. Even the prince

and studying those things which could best develop her native gifts. Her father had great influence over her, and even in her baby years he was a companion to her, teaching her a thousand things without seeming



ALFRED DE MUSSET, THE FRENCH POET AND DRAMATIST, WHOSE ASSOCIATION WITH GEORGE SAND IS A WELL-KNOWN STORY

took notice of her; and to please him she wore the green uniform of a hussar.

#### AURORE DUPIN'S GIRLHOOD AT NOHANT

But all this soon passed, and she was presently sent to live with her grandmother at the estate now intimately associated with her name—Nohant, in the valley of the Indre, in the midst of a rich country, a love for which she then drank in so deeply that nothing in her later life could lessen it. She was always the friend of the peasant and of the country-folk in general.

At Nohant she was given over to her grandmother, to be reared in a strangely desultory sort of fashion, doing and reading

to teach her anything. Of him George Sand herself has written:

Character is a matter of heredity. If any one desires to know me, he must know my father.

Her father, however—a man of intellectual force and cultivation—was killed by a fall from his horse; and then the child grew up almost without any formal education. A tutor, who also managed the estate, believed with Rousseau that the young should be reared according to their own preferences. Therefore, Aurore read poems and childish stories; she gained a smattering of Latin, and she was devoted to music and the elements of natural science. For the rest of

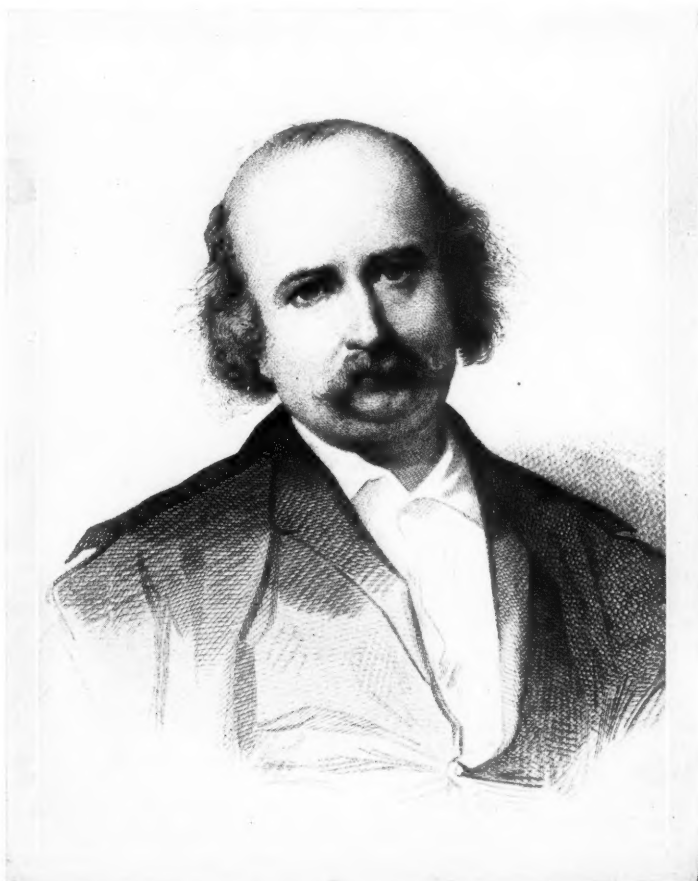
the time she rambled with the country children, learned their games, and became a sort of leader in everything they did.

Her only sorrow was the fact that her mother was excluded from Nohant. The aristocratic old grandmother would not allow under her roof her son's low-born wife; but she was devoted to her little grandchild. The girl showed a wonderful degree of sensibility. As Mr. Storr has said:

A simple refrain of a childish song or the monotonous chant of a plowman, touched a hidden chord and thrilled her to tears. Like Blake, she fell into involuntary trances, saw visions, and heard voices; though, unlike Blake, she never mistook her day-dreams for realities. She invented a deity of her own, a mysterious Corambé, half pagan and half Christian, and erected to him a rustic altar of the greenest grass, the softest moss, and the brightest pebbles.

This life was adapted to her nature. She fed her imagination in a perfectly healthy fashion; and, living so much out of doors, she acquired that sound physique which she retained all through her life.

When she was thirteen, her grandmother sent the girl to a convent school in Paris. One might suppose that the sudden change from the open woods and fields to the primness of a religious home would have been a great shock to her, and that with her passionate disposition she might have broken out into wild ways that would have shocked the nuns. But, here, as elsewhere, she showed her wonderful adaptability. It even seemed as if she were likely to become what the French call a *dévoté*. She gave herself up to mystical thoughts, and expressed a desire of taking the veil. Her confessor, how-



JULES SANDEAU, THE FRENCH NOVELIST, WHO WAS GEORGE SAND'S COLLABORATOR WHEN SHE WON HER FIRST SUCCESS

*From a drawing by Henri Lehmann*



ever, was a keen student of human nature, and he perceived that she was too young to decide upon the renunciation of earthly things. Moreover, her grandmother, who had no intention that Aurore should become a nun, hastened to Paris and carried her back to Nohant.

The girl was now sixteen, and her complicated nature began to make itself apparent. There was no one to control her, because her grandmother was confined to her own room. And so Aurore Dupin, now in superb health, and feeling a reaction from her school life, rushed into every sort of diversion with all the zest of youth. She read voraciously—religion, poetry, philosophy. She was an excellent musician, playing the piano and the harp. Once, in a spirit of unconscious egoism, she wrote to her confessor:

Do you think that my philosophical studies are compatible with Christian humility?

The shrewd ecclesiastic answered, with a touch of wholesome irony:

I doubt, my daughter, whether your philosophical studies are profound enough to warrant intellectual pride.

This stung the girl, and led her to think a little less of her own abilities; but perhaps it made her books distasteful to her. For a while she seems to have almost forgotten her sex. She began to dress as a boy, and took to smoking large quantities of tobacco. Her natural brother, who was an officer in the army, came down to Nohant and taught her to ride—to ride like a boy, seated astride—and even to break horses. She went about without any chaperon at all, and flirted with the young men of the neighborhood. The prim manners of the place made her subject to a certain amount of scandal, and the village priest chided her in language that was far from tactful. In return she refused any longer to attend his church.

Thus she was living when her grandmother died, in 1821, leaving to Aurore her entire fortune of five hundred thousand francs. As the girl was still but seventeen, she was placed under the guardianship of the nearest relative on her father's side—a gentleman of rank. When the will was read after the funeral, Aurore's mother, who was present, made a violent protest, and caused a most unpleasant scene.

"I am the natural guardian of my child," she cried. "No one can take away my rights!"

The young girl well understood that this

was really the parting of the ways. If she turned toward her uncle, she would be forever classed among the aristocracy. If she chose her mother, who, though married, was essentially a *grisette*, then she must live with *grisettes*, and find her friends among the friends who visited her mother. She could not belong to both worlds. She must decide once for all whether she would be a woman of rank or a woman entirely separated from the circle that had been her father's.

One must respect the girl for making the choice she did. Understanding the situation absolutely, she chose her mother; and perhaps one would not have had her do otherwise. Yet in the long run it was bound to be a mistake. She and her mother had nothing in common. Aurore was clever, refined, well read, and had had the training of a fashionable convent school. The mother was ignorant and coarse, as was inevitable with one who before her marriage had been half shop-girl and half courtesan. The two could not live long together, and hence it was not unnatural that Aurore Dupin should marry, to enter upon a new career.

#### HER UNHAPPY MARRIAGE

Her fortune was a fairly large one for the times, and yet not large enough to attract men who were quite her equals. Presently, however, it brought to her a sort of country squire, named Casimir Dudevant. He was the illegitimate son of the Baron Dudevant. He had been in the army, and had studied law; but he possessed no intellectual tastes. As a young man, he was outwardly eligible; but he was of a coarse type—a man who, with passing years, would be likely to take to drink and vicious amusements, and in serious life cared only for his cattle, his horses, and his hunting.

However, he seemed presentable. He had a sort of jollity about him which appealed to this girl of eighteen; and so a marriage was arranged. Aurore Dupin became his wife in 1822, and he secured the control of her fortune.

The first few years after her marriage were not unhappy. She had a son, Maurice Dudevant, and a daughter, Solange, and she loved them both. But it was impossible that she should continue vegetating mentally upon a farm with a husband who was a fool, a drunkard, and a miser. He deteriorated; his wife grew more and more clever and keen-witted. Dudevant resented this. It made him uncomfortable. Other persons spoke of her talk as brilliant. He bluntly

told her that it was silly, and that she must stop it. When she did not stop it, he boxed her ears.

This caused a breach between the pair which was never healed. Dudevant drank more and more heavily, and jeered at his

deaux. With him, at least, this clever woman could talk without being called silly, and he took sincere pleasure in her company. He might, in fact, have gone much further, were it not that both of them were in an impossible situation.



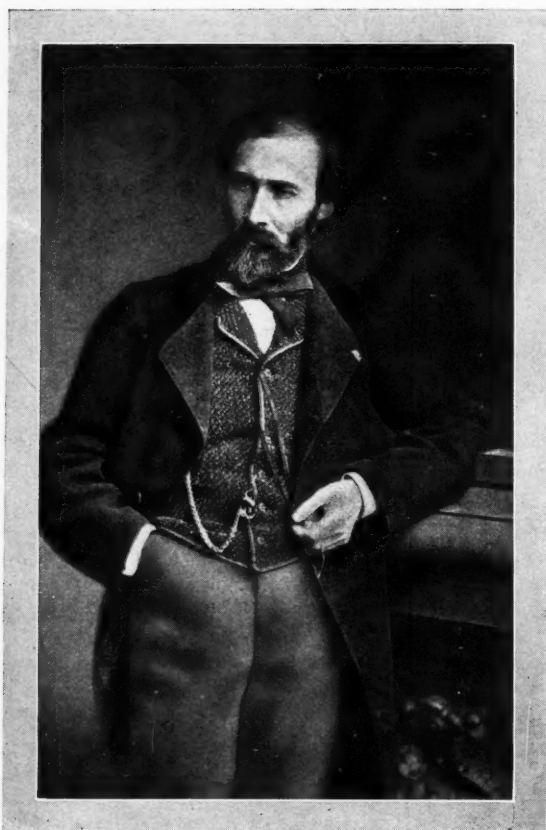
MARIA FELICITA GARCIA, MME. MALIBRAN, THE CELEBRATED OPERA SINGER,  
TO WHOM ALFRED DE MUSSET TURNED AFTER PARTING  
FROM GEORGE SAND

*From a portrait by Léon Vizardot*

wife because she was "always looking for noon at fourteen o'clock." He had always flirted with the country girls; but now he openly consorted with his wife's chambermaid.

Mme. Dudevant, on her side, would have nothing more to do with this rustic rake. She formed what she called a platonic friendship—and it was really so—with a certain M. de Sèze, who was advocate-general at Bor-

Aurore Dudevant really believed that she was swayed by a pure and mystic passion. De Sèze, on the other hand, believed this mystic passion to be genuine love. He was a man of a sensitive imagination and extreme refinement. Coming to visit her at Nohant, he was revolted by the clownish husband with whom she lived. It gave him an esthetic shock to see that she had borne children to this boor. Therefore he shrank back



OCTAVE FEUILLET, THE FRENCH NOVELIST AND  
DRAMATIST, ONE OF THE INTIMATES OF  
GEORGE SAND

from her, and in time their relation faded into nothingness.

It happened, soon after, that she found a packet in her husband's desk, marked "Not to be opened until after my death." She wrote of this in her correspondence:

I had not the patience to wait till widowhood. No one can be sure of surviving anybody. I assumed that my husband had died, and I was very glad to learn what he thought of me while he was alive. Since the package was addressed to me, it was not dishonorable for me to open it.

And so she opened it. "It proved to be his will, but containing, as a preamble, his curses on her, expressions of contempt, and all the vulgar outpouring of an evil temper and angry passion. At once she formed the great decision of her life.

#### MME. DUDEVANT GOES TO PARIS

She went to her husband as he was opening a bottle, and flung the document upon

the table. He cowered at her glance, at her firmness, and at her cold hatred. He grumbled and argued and entreated; but all that his wife would say in answer was:

"I must have an allowance. I am going to Paris, and my children are to remain here at Nohant."

At last he yielded, and she went at once to Paris, taking her daughter with her, and having the promise of fifteen hundred francs a year out of the half million that was hers by right.

In Paris she developed into a thorough-paced Bohemian. She tried to make a living in sundry hopeless ways, and at last she took to literature. She was living in a garret, with little to eat, and sometimes without a fire in the chill of winter. She had some friends who helped her as well as they could, but though she was attached to the *Figaro*, her earnings for the first month amounted to only fifteen francs.

Nevertheless, she would not despair. The editors and publishers might turn the cold shoulder to her, but she would not give up her ambitions. She went down into the Latin Quarter, and there shook off the proprieties of life. She assumed the garb of a man, and with her quick perception she came to know the left bank of the Seine just as she had known the countryside at Nohant or the little world at her convent school. She never expected again to see any woman of her own rank in life. Her mother's influence became strong in her. She wrote:

The proprieties are the guiding principle of people without soul and virtue. The good opinion of the world is a prostitute who gives herself to the highest bidder.

She still pursued her trade of journalism, calling herself a "newspaper mechanic," sitting all day in the office of the *Figaro*, and writing whatever was demanded—humorous paragraphs, reviews, and short stories—while at night she would prowl in the streets haunting the cafés, continuing to dress like a man, drinking sour wine, and smoking cheap cigars.

One of her companions in this sort of hand-to-mouth journalism was a young student and writer named Jules Sandeau, a man

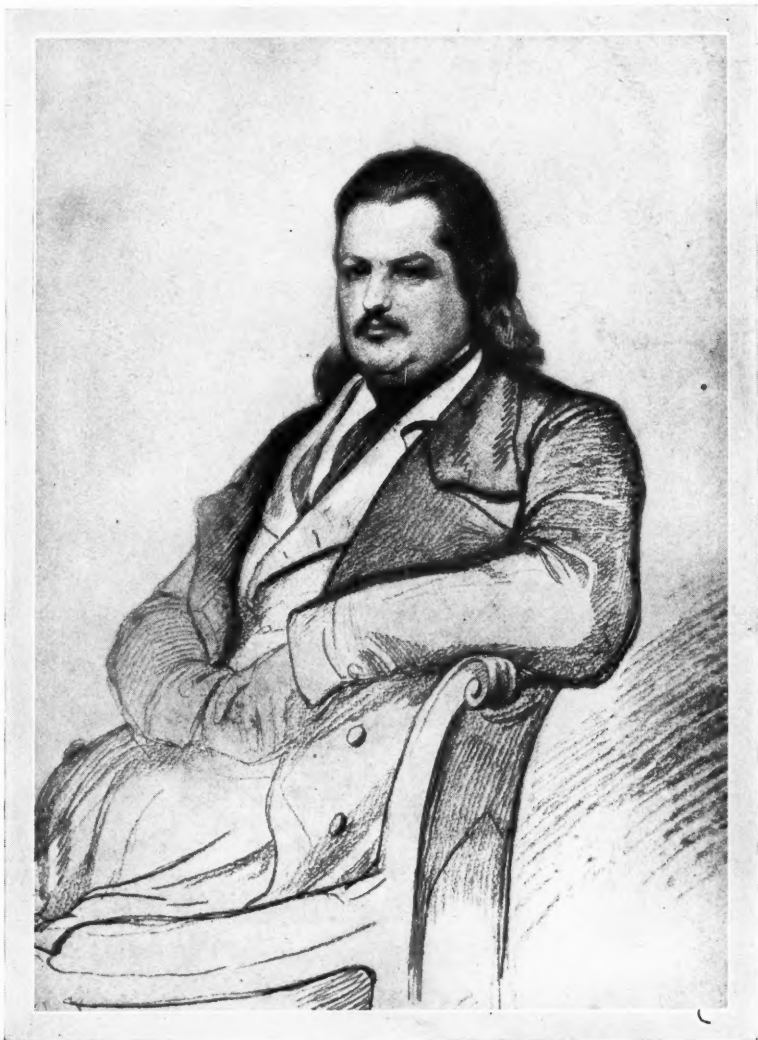
seven years younger than his comrade. He was at that time as indigent as she, and their hardships, shared in common, brought them very close together. He was clever, boyish, and sensitive, and it was not long before he had fallen at her feet and kissed her knees, begging that she would requite the love he felt for her. According to herself, she resisted him for six months, and then at last she yielded. The two made their home together, and for a while were wonderfully happy. Their work and their diversions they enjoyed in common, and now for the

first time she experienced emotions which in all probability she had never known before.

One cannot tell just how much importance is to be given to the earlier flirtations of George Sand. Probably not very much, though she herself never tried to stop the mouth of scandal. Even before she left her husband, she was credited with having four lovers; but all she said, when the report was brought to her, was this:

"Four lovers are none too many for one with such lively passions as mine."

This very frankness makes it likely that



HONORÉ DE BALZAC, THE GREAT FRENCH NOVELIST, ONE OF THE FRIENDS OF GEORGE SAND, WHOM HE DESCRIBED AS A "FEMALE BACHELOR"

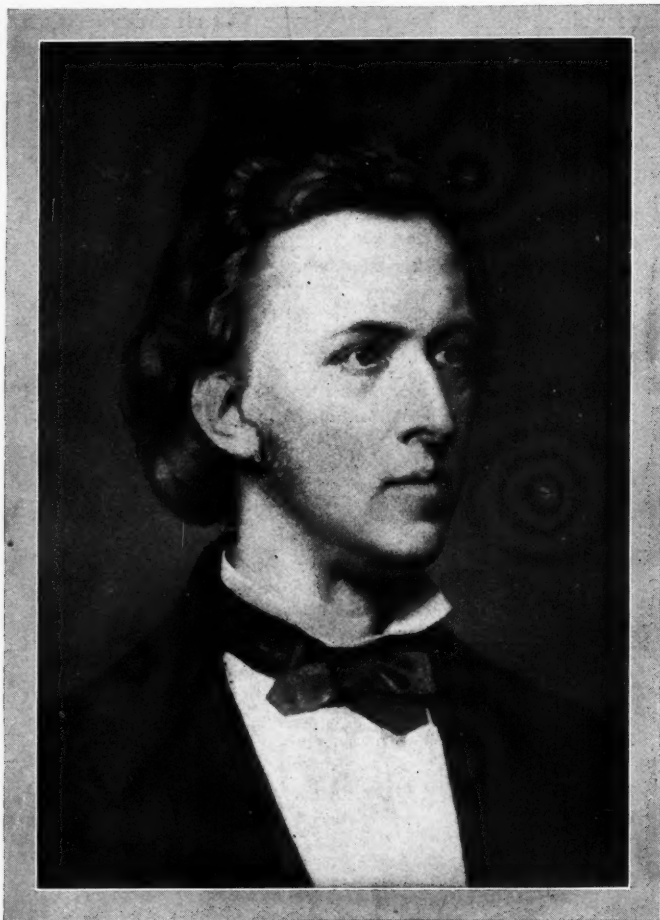
*From a portrait published by the Berlin Photographic Company, New York*

she enjoyed shocking her prim neighbors at Nohant. But if she only played at love-making then, she now gave herself up to it with entire abandonment, intoxicated, fascinated, satisfied. She herself wrote:

How I wish I could impart to you this sense of the intensity and joyousness of life that I have

book succeeded; but thereafter each of them wrote separately, Jules Sandeau using his own name, and Mme. Dudevant styling herself George Sand, a name by which she was to be illustrious ever after.

As a novelist, she had found her real vocation. She was not yet well known, but she



FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN, THE FAMOUS POLISH MUSICIAN, THE GREATEST GENIUS  
AMONG THE ASSOCIATES OF GEORGE SAND

in my veins and in my breast. To live! How sweet it is, and how good, in spite of annoyances, husbands, boredom, debts, relations, scandal-mongers, sufferings, and irritations! To live! It is intoxicating! To love, and to be loved! It is happiness! It is heaven!

In collaboration with Jules Sandeau, she wrote a novel called "Rose et Blanche." The two lovers were uncertain what name to place upon the title-page, but finally they hit upon the pseudonym of Jules Sand. The

was on the verge of fame. As soon as she had written "Indiana" and "Valentine," George Sand had secured a place in the world of letters. The dignified magazine which still exists as the *Revue des Deux Mondes* gave her a retaining fee of four thousand francs a year, and many were the publications that begged her to write serial stories for them.

The vein which ran through all her stories was new and piquant. As was said of her:



In George Sand, whenever a lady wishes to change her lover, God is always there to make the transfer easy.

In other words, she preached free love in the name of religion. This was not a new doctrine with her. After the first break with her husband, she had made up her mind about certain matters, and wrote:

One is no more justified in claiming the ownership of a soul than in claiming the ownership of a slave.

According to her, the ties between a man and a woman are sacred only when they are sanctified by love; and she distinguished between love and passion in this epigram:

Love seeks to give, while passion seeks to take.

At this time, George Sand was in her twenty-seventh year. She was not beautiful, though there was something about her which attracted observation. Of middle height, she was fairly slender. Her eyes were somewhat projecting, and her mouth was almost sullen when in repose. Her manners were peculiar, combining boldness with timidity. Her address was almost as familiar as a man's, so that it was easy to be acquainted with her; yet a certain haughtiness and a touch of aristocratic pride made it plain that she had drawn a line which none must pass without her wish. When she was deeply stirred, however, she burst forth into an extraordinary vivacity, showing a nature richly endowed and eager to yield its treasures.

She has well described herself in one of her novels, where she says:

Life—palpitating life—seemed to move among the curls of her beautiful black hair; and there burned, as it were, a hidden fire beneath her delicate, transparent skin. The expression of her eyes, burning, yet weak and tired, spoke of terrible struggles within, ceaseless but unavowed.

The existence which she now led was a curious one. She still visited her husband at Nohant, so that she might see her son, and sometimes, when M. Dudevant came to town, he called upon her in the apartments which she shared with Jules Sandeau. He had accepted the situation, and with his crudeness and lack of feeling he seemed to think it, if not natural, at least diverting. At any rate, so long as he could retain her half-million francs, he was not the man to make trouble about his former wife's arrangements.

#### THE END OF HER LIFE WITH SANDEAU

Meanwhile, there began to be perceptible the very slightest rift within the lute of her

romance. Was her love for Sandeau really love, or was it only passion? In his absence, at any rate, the old obsession still continued. Here we see, first of all, intense pleasure shading off into a sort of maternal fondness. From Nohant she sends Sandeau adoring letters. She is afraid that his delicate appetite is not properly satisfied. She even sends him money.

Yet, again, there are times when she feels that he is irritating and ill. Those who knew them said that her nature was too passionate and her love was too exacting for him. One of her letters seems to make this plain. She writes that she feels uneasy, and even frightfully remorseful, at seeing Sandeau "pine away." She knows, she avows, that she is killing him, that her caresses are a poison, and her love a consuming fire which devours and destroys.

It is an appalling thought, and Jules will not understand it. He laughs at it; and when, in the midst of his transports of delight, the idea comes to me and makes my blood run cold, he tells me that here is the death that he would like to die. At such moments he promises whatever I make him promise.

One need hardly comment on this letter, except to say that it throws a clear light upon the nature of George Sand's temperament. It will be found all through her career, not only that she sought to inspire passion, but that she strove to gratify it after fashions of her own. One little passage from a description of her written by the younger Dumas will perhaps make this phase of her character more intelligible, without going further than is strictly necessary:

Mme. Sand has little hands without any bones, soft and plump. She is by destiny a woman of excessive curiosity, always disappointed, always deceived in her incessant investigation, but she is not fundamentally ardent. In vain would she like to be so, but she does not find it possible. Her physical nature utterly refuses.

The experienced reader will find in all that has now been said the true explanation of George Sand. Abounding with life, but incapable of long stretches of ardent love, she became a woman who sought conquests everywhere without giving in return more than her temperament made it possible for her to do. She loved Sandeau as much as she ever loved any man; and yet she left him with a sense that she had never become wholly his. Perhaps this is the reason why their romance came to an end abruptly, and not altogether fittingly.

She had been spending a short time at Nohant, and came from there to Paris without announcement. She intended to surprise her lover, and she surely did so. She found him in the apartment that had been theirs, with his arms about an attractive laundry-girl. Thus closed what was probably the only true romance in the life of George Sand. Afterward she had many lovers, and many more admirers, but to no one did she so nearly become a true mate.

As it was, she ended her association with Sandeau, and each pursued a separate path to fame. Sandeau afterward became a well-known novelist and dramatist. He was, in fact, the first writer of fiction who was admitted to the French Academy. The woman to whom he had been unfaithful became greater still, because her fame was not only national but cosmopolitan.

It is interesting to recall a story which was told of the two former lovers some twenty years later.

One evening, in the editorial office of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a bald little man collided in the doorway with a rather stout lady of dark complexion. He apologized to her with great politeness, and she accepted his apology with no less good-humor. Then Sandeau, taking his seat by the editor, asked in a whisper:

"Who is that lady?"

"What?" was the answer. "Are you serious in asking such a question? Why, that is George Sand!"

For a time after her deception by Sandeau, she felt absolutely devoid of all emotion. She shunned men, and sought the friendship of Marie Dorval, a clever actress who was destined afterward to break the heart of Alfred de Vigny. The two went down into the country; and there George Sand wrote hour after hour, sitting by her fireside, and showing herself a tender mother to her little daughter Solange.

This life lasted for a while, but it was not the sort of life that would now content her. She had many visitors from Paris, among them Sainte-Beuve, the critic, who brought with him Prosper Mérimée, then unknown, but later famous as master of revels to the third Napoleon and as the author of "Carmen." Mérimée had a certain fascination of manner, and the predatory instincts of George Sand were again aroused. One day, when she felt bored and desperate, Mérimée paid his court to her, and she listened to him, as Mme. Karénine explains, "without knowing exactly why." This is one of the most

remarkable of her intimacies, since it began, continued, and ended all in the space of a single week. When Mérimée left Nohant, he was destined never again to see George Sand, except long afterward at a dinner-party, where the two stared at each other sharply, but did not speak. This affair, however, made it plain that she could not long remain at Nohant, and that she pined for Paris.

Returning thither, she is said to have set her cap at Victor Hugo, who was, however, too much in love with himself to care for any one, especially a woman who was his literary rival. She is said for a time to have been allied with Gustave Planché, a dramatic critic; but she always denied this, and her denial may be taken as quite truthful. Soon, however, she was to begin an episode which has been more famous than any other in her curious history, for she met Alfred de Musset, then a youth of twenty-three, but already well-known for his poems and his plays.

#### GEORGE SAND AND ALFRED DE MUSSET

Musset was of noble birth. He would probably have been better for a plebeian strain, since there was in him a touch of the degenerate. His mother's father had published a humanitarian poem on cats. His great-uncle had written a peculiar novel. Young Alfred was nervous, delicate, slightly epileptic, and it is certain that he was given to dissipation, which so far had affected his health only by making him hysterical. He was an exceedingly handsome youth, with exquisite manners, "dreamy rather than dazzling eyes, dilated nostrils, and vermilion lips half opened." Such was he when George Sand, then seven years his senior, met him and began to take an interest in him.

There is something which, to the Anglo-Saxon mind, seems far more absurd than pathetic about the events which presently took place. A woman like George Sand at thirty was practically twice the age of this nervous boy of twenty-three, who had as yet seen little of the world. At first she seemed to realize the fact herself; but her vanity led her to begin an intrigue, which must have been almost wholly without excitement on her part, but which to him, for a time, was everything in the world.

Presently, however, the lady wrote—she was always writing:

I have fallen in love—very seriously, this time—with Alfred de Musset. It is not a caprice, but a genuine attachment. What I am capable of now I do not know.

\* Experimenting, as usual, after the fashion described by Dumas, she went with De Musset for a "honeymoon" to Fontainebleau. But they could not stay there forever, and presently they decided upon a journey to Italy. Before they went, however, they thought it necessary to get formal permission from Alfred's mother!

Naturally enough, Mme. de Musset refused consent. She had read George Sand's romances, and had asked scornfully:

"Has the woman never in her life met a gentleman?"

She accepted the relations between them, but that she should be asked to sanction this sort of affair was rather too much, even for a French mother who has become accustomed to many strange things. Then there was a curious happening. At nine o'clock at night, George Sand took a cab and drove to the house of Mme. de Musset, to whom she sent up a message that a lady wished to see her. Mme. de Musset came down, and, finding a woman alone in a carriage, she entered it. Then George Sand burst forth in a torrent of sentimental eloquence. She overpowered her lover's mother, promised to take great care of the delicate youth, and finally drove away to meet Alfred at the coach-yard.

They started off in the mist, their coach being the thirteenth to leave the yard; but the two lovers were in a merry mood, and enjoyed themselves all the way from Paris to Marseilles. By steamer they went to Leghorn; and finally, in January, 1834, they took an apartment in a hotel at Venice. What had happened that their arrival in Venice should be the beginning of a quarrel, no one knows. George Sand has told the story, and Paul de Musset—Alfred's brother—has told the story, but each of them has doubtless omitted a large part of the truth.

It is likely that their long journey had got upon their nerves, and that each had learned too much of the other. Thus, Paul de Musset says that George Sand made herself outrageous by her conversation, telling every one of her mother's adventures in the army of Italy, including her relations with the general-in-chief. She also declared that she herself was born within a month of her parents' wedding-day. Very likely she did say all these things, whether they were true or not. She had set herself to wage war against conventional society, and she did everything to shock it.

On the other hand, Alfred de Musset fell ill after having lost ten thousand francs in a gambling-house. George Sand was not fond

of persons who were ill. She herself was working like a horse, writing from eight to thirteen hours a day. In short, she was intensely practical. When Musset collapsed she sent for a handsome young Italian doctor named Pagello, with whom she had struck up a casual acquaintance. He finally cured Musset, but he also cured George Sand of any love for Musset.

Before long she and Pagello were on their way back to Paris, leaving the poor, fevered, whimpering poet to bite his nails and think unutterable things. But he ought to have known George Sand. After that, everybody knew her. They knew just how much she cared when she professed to care, and when she acted as she acted with Pagello no earlier lover had any one but himself to blame.

#### A REPULSIVE STORY

It is only sentimentalists who can take this story seriously. To them it has a sort of morbid interest. They like to recall the pictures of Musset raving and shouting in his delirium, and then to read how George Sand sat on Pagello's knees, kissing him and drinking out of the same cup. But to the healthy mind the whole story is repulsive—from George Sand's appeal to Mme. de Musset down to the very end, when Pagello came to Paris, where his broken French excited a polite ridicule.

There was a touch of genuine sentiment about the affair with Jules Sandeau; but after that, one can only see in George Sand a half-libidinous *grisette*, such as her mother was before her, with a perfect willingness to experiment in every form of lawless love. As for Musset, whose heart she was supposed to have broken and blighted forever, within a year he was dangling after the famous singer, Mme. Malibran, and writing poems to her which advertised their intrigue.

After this episode with Pagello, it cannot be said that the life of George Sand was edifying in any respect, because no one can assume that she was sincere. She had loved Jules Sandeau as much as she could love any one, but all the rest of her intrigues and affinities were in the nature of experiments. She even took back Alfred de Musset, although they could never again regard each other without suspicion. George Sand cut off all her hair and gave it to Musset, so eager was she to keep him as a matter of conquest; but he was tired of her, and even this theatrical trick was of no avail.

She proceeded to other less known and less humiliating adventures. She tried to fas-

ciate the artist Delacroix. She set her cap at Franz Liszt, who rather astonished her by saying that only God was worthy to be loved. She expressed a yearning for the affections of the elder Dumas; but that good-natured giant laughed at her, and in fact gave her some sound advice, and let her smoke unsentimentally in his study. She was a good deal taken with a noisy demagogue named Michel, a lawyer at Bourges, who on one occasion shut her up in her room and harangued her on sociology until she was weary of his talk as of his wooden shoes, his shapeless greatcoat, his spectacles, and his skull-cap. Balzac felt her fascination, but cared nothing for her, since his love was given to Mme. Hanska.

In the meanwhile, she was paying visits to her husband at Nohant, where she wrangled with him over money matters, and where he would once have shot her had the guests present not interfered. She secured her dowry by litigation, so that she was well off, even without her literary earnings. These were by no means so large as one would think from her popularity and from the number of books she wrote. It is estimated that her whole gains amounted to about a million francs, extending over a period of forty-five years. It is just half the amount that Trollope earned in about the same period, and justifies his remark—"adequate, but not splendid."

One of those brief and strange intimacies that marked the career of George Sand came about in a curious way. Octave Feuillet, a man of aristocratic birth, had set himself to write novels which portrayed the cynicism and hardness of the upper classes in France. One of these novels, "Sibylle," excited the anger of George Sand. She had not known Feuillet before; yet now she sought him out, at first in order to berate him for his book, but in the end to add him to her variegated string of lovers.

It has been said of Feuillet that he was a sort of "domesticated Musset." At any rate, he was far less sensitive than Musset, and George Sand was about seventeen years his senior. They parted after a short time, she going her way as a writer of novels that were very different from her earlier ones, while Feuillet grew more and more cynical and even stern, as he lashed the abnormal, neuropathic men and women about him.

#### GEORGE SAND AND FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN

The last great emotional crisis in George Sand's life was that which centers around

her relations with Frédéric Chopin. Chopin was the greatest genius who ever loved her. It is rather odd that he loved her. She had known him for two years, and had not seriously thought of him, though there is a story that when she first met him she kissed him before he had even been presented to her; but this is probably untrue. She waited two years, and in those two years she had three lovers. Then at last she once more met Chopin, when he was in a state of melancholy, because a Polish girl had proved unfaithful to him.

It was the psychological moment; for this other woman, who was a devourer of hearts, found him at a piano, improvising a lamentation. George Sand stood beside him, listening. When he finished and looked up at her, their eyes met. She bent down without a word and kissed him on the lips.

What was she like when he saw her then? Grenier has described her in these words:

She was short and stout, but her face attracted all my attention, the eyes especially. They were wonderful eyes—a little too close together, it may be, large, with full eyelids, and black, very black, but by no means lustrous; they reminded me of unpolished marble, or rather of velvet, and this gave a strange, dull, even cold expression to her countenance. Her fine eyebrows and these great placid eyes gave her an air of strength and dignity which was not borne out by the lower part of her face. Her nose was rather thick and not over shapely. Her mouth was also rather coarse, and her chin small. She spoke with great simplicity, and her manners were very quiet.

Such as she was, she attached herself to Chopin for eight years. At first they traveled together very quietly to Majorca; and there, just as Musset had fallen ill at Venice, Chopin became feverish and an invalid. "Chopin coughs most gracefully," George Sand wrote of him, and again:

Chopin is the most inconstant of men. There is nothing permanent about him but his cough.

At another time, she broke out into a sort of frenzy with:

Chopin is nothing but a detestable invalid!

It is not surprising if her nerves sometimes gave way. Acting as sick nurse, writing herself with rheumatic fingers, robbed by every one about her, and viewed with suspicion by the peasants because she did not go to church, she may be perhaps excused for her sharp words when, in fact, her deeds were kind.

Afterward, with Chopin, she returned to Paris, and the two lived openly together for



seven years longer. An immense literature has grown around the subject of their relations. To this literature George Sand herself contributed very largely. Chopin, being a gentleman, never wrote a word; but what he failed to do, his friends and pupils did unsparingly.

Probably the truth is somewhat as one might expect. During the first period of fascination, George Sand was to Chopin what she had been to Sandeau and to Musset; and with her strange and subtle ways, she had undermined his health. But afterward that sort of love died out, and was succeeded by something like friendship. At any rate, this woman showed, as she had shown to others, a vast maternal kindness. She writes to him finally as "your old woman," and she does wonders in the way of nursing and care.

But in 1847 came a break between the two. Whatever the mystery of it may be, it turns upon what Chopin said of Sand:

"I have never cursed any one, but now I am so weary of life that I am near cursing her. Yet she suffers, too, and more, because she grows older as she grows more wicked."

In 1848, Chopin gave his last concert in Paris, and in 1849 he died. According to some, he was the victim of a *Messalina*. According to others, it was only "*Messalina*" that had kept him alive so long.

However, with his death came a change in the nature of George Sand. Emotionally, she was an extinct volcano. Intellectually, she was at her very best. She no longer tore pas-

sions into tatters, but wrote naturally, simply, stories of country life and tales for children. In one of her books she has given an enduring picture of the Franco-Prussian War as she saw a part of it. There are many rather pleasant descriptions of her then, living at Nohant, where she made a curious figure, bustling about in ill-fitting costumes, and smoking interminable cigarettes.

She had lived much, and she had drunk deep of life, when she died in 1876. One might believe her to have been only a woman of perpetual *liaisons*. Externally she was this, and yet what did Balzac, that great master of human psychology, write of her in the intimacy of a private correspondence?

She is a female bachelor. She is an artist. She is generous. She is devoted. She is chaste. Her dominant characteristics are those of a man, and therefore, she is not to be regarded as a woman. She is an excellent mother, adored by her children. Morally, she is like a lad of twenty; for in her heart of hearts, she is more than chaste—she is a prude. It is only in externals that she comports herself as a Bohemian. All her follies are titles to glory in the eyes of those whose souls are noble.

A curious verdict this! Her love-life seems almost that of neither man nor woman, but of an animal. Yet whether she was in reality responsible for what she did, when we consider her strange heredity, her wretched marriage, the disillusion of her early life—who shall sit in judgment on her, since who knows all?

#### IN CITY STREETS

DIM seen through murky pane and fading light,  
Hemmed round with smoke-stained brick and dingy walls,  
There gleams a tiny strip of sunset bright,  
That golden on my dust-thick window falls.

And clear amid the clamor of the street  
I hear a pine-stirred murmur borne along  
Of bough-hung rivers, flowing cool and sweet,  
And echoed note of distant thrushes' song.

I smell the mingled scent of birch and fir,  
In shadowed ways that wander, dim and cool,  
Past hidden swamps and alders wind-astir  
Beside the reedy edge of lowland pool.

The night-wind brushes soft along the stair,  
With shadowed crown of woven starlight sweet;  
And lo, I feel the breath of pine-sweet air,  
And wind-swept leagues—within a city street.

Martha Haskell Clark



# AN ADVENTURE IN ALTRURIA

BY KATHRYN JARBOE

AUTHOR OF "CHAUFFEUR NO. 1611," ETC.

**I**N spirit, Miss Allison was an altruist; but the spirit was so deeply incased in a somewhat corpulent body of inherited egoism that the lady had made but few incursions into the delectable land. Opportunities for aiding or benefiting her fellow men were constantly presenting themselves to her, but not until they had slipped into the past could she break through the crust of self-consciousness that enveloped her and take advantage of them.

The smaller the opportunity, the slighter the benefit to be bestowed, the more she reproached herself with her remissness, the more positively she determined that the next time she would speak more quickly, act more promptly, give or do more readily. But *next times* came and went, always with the same result.

Her house in Beacon Street was closed for the summer; and having decided to make a flying trip over to Ireland—just to see if Killarney were really as beautiful as she remembered it—she had come straight through from her camp in the Adirondacks to New York, in order to make a few necessary purchases, and to spend a few days before the sailing of the Cedric. Accompanied only by her maid, she had arrived late in the afternoon, and, according to her usual custom, had taken a surface-car to her hotel.

Through the long hours of the night she lay in her strange bed, staring wide awake, her mind absorbed in one of the altruistic opportunities that she had allowed to slip past her. The entire scene repeated itself from end to end, over and over again.

Next to her in the car there had been an ancient crone—a little, shriveled old colored woman. Quite distinctly Miss Allison had heard the wavering voice ask the conductor to stop at Forty-Seventh Street. Watching the street signs as they filed past her, she had seen one that proclaimed that particular corner. While the car glided steadily onward, the spirit surged within her. It would be so

easy to speak to the little old woman, so easy to signal to the conductor to stop! But, easy as it was in all appearance, it was impossible for Miss Allison.

All the forties were left behind, and a good half of the fifties, before the withered eyes or ears of the old woman had realized that she had gone far beyond her destination, before she could stop the car. Bent and decrepit, she had started off on the weary pilgrimage that might so easily have been prevented.

Now, in the slow night hours, Miss Allison's eyes, open or shut, could see nothing but the pathetic, black figure.

"Oh, why, why am I such a fool?" she moaned again and again. "But next time, surely next time, I will!"

She breakfasted late, and, giving her maid the freedom of the day and evening to visit some relatives in New Jersey, she proceeded down-town to make her own purchases.

In any one of a dozen European capitals she would have been more at home than she was in New York, for in all of her fifty-odd years she had not spent as many days in the metropolis. The sultry heat of an August day added little joy to her undertaking. To distract her mind from the nervous fantasies it was conjuring, she turned it toward the determination she had formed in the night, and to the strengthening of that determination.

As she did so, her eyes fell on the girl in the seat in front of her—a pretty slip of a thing with crisp, wavy hair, and a slender white neck. But there the eyes stopped. For, about the throat, the collar of a shirt-waist was pinned askew; and below it, the buttons of the waist had slipped into buttonholes not their own. Here, ready to Miss Allison's hand, was a test of her resolution! Giving herself not one instant for reflection, she leaned forward and said:

"May I pin your collar straight? It is a little crooked."

She waited for no answer, but drew the

buttons into their rightful holes, and pinned the collar smooth and straight, with its green enameled shamrock. A warm trickle of blood was underlying every atom of her skin when her ears were assailed by an Irish voice, saying:

"An' shure an' I thank ye, ma'am!"

It seemed to Miss Allison that the blood must burst through each and every pore. It seemed that the beating of her heart would suffocate her. Not until she stepped from the car in front of a department-store did she regain any mastery over herself; not until then did she permit herself to revel in the fact that she had at last yielded to impulse, that she had at last taken one step, if ever so short, into the delectable land of her desire.

## II

CARRYING her years and her weight a little more easily than usual, Miss Allison hurried into the store. She did not notice that the object of her benevolent action had left the car when she did, and had entered the same shop by the same door.

The place was hot. To Miss Allison's unaccustomed eyes and ears, the crowd seemed rough and noisy. She was jostled away from counters she sought, and thrust against tables where there was nothing she wanted. In one heavy charge her hat was twisted out of place, and, in endeavoring to readjust it, her veil was torn.

Confused, annoyed at her confusion and at the loss of dignity it involved, she turned to leave the shop, no single errand accomplished. But her arm was seized in a viselike grip, and a shrill Irish voice assailed her ears—a voice even at that moment slightly familiar.

"Indade an' indade, it's herself that shrole it! She sat behint me in the car, it's the truth it is, an' ast to pin the collar av me waist; an' 'twas that blissed moment she took me pin—the last pin Tirence gave me before I lift home!"

Miss Allison made no effort to release her arm from the clinging fingers, but a dull wash of red overspread her face. This, then, was the result of her first effort, this her reception into Altruria!

The crowd that had gathered about the plainly dressed middle-aged woman and the clamorous Irish girl saw the flush of red, and drew its own conclusions. Miss Allison stood stiff and silent.

"An' won't yez make her give it up?" sobbed the girl. "Won't yez make her give me back me pin?"

"Shure an' we will!" exclaimed an ener-

getic floor-walker, his obvious sympathy for the girl permitting an unwonted atom of brogue to enter his voice. "Ye'd better be sayin' if ye've ever seen the girl before, an' if ye know anything about her pin."

"Why, it was a little green shamrock," Miss Allison began. Suddenly, as she realized the insolence of the man, the indignity of the situation, another wave of blood, hotter and redder than the first, swept over her face. "Will you kindly send for some one in authority here?" she concluded.

"Ochone!" wailed the girl. "It's only a week Oi've been over from home, an' now to be robbed av me Tirence's pin!"

"Ochone yerself, me darlin'!" rang out the brogue from another quarter, and a burly policeman, who had been summoned by some officious outsider, wedged his way through the crowd. "They'll be no robbin' av colleens from home whin Oi'm around!" Not at all abashed by Miss Allison's appearance, all flushed and frowzled, as she was, he laid his hand on her free arm. "Come along wid yez, now, an' it's yerself'll be showin' the girl what justice is in this free land av Ameriky!"

Miss Allison, roused to instant physical wrath by the man's rough touch, struggled to free herself.

"How dare you touch me?" she cried. "I am Miss Allison, of Beacon Street—"

"Bacon Sthreet, is it?" interrupted the guardian of peace and justice. "An' why didn't ye say Fift' Avenoo, whilst ye was about it?" Here he winked portentously at the Irish girl, whose hand he held, and who, in spite of the fact that her heart belonged to Terence, was permitting her fingers to return the pressure of the white cotton gloves. "But ye're comin' wid me now, fer this ain't no place fer argyments."

In accordance with the rules of the store, which demanded that nothing should interfere with the shopping facilities of its patrons, one of the floor-walkers aided the policeman in escorting Miss Allison to the door.

"I—I will not take one step!" panted Miss Allison, and with every breath she realized that she was being forced to take many of them. "Is there no one in authority—"

"Ye'll find authority enough where Oi'm taking ye!"

Again Policeman O'Toole winked reassuringly at the girl, who was still clinging to his left hand; but here she offered an unexpected resistance, and hung back—if not as heavily as Miss Allison, at least as determinedly.

"But shure an' it's not away from this place ye're takin' me?" she cried. "It's niver a shtep that I'll move, fer I'm meetin' me cousin here."

"Faith, an' yer cousin can wait, thin!" retorted the policeman. "Ye'll soon be thinkin' Tim O'Toole betther ner anny cousin, Oi'm shure av that!"

"But I'll niver be lavin' this dure till she comes," answered the girl. "I'd be lost entirely if I did!"

### III

DURING this colloquy, Miss Allison's eyes and tongue had been busy. Asserting that she would not go with the policeman, demanding to be taken to some one in authority, she scanned the unfamiliar streets, hoping for nothing, yet seeking some familiar face.

Suddenly Policeman O'Toole felt himself jerked forward simultaneously on either side, and in each ear he heard the word "Jane!" To the Irish intonation was added the explanation: "It's me cousin herself!"

"Jane! Jane!" shrieked Miss Allison to her maid. "I thought you had gone to Jersey, and I had no way of finding you. Do you see what has happened to me? I—I pinned this girl's collar this morning—on a car—and now she says that I stole her pin, and I"—the voice rose shrilly—"I think I am being *arrested*, Jane!"

"An' whatever were ye touchin' the loikes av her for, Miss Allison?" demanded the maid.

Jane was setting straight her mistress's bonnet, and soothing back the wisps of gray hair from the flushed face. She had brushed O'Toole's hand from Miss Allison's arm as she might have brushed off a speck of dust.

The policeman, impressed by the maid's vehemence as he had not been by the dignity of the mistress, stepped back a pace or two from his late prisoner.

"An' you, Peggy Malone, is it a mad-house ye're lookin' for? Didn't I tell ye I'd thry fer a place fer ye wid me own misthress whin we got home? It's loikely she'll look at ye now! Sthole yer thrumpery pin! What-iver'd she want yer palthry pin fer, whin she've jools enough to buy up all Oirland?" She caught the girl by one shoulder and swung her around. "Yer pin's down yer back, annyways. I see it through yer waist. Whatever did ye mane by layin' hands on Miss Allison av Boston?" The woman turned on Miss Allison's captor. "Ye'd no other word fer it but the lies av a crather like that! Get along wid ye, now, or I'll be reportin' ye to yer superiors. *I'm* not fable-minded, if I have lived in Boston tin years! Call me a cab, an' quick, too!"

Miss Allison had not spoken a word, but had resigned herself into the hands of her maid. Policeman O'Toole, obedient to the command of the red-headed virago, summoned a cab, and Miss Allison permitted herself to be helped into it. She was still silent, but when she reached her own room she said:

"Jane, I wish you would countermand the order for those tickets. I—I could not stand Ireland just now."

"Yis'm," answered Jane. "Shure an'—"

"And Jane," murmured her mistress, "I couldn't get on without you, you know, but please don't *speak*!"

With abnormal comprehension and painstaking effort, Jane answered:

"Yes, Miss Allison."

Hours later, Miss Allison, sinking into a doze, murmured:

"Whatever was I doin', touchin' the loikes av her?"

And without a doubt this is the legend which, writ large across the gates leading into Altruria, will confront Miss Allison's struggling spirit should she ever again attempt to enter the land of her desire.

### AN OASIS

OFF in the city's byways grim,  
Where joy seemed dead and hope was dim,  
The laughter of a child at play  
Has driven darkling thoughts away.  
Poor laddy! Doomed to find your joys  
In sun-baked cañons; 'mid the noise  
Of barter and inhuman strife  
To pass the Maytime of your life!  
Perhaps this is your mission here,  
To bring relief and notes of cheer—  
Like an oasis  
In desert places.

Wilberforce Jenkins

# YOUR EXPLANATION, GENTLEMEN

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN IN LOWER TEN," "THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE," ETC.

THE man on the table had died quietly. There had been none of the theatricals of death. The anesthetist lifted the ether-cone when the pulse in the neck failed under his fingers; a nurse, carrying a steaming towel, had paused with it aloft; an orderly, bent over a pail of dressings, had twisted his head and now remained in his constrained position, his eyes on the group. The hush was as complete as it was brief, as if these people, surrounded always by death, were always strangers to it. Each time they paid it the tribute of a sharply drawn breath, of motion suddenly arrested.

The man lay peacefully, one relaxed hand hanging from the table. Clarke, the operating surgeon, walked around and stared down at the quiet face. Then he picked up the hand and laid it across the breast.

"Well, he is dead," he said; and then, to the inanimate figure: "It's the best thing, old man. A long sleep and no waking!"

Middleton, who had been assisting at the operation, glanced up quickly from across the table. During the mechanical efforts that had been made at resuscitation he had kept his stand beside the body, his hands behind him, his head bent and thoughtful. There was something detached in his attitude, as if he sought to solve a problem in the midst of a crowd.

"That's the way I want to go," Clarke was saying. "Out of life and the middle of things, into nothing—extinguished like the flame of a candle. The Lord knows I didn't want to operate! There's nothing in a case like that, except to satisfy the family that everything has been done."

Middleton stepped back, with a final glance at the masklike face.

"Can't you have the grace to pay even a single second's tribute to the passing of the soul?" he demanded. "You have just been the instrument of a miracle, and you lay it to the family."

Clarke shook himself free of his linen coat

before he answered. Then he smiled good-naturedly across the table.

"Soul! Miracle!" he scoffed. "The machine has stopped, and a mighty fine machine, at that. That is all. I have been the instrument of a death on the table, which I avoid on principle. A miracle—pooh! Do you mean that you believe that two—five minutes ago something passed into the ether from that body there, and is perhaps even now staring at us from some corner of the room?"

"I mean precisely all of that," Middleton said gravely, "and perhaps more."

Clarke shrugged his shoulders, and went over to scrub up after the evening's work. After a moment Middleton followed. Side by side they washed at the glass stands, and Clarke told a story at which the interns laughed hilariously. His tone was not low, and the nurses, having experience, found occupation during its relation at the far side of the amphitheater.

It had been a night operation, and the sterilizers and lights had made the room insufferably close. The nurses were pallid in the heat, and one or two gave evidence of hasty dressing. The room itself had been hurriedly prepared and frantically used. Whatever the surgeon's attitude now, he had made a valiant fight. Here a chair lay overturned; there a gray blanket had fallen to the floor. The rubber tube of an irrigating-bag had dropped and weltered in its own ooze. Everywhere were towels, gauze, sponges, all the unlovely panoply of the death that had just occurred.

The operating-arena was bright with lights, but above, tier on tier, rose the circle of students' benches, now empty and in darkness. Middleton stood for a moment before he left the room. From the familiar arena his eyes traveled up and hesitated among the shadows of the higher benches. Then he followed the others.

The group in the dressing-room consisted of six men—Middleton, lean, austere, with sensitive nostrils and pale-gray eyes; Clarke, short



and heavy-set, with hairy arms and thick fingers that were marvelously deft; and the four hospital physicians. As they went down the stairs, from somewhere far off came a woman's wail of grief. Clarke hesitated, and his face twitched.

"I ought to go and see her," he said heavily, "but I can't to-night!"

At the lower floor they turned by common accord, and went back along the corridor to the doctor's smoking-room. It was a dull little room opening off the chapel, with a worn leather couch, half a dozen easy chairs, a battered stand holding an ash-tray, and on the wall a crayon portrait of the founder of the hospital.

Clarke threw himself full length on the divan, and scratched a match on the wall above his head. For a few moments all smoked in silence. The night air came in through the sooty window-screen and sent the smoke scurrying in eddies toward the door of the darkened chapel.

Clarke blew a ring and watched it circle, waver, and fade into nothing.

"Just like that, I suppose you mean, Middleton," he suggested half seriously, harking back to ten minutes before.

Middleton looked after the vanishing ring of smoke.

"I don't know; I only wish I did," he returned, without irritation. "I believe there is a soul, yes, and I believe it lives after the body. That's all I know. It's a big question, and a serious one."

"Serious!" One of the younger men took it up. "It's worse than that to me. I don't want to be immortal; I don't want to be an angel, and with the angels stand."

"You are not in any imminent danger," broke in the junior surgeon.

"And when I'm through, I want to be clean through. I don't want to prowl the earth at the beck and call of some slovenly medium, having to read fool messages on slates, and rapping for a living."

The young physician was very serious, and some of the men laughed.

"Poor Jim!" said Clarke, with his hands under his head. "We roomed together at college, and to-night he lies up there. Well, if his belief counts for anything, he is not dead. I remember having a talk like this with him once, years ago, and his belief was as firm as my unbelief. 'If I go over first, you unbeliever,' he said, 'I shall come back and convince you.' Poor old Jim!"

Middleton glanced up quickly, but he said nothing. Clarke's unwonted communicative-

ness would cease, alarmed, at any endeavor to force it.

"He knew spirit rappings and all that rot would not affect me," Clarke went on. "We once made an agreement. One of the old crowd had been killed, and we were much impressed. As I recall it, it was something like this: if he 'went over,' as he called it, before I did, he would come back at least once, and he would bring with him a spray of heliotrope. We both cared about the same girl in those days, and she was fond of the flower. Heliotrope was our symbol. We wore heliotrope socks and ties, and put extract of heliotrope on our handkerchiefs. That's twenty years ago. I have hardly seen a spray of heliotrope since."

The sentiment of the speech touched the junior surgeon, who was young. Also, he was encouraged by the condescension of his chief.

"Ah!" he said. "And the girl—who won her? Or is that another story?"

Clarke rose heavily, and picked up his black leather case.

"She is up-stairs," he replied. "It was she that we heard crying as we came down. Well, I'm off. I haven't had any sleep to amount to anything for a week."

Middleton had been lounging in a deep chair. He had lighted his cigar, but it had gone out. At Clarke's movement he gathered himself together, as if he had come to a sudden resolve.

"I wish you wouldn't go just yet, Dan," he said. "The fact is, I've got something on my mind to-night, and I want to get rid of it. Sometimes, when I think about it, I know I'm crazy, and sometimes—I know I am not. Sit down; it won't take long."

The older man looked at his watch, hesitated, and sat down.

"I'll give you thirty minutes," he returned. "And you'd better be interesting, or I'll go to sleep right here."

Middleton smiled.

"I will be interesting," he asserted grimly. "I have been so interesting to myself that for the past two nights I have been on the verge of this." He took out his hypodermic case, glanced at it with the same humorless smile, and slipped it back in his pocket.

"Bad medicine," the senior resident observed, and Middleton nodded.

The night was warm for March, and the window was open. The uneven paving of the courtyard outside was full of tiny lakes of melted snow, in which the stars were faintly reflected. Above rose tier on tier of dully lighted rectangles where an occasional shadow



passed. The smell of wet asphalt came through the window.

## II

"I AM going to tell you a rather unusual experience," Middleton began; "and after I have finished, I am going to ask your explanation, gentlemen. You know me well enough, Clarke, to know that I am not credulous. I helped to expose the Avondale séances, you remember. My eyes are good and I have no nerves. But the thing that occurred three nights ago in a shanty-boat at the foot of Canal Street has set me to thinking—and wondering. The thing happened to me, I was awake and rational, there was no room for fraud, and yet—I am unconvinced. Clarke here has made a pact with a man who has just died. None of us is near that stand, and yet, Clarke, if you were to find a spray of heliotrope there this instant, would you be convinced?"

"No." The reply was instant, incisive.

"Precisely. That's how it is with all of us. I saw, and I am not convinced." There was a moment's pause. Middleton glanced around the circle before he began. "I have been one of the city physicians for years—beastly job—but I am too poor to give it up. It's the kind of work that takes the zest out of living. My district is from State Street to the river—the worst part of town.

"Last Wednesday evening I got a message to go to the boat-house at the foot of Canal Street. The call was urgent, and I started about ten o'clock. It was very cold, the river was low and partly frozen over, and the boat was anchored in the ice, perhaps twenty feet from the shore. I stumbled down the wharf in the darkness, and hallooed. It was a bad neighborhood, and I felt for my revolver, but I had forgotten it. After I had called twice, a woman opened a door at the end of the boat and answered me. She showed me where the ice would bear, and I got across.

"You know the atmosphere inside those places—reeking hot, stale dish-water and garlic, and over everything the stench of wharf filth and the river. There were only two rooms. We entered the kitchen first. I remember it was lighted by a lantern hung to a hook on the wall, and it had no furniture except a chair and a hinged board, fastened to the wall, that served as a table. It was littered with dishes. The woman opened the door into the bedroom and glanced in; then she stood aside to let me enter.

"The other room was slightly larger—longer, that is; both were the width of the

boat. It had two windows high in the walls, and shut, of course. There was a door in that room, and I mention this particularly; but it was closed, and an untidy cot stood before it. On a chair at the foot of the bed was a glass lamp, turned low.

"My patient was in a bed that occupied a large part of the room, and I turned up the lamp before I went over to speak to him. He was sitting propped up in bed, and he was dying. Tuberculosis. You know what that means. I don't want to see it often. My first glance showed me that he was a hunchback. He sat scarcely higher than a boy of ten, and his man's head perched on his narrow shoulders looked out of place. I thought, as I often think in such cases, what a man was lost in his making, for the features were fine and strong.

"He's been like that since this morning," the woman said simply. "He won't eat."

"The hunchback had paid no attention to us; he had been intent on his struggle for the next breath. When the woman spoke, however, he turned on her with a fierceness that shocked me.

"You haven't done what you promised!" he accused her huskily. "I've been waiting—God, how long have I been waiting?"

"I had not thought he had the strength. The woman shrank back. She was a timid creature, not young, in a flannel wrapper that hung around her in untidy folds. Her eyes were swollen with crying.

"I couldn't, Joe," she remonstrated. "I've tried, but I couldn't. I'm tired, you know; I was up all last night. Maybe to-night—" Before she had finished, he began to cough, and she took him in her arms like a baby.

"He was beyond all aid. I asked a few questions which she answered listlessly. She moved around the room, putting away a dirty pack of cards and gathering up the soiled dishes that littered the place. I couldn't take my eyes from her; she looked like a slovenly ghost of somebody I had seen before. After a time the sick man dropped into a doze, breathing easier, and the woman came and sat across from me on the other side of the bed.

"He's been that way all day," she said, without inflection. "He tried to bite me when I gave him a drink, an hour ago. His little girl is my control, and she hasn't come to-day. I guess I'm tired; I was up all night, and I did a washing this morning."

"With the word 'control' I knew her. You men recall Alice Lee Fisher, don't you? At least you do, Clarke. We saw her together in ninety-five, down at medical college, at the

Chestnut Street Theater. Not long after that, she was arrested for faking."

Clarke nodded. He was still holding his cigar, but it had gone out.

"I did not tell her that I knew her. The change was painful, and she was in trouble enough. I sat there for some time, holding the hunchback's wrist and watching his pulse, while she sat across, clasping his other hand. The silence and the heat oppressed me, and finally I went over and closed the door into the steaming kitchen. It would not latch, so I bolted it. I found it still bolted when I left at four o'clock.

"The hunchback slept for perhaps half an hour. When he awakened, he breathed more easily, and he let his hand lie unresisting under hers. I gave him something to ease the coughing, and after a time he grew talkative. He asked me how long he had, and he nodded when I said it was probably a matter of hours. Then he wanted to know if I would see him through, and I promised that I would.

"The Fisher woman had turned down the lamp, and sat across the bed. The room was very dark; I could hear her crying softly. And then something ran past my foot. I stirred uneasily. I have a horror of rats and vermin of all kinds.

"There is a rat in the room,' I said. 'Can't you chase him out?'

"What would be the use?' she returned indifferently. 'Others would come. They are here in thousands. They come from the wharf.'

"I had to be content with that, but I sat uneasily in my chair. Several times the rat, or whatever it was, touched me; I could feel it, but I could never see it. Once, when it seemed to stop beside my foot, and I could feel it nuzzling there, I tried to step on it; I did it, too. I felt the thing under my foot, but when I stooped to examine, there was nothing there. The woman looked across at me.

"They don't bite if you let them alone,' she said.

"I do not know how long I sat there—possibly another half-hour. I know that the rat was gone, and that I was growing drowsy. My unoccupied hand had slid off my knee, and was hanging at my side. I roused with a start. The woman had not moved, and the hunchback was still fighting for breath; but something, warm and living, too high for any rat, had brushed past my pendant hand."

One of the interns leaned forward, his jaw down.

"Pooh!" Clarke said derisively. "You

had been thinking of vermin, and you had been asleep."

"I shifted my chair and glanced down. The footboard of the bed was between the lamp and me, and I was in darkness; but a little light followed the floor under the bed. There was nothing in sight. I asked the woman if there was a dog in the room, and she said no. I decided, as Clarke says, that I had been asleep; and soon after, when the hunchback began to talk, I dismissed it from my mind entirely.

"He began by asking me the date. When I told him it was the 13th, he said something about the ides of March; and from that he drifted into Mark Antony's oration on Cæsar, ending with a cackle of laughter that finished with a coughing-spell and made my hair rise. Then he asked me if I had any whisky. When I had brought it, he held it up in his shaking hand, looked at it, and gave it back to me with what was meant for a smile. I do not think he could swallow.

"When he began to talk, he spoke to me, as if he had forgotten the woman. He talked of himself, and the story he told was ugly enough. He was a chemist, or had been. He was in Van Zandt's laboratory for several years. He had been married. Heaven knows what psychology of a woman's soul had led to it—pity, probably, although he was defiant when he told it, as if he dared me to think it had been pity. And they had had one child—a frail little thing, as might have been expected. She had her father's tubercular tendency, and it settled in the hip. By the time she was five she was walking with a crutch."

Clarke let his cigar drop to the floor, and banged his heavy fist on the arm of his chair.

"Joe Wentworth!" he cried. "Humped-backed Joe!"

"Wait," Middleton broke in. "Anything you want to say, say it after you have heard it all. He succeeded pretty well; he was sent for, and worked at Johns Hopkins for a while; he discovered the Viborn reaction and some other things. They took an apartment there in Baltimore.

"One day he happened on a letter his wife was sending out to one of the men on the staff at the hospital. He told me the story quietly, with the other woman sitting across the bed. It was not new to her. Once, when he raised his voice a little, she smoothed his hand and held it to her face.

"Hush, Joe, you will frighten them," she said, and he was quiet at once.

"Them!"

"The hand that I still held on his wrist

began to thrill strangely. I felt it first in my finger-tips, but gradually it extended to the forearm, to the elbow, to the shoulder. I thought it possible that my arm was resting on some of the nerves, and I shifted its position; but the tingling continued. The woman across was perfectly distinct in the semidarkness. As I looked at her she seemed to be encircled by a phosphorescent line. It reflected a bluish-white light on her pale cheeks, stained with tears. And as I stared at her she groaned under her breath, and put her face down on the bed against the dying man's shoulder. In the midst of my uneasiness, I noticed the shudder of distaste with which he drew away from her.

"His story went on, lucidly, clean-swept of emotion. He watched the wife after that, as a jealous man can watch, and one day he came home early, to find the man whom he had feared with his arms about her. The other man was a big fellow—"

"A head taller than I," Clarke broke in eagerly. "You knew him, Middleton—class of—"

"He threw the hunchback aside with one hand, while he held the woman with the other.

"Stand back, you whiffet!" he said. "God's law or man's law, she belongs to me!"

"And when the cripple flew at him, biting, scratching, with murder in his heart and the strength of a child, he picked him up and threw him upon a couch, as if he had been a baby, and, laughing, kissed the wife again, where she cowered.

"That night the hunchback climbed a fire-escape, crept along the cornice of the house, part of the time hanging by his hands, got through the skylight of an apartment-house, and brained the other man. He did it with a toy iron dumbbell belonging to the child. They took him in the laboratory the next day, and the wife testified against him at the trial. The little girl herself identified the weapon, and smiled across the court-room at him when she did it."

"He was right, of course," the youngest intern ventured; "but was the woman wrong, after all? Her husband was not a mate, and—nature is strong."

The speaker was six feet tall himself.

Middleton was not listening. His eyes were fixed on the shadows just beyond the chapel door; he was bent forward; his lips parted, his whole attitude one of tense expectancy. Clarke brought him back with a jerk.

"Well, well," he said sharply, "that isn't the end of the story. He escaped, didn't he?"

Middleton shifted his eyes slowly, and

fixed them on the floor during the rest of his recital; but now and then he raised them suddenly and glanced at the shadowy chapel. Always he had the same disappointment—an inexplicable feeling of having looked up just too late.

"He was sentenced for life, and he did not care, except for the child. She was a cripple, like himself—because of himself—and it would go hard with her. He tried twice to commit suicide, so that the child could have a little insurance he carried. But gradually, I judge, his mind became warped like his body. He wanted to escape and kill the woman; it was she who had put him there. The first attempt failed; they found him hidden in a wagon under a pile of mats from the prison workrooms, and for two years he had no other chance.

"Then he pried the grating off a sewer in a corner of the courtyard, and crawled into it. He was small, and there was little water in the sewer, but there was not an inch of room to spare. At the first angle, after he had crawled a hundred yards or so, he stuck fast. It was his hump that caught. The water was damming up behind him. He could not retreat. He prayed and cursed, and stuck fast. Sometimes he thought he had gained a fraction of an inch, but the slimy wall of the pipe gave him no finger-hold. Finally, when he had reached his limit of endurance, something gave—his collar-bone, I think he said. Anyhow, by pulling, and by the pressure of the water behind, he got through. He came out at midnight with his clothes torn to shreds and coated with filth.

"That night he hid on the false work beneath one of the railroad bridges, and just before daylight he dropped a brick on the head of a man on the street below. He got a suit of clothes and a little money."

### III

MIDDLETON stopped and relighted his cigar. Although his narrative tone had been even and without emphasis, the hands that shielded the match were visibly unsteady.

The attitudes of the other men were characteristic. The interns were bent forward in varying positions of intentness. Clarke was sprawled in his chair, the ashes from his cigar scattered around him on the floor.

"I suppose, then," he drawled, "that the thing like a rat which jumped over your foot, and which later expanded so that it could touch your hand—I suppose that was the spirit of the citizen who was hit with a brick?"

Middleton glanced across at him.

"Possibly," he said. "I don't expect you fellows to believe; I am telling to get rid of it, that's all. It's become an obsession. I waken at night and—but listen. I was leaning toward the bed, engrossed in the dying man's story, but not particularly harrowed by it—his tone was too matter of fact for that—when I felt a hand on the back of my head.

"I remember drawing my breath in quickly, but I did not move, and the pressure remained for a perceptible time. I sat there, trying to remember that we three were alone in the room. To convince myself that I was waking, I started to count the pulse under my fingers. It was slow and feeble. I counted one, two, three, and the invisible hand slipped to my neck. I distinctly felt fingers above my collar. They moved slowly along my neck to my ear. I couldn't endure any more. I threw up my free hand and caught them there. Yes, *caught* them—held them for a second! Then they melted away under my grasp. One instant they were there, warm flesh; the next they were gone, dissolved.

"The woman still lay, her arms thrown out across the hunchback's body, her face buried in the coverings. He had been coughing, and he took up his story where he had left off. He found refuge in the home of a friend, a chemist like himself, and he stayed hidden in the laboratory, going out only at night. After a while he discovered his wife and child, living humbly. The child had grown, but she was ill. She was eight then, he said. The mother went out sewing, and came home to the girl in the evening. He watched them night after night. He had always adored the child, and now she became his very existence.

"Somewhere down in his crooked mind he formed a scheme. He became a highwayman, and thrived at it. His long arms were growing strong again, and—I think he strangled. Anyhow, before long he had accumulated some money, and he prepared to kidnap the little girl, in spite of the fact that the search for him was still on, and that his deformity made his discovery likely.

"Luck turned against him at the last. The mother sent the child away. He went mad at that, but it was calculating madness. He fixed up some muscarin in the laboratory—you know it, the poisonous principle of toad-stools—and injected it, with a hypodermic, into bonbons he had secured for the purpose. The thing he had not expected happened. He posted himself on a fire-escape across the courtyard, and saw the box received and opened. Then he saw his wife smile and call

some one, and the little girl limped forward. It seems that she had just come back. When he had got down the fire-escape and up the stairs of the cheap boarding-house, the child was in convulsions. Just before she died she came around, saw his hideous figure and distorted face, and screamed."

Clarke sat up irritably.

"This may be good for you, Middleton," he objected, "but it's pretty bad for the rest of us. It's a nightmare!"

The senior intern turned suddenly and glanced over his shoulder into the chapel behind him.

"What are you looking at, Middleton?" he demanded. "When you stare past me like that, you give me a chill. Is there anything behind me?"

He hitched his chair forward uneasily into the circle of light from the one electric burner. Andrews, the junior resident, was sniffing the air.

"Do you notice that?" he said. "If I didn't know better, I would swear—"

He broke off suddenly; Middleton had begun again.

"After he told of the child's death he was all in. His voice was gone, and he lay back on his pillows with his eyes closed. The woman was asleep; I spoke to her once, but she didn't look up.

"The first thing I felt was a cold air blowing around my feet. I glanced at the door, but it was closed. So were the windows. The lamp flickered; I could not see it, but the light would almost go, and then come up again. I did not relish being there alone in the dark, and I reached over and shook the woman by the arm, but she did not rouse. Then I stood up to see the lamp. The glass bowl was half full of oil, but the light was gradually dying. I was as wide awake as I am now, and as sane. The lamp stood on the corner of the chair, as it had stood for almost two hours. I took a step toward it, and *I saw it move*. It was jerked and left trembling on the very edge of the chair. My hands were a couple of yards from it when I saw it waver, and I caught it in the air as it toppled over. The fall had extinguished it. I found myself standing by the chair, holding the lamp, still warm, and in darkness. And at that moment something brushed between me and the bed.

"I stood holding the lamp, and I don't mind admitting that I could not move, and yet I remember trying to decide if my sensations were physical or mental. They were physical; I felt as if I stood to my knees in ice-cold water. Startled as I was, I proved



my sanity by putting the lamp down again on the chair, and by reaching out and touching the footboard.

"As my eyes grew accustomed to the twilight, I could see dimly. One of the wharflamps gave a little light. The woman was where she had been, face down. My patient was still fighting for breath on the bed. Near the chair where I had been sitting was something that moved. It was the height of a tall man, but it outlined, if there were any, were lost. It was bent forward over the bed, and as I muttered something it turned toward me. There was no face!

"There was a heavy, earthy odor in the air; it weighed on me and stifled me. I had my match-box in my hand, and as the thing moved toward me, I hurled the silver case at it. It flew high, but it struck. It hit where—the face should have been. I heard the thud, saw it rebound. Fellows, that Thing by the bed was flesh—as much flesh as I am!"

Middleton dropped back in his chair and covered his eyes. When he looked up, it was, as before, to glance first at the chapel door. Clarke followed his gaze; there was nothing there.

"When I came to, I was still standing by the foot of the bed, gripping it, and the woman was shaking my arm.

"I think he is going," she said. The room was still dark, and her voice was thick with sleep. She felt for the lamp and lighted it, and put it into my hand. 'You'd better look at him,' she said, and fell to sobbing quietly with her apron to her eyes.

"He was very nearly gone. I looked at my watch; it was three o'clock. I had been standing at the foot of the bed for two hours! By the lamplight I could see that something strange and fantastic had been occurring around me while I stood there. The cards were strewn over the bed; my chair was overturned, and one of the legs had been wrenched off it; the cot had been stripped of bedclothing, which had disappeared. The entire room was in disorder. I don't know how to express it, but it looked as if some strange, fantastic struggle had been going on.

"I stood with the lamp in my hand, turned up full. The woman was at the foot of the bed, whimpering. Suddenly the hunchback ceased choking and turned his head. As surely as I sit in this chair, as surely as I see that table in front of me, across the bed was standing a little girl. She stood in full lamplight, smiling, and leaning on a crutch. I held the lamp toward her, unable to believe my eyes. I saw her open her lips, but the sound came

from the sloven at the foot of the bed, in a high, childish voice:

"I told you I would come, daddy," she said.

"Then she faded. I watched her go; her hair went last. It was yellow hair, with a ribbon on it. Her disappearance was followed by a crash from the foot of the bed. The woman had fainted. It took me half an hour to bring her around, and she is upstairs now. You know the case"—to one of the residents—"the woman Fisher in E Ward. The man was dead by the time she came to."

The silence remained unbroken, and Middleton glanced around with a faint smile.

"That's all there is to it," he said, "and I'm a thousand per cent better since I got it off my mind. Oh, yes, I forgot to say that when I was leaving, I found the bedclothing from the cot in the kitchen, beyond the locked door. And there was something else. It's rather an anticlimax, but when I got home and prepared for bed, I found one of the dirty cards under my foot, in my shoe."

Of all the group, only Clarke was smiling. It was significant that none made a move to go. The droplight over the stand burned low for a moment, winked once or twice, and went out. The senior intern grumbled.

"Jove," he said, "I'll be glad when we get into the new building! Lights went off last night the same way; was putting on a plaster bandage, and the whole mess got hard while we waited."

"Rotten engines!" observed his junior. "Whew! Do you smell that? Concentrated essence of spring flowers, isn't it?"

Clarke rose in the darkness and groped for his bag on the floor.

"Very good story, Middleton," he said dryly, "but not consistent. If there is to be no sickness nor death beyond, as is preached daily in the synagogues, why did the child have a crutch?"

"God knows," Middleton returned.

In the darkness somebody moved quickly, and then laughed.

"My nerves are going," said the senior resident, from his corner. "Who passed me just then?"

No one answered. The light came on, dazzling their eyes, and revealing no changes in their grouping. Clarke chuckled and stepped forward to put his dead cigar in the ash-tray. With his hand outstretched, the smile died on his lips.

On the white cover of the stand lay a spray of heliotrope.



# LIGHT VERSE

## A PUZZLING QUESTION

MY beaus are almost always poor—  
I don't know why it is  
The rich ones never take to me,  
Like Jane and Sue and Liz!

It can't be 'cause I'm not so nice—  
I've lots of beaus, you see,  
But no one knows it, for they're poor,  
And can't give things to me.

Jane Brown just lives on candy now;  
She's got the ribbon yet  
That came on that big five-pound box—  
She won it on a bet.

And Sue has roses all the time;  
I've only had them twice;  
And even if her beau is old,  
His flowers are just as nice.

I s'pose I'd hate to have a beau  
With eyebrows white like his;  
But why should *all* the rich ones take  
To Jane and Sue and Liz?

*Eleanor Ecob*

## EPICTETUS

EPICTETUS was a Stoic, and a wise old guy at that;  
He had a way of telling what he knew without a hat.  
The things he thought he up and spoke in truly classic Greek,  
And never weakened what he said by sticking tongue in cheek.  
He had a nice sunshiny taste in everything he said,  
And never looked about for pins hid in his feather-bed.  
If pins there were, he didn't cuss and ruffle up his hair,  
But talked about the feathers that were always surely there.  
If he went out upon the way without his bumper-shoot,  
And it began to rain so hard it spoiled his Sunday suit,  
You never heard him kicking at the dampness of the drops;  
He'd say how glad he was to note the benefit to crops.  
And if he slipped upon the ice and slid along his spine,  
You never heard him using words of grumble or of whine;

He'd give a genial glance around at all along the track,  
And say: "It's mighty restful skating thus upon one's back!"

If ever he was landed in some dark and dingy jail,  
His sweet and sunny system showed no tendency to fail.

He took his dose with cheerful mien, and all his time was spent

In figuring how much he saved by living free of rent.

And if the bread and water that they fed him in his cell

Was not the food he thirsted for, he merely said:  
"Oh, well,

It's not exactly what I'd call a gastronomic bliss,  
But no one ever got the gout on diet such as this!"

If he'd a bill he couldn't pay by quarter or by half,  
He'd meet his anxious creditors and pay them with a laugh;

And when he had the measles he'd observe how very nice

It was that it was so arranged he couldn't have 'em twice.

It was a rare and racy soul who dearly loved to sing,

In winter, of the joyous days to come along in spring;

And in the midst of trial, and of trouble, and of pang,

•Old Epictetus danced along and never gave a hang.

*Carlyle Smith*

## STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY

### THE MICROBE

THE Microbe is so very small  
You scarce can see the thing at all;  
In fact, for this your only hope  
Is to employ a Microscope.

The Doctors, who are very wise,  
Say Microbes take great Liberties;  
They swarm by Millions, only think!—  
In what we breathe and what we drink;

Nay, even when we're very young,  
Some twenty kinds live on our Tongue,  
And inside, outside, all our Pores  
Are occupied by scores on scores!

A good excuse I cannot see  
For such Familiarity;  
Had we but Offered them our flesh—  
But, Uninvited, they're too Fresh!

A girl once cross-eyed was, alack,  
So that her Tears ran down her Back;  
But Dr. Dosem made her cheerier  
By ridding her of her Bacteria.

(For learned men give many a name  
To Microbes, meaning much the same—  
Bacilli, germs, and microcytes,  
Bacteria and zoophytes.)

These Microbes are of many kinds;  
There's one that like a Corkscrew winds;  
And some are round, some long, some flat,  
And some shaped like an old cocked Hat;

And some can give you, if they please,  
Varieties of choice Disease;  
For typhoid, measles, mumps, diphtheria—  
Each has its own brand of Bacteria.

Now, since 'mid Microbes we must dwell,  
How in the World can we keep Well?  
The answer is, some germs are good,  
And fight the bad with Fortitude;

And in our blood the Phagocytes  
Devour disease-germs, days and nights!  
'Tis well we have these tiny friends,  
Else we should come to Early Ends.

For them we must be thankful; yet  
'Tis odd that thus our Health we get—  
I wish some Nice way had been found;  
I Hate being Microbes' battle-ground!

*George J. Smith*

#### A PROTEST

YES, I greatly love my garden,  
Where the rose is still a rose;  
And I beg nobody's pardon  
When I speak of lily-blows;  
Though no longer, gentle flowers,  
Are your simple names the thing,  
And my neighbor's fragrant bowers  
To strange nomenclatures ring.

I don't mind the "Captain Christy"  
As a flower full and free;  
It is just as sweet and tasty  
As the pink rose used to be;  
But it fills me with derision  
When my Scotch rose from afar  
Flaunts its beauty on my vision  
As a spinosissima.

And perchance I'm rather silly,  
Yet it hurts my feelings some  
When I hear my Japan lily  
Called a lancifolium;  
And the simple, sweet verbenas  
Doesn't somehow seem to please,  
When it blooms in the arena  
As a teucroides.

Who would know his honeysuckle  
As a periclymenum,  
Or the berry of the huckle  
As a Pennsylvanicum?  
And the Dutchman's pipe—reliance  
Of the lattice popular—  
Now is smothered deep by science  
As a macrophyllia!

I don't mind appendicitis  
As a name for stomach-ache,  
And no doubt for book and treatise  
It is well such terms to fake;  
But for me, when in my bowers  
'Mid my blossoms sweet and shy,  
None shall dub my peeping flowers  
Flora rubberneckii!

*John M. Woods*

#### THE BOY

"HE'S nothing but a boy," they said;  
"This was his first proposal, too!"  
Amusement o'er men's faces spread,  
And girls asked her "How did he do?"

But as to her they'd only say:  
"Two seasons in New York a belle—  
A girl learns something in that way!  
Is she sophisticated? Well!"

Ah, Cupid! You're an imp perverse  
Revealer and iconoclast,  
Deceiver and disturber—worse!  
What freaks of yours can men forecast?

Men think they know how men propose;  
This boy would lose his head, they guessed;  
What errors, though, the facts disclose  
The boy was rather self-possessed.

His childlike stare—it blanched her cheek;  
Nor did his words his frame convulse;  
They were direct—she could not speak—  
He took her hand—and felt her pulse.

*H. C. Ficklen*

#### THEIR OCCUPATIONS

HILDEGARDE and Christopher walked out to  
see a view;  
Frances and the Leonard youth are trying the canoe;  
Elizabeth and Solomon are resting in the shade;  
Walter's showing Susan how auction-bridge is  
played.

Angelina's gone to make arrangements for the fair—  
The odds are seventeen to one that Walter will be  
there.

Richard and Carlotta went down to get the mail;  
Dorothy and Reuben are out to take a sail.

David's in the parlor with Charlotte and a book;  
Florence, in the kitchen, is teaching Ben to cook.  
Paul is helping Ada to find that missing glove—  
Of course, they're doing everything but simply  
"making love"!

*Tudor Jenks*



MARY, QUEEN CONSORT OF KING GEORGE V OF GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND

*From a recent photograph taken at Windsor Castle by E. W. Histed, of New York*



GEORGE V, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND AND OF THE  
BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS

*From a recent photograph by Downey, London*

# A DAY OF NEW THOUGHT

BY MABEL CHASE ENGLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE



"SAY TO YOURSELF, 'I AM HAPPY,' EVERY CHANST YOU GET, AN' SOON YOU'LL  
FEEL IT COMIN' "

SAM BINNEY raised his eyes from the "new - thought" magazine which he was perusing, and fixed them critically on the wife of his bosom, where she sat stolidly darning an endless pile of diminutive stockings by the light of a smoking lamp.

"Maria," he said, "you're gettin' a awful expression! Long-faced an' sour, I'd call it. An' it's all"—with a glance at the page—"from your mental habits. You should think happy thoughts."

Maria had finished an enormous wash, besides the usual mountain of daily tasks. She had tucked her five small hopefuls, ranging from one year to eight, into the two beds which they shared among them, and had been half nodding with weariness over her nightly task of mending and darning. Now, however, this uncalled-for criticism from her lord

and master roused her senses to their full activity. She glared across at him indignantly.

"Happy thoughts!" she snorted. "What about?"

"Oh, about—how do I know what about? Jest think them." He glanced at the magazine for support. "Say to yourself, 'I am happy,' every chanst you get, an' soon you'll feel it comin'. Cultivate sereenity of spirit, an' your face will get likewise. Keep smilin'. It seems to me, Maria, you don't never smile much nowadays. My, when I think of what you was when I married you!"

He plunged once more into the printed page and read on. Maria remained motionless, staring at him as if hypnotized.

"These success thoughts is great, too," he broke out again presently. "It says to never



worry. Jest *think* success, it says, risin' an' retirin', an' all day long, an' success'll come, sure! I been thinkin' success for three days now, Maria, while you've jest been worryin' an' makin' your face worse."

Maria came out of her trance.

"Yes, thinkin' success!" she snapped. "That's one way of gettin' a job!"

"I been lookin' for work, too, Maria," reproached her lord.

"Lookin' for work an' prayin' you won't find none," muttered Maria, as she rammed her darning-egg into the remnants of a heel.

"What's that, Maria?"

She drew a thread savagely across the ragged chasm.

"I said you was havin' success all right!"

Sam assumed an injured expression and retired once more behind the alluring pages of advanced thought. Maria continued to darn hole after hole, vindictively. When the fifth was neatly bridged over, she suddenly laid aside her basket, arose, and slipped from the room. Up-stairs she crept into the bedroom, where the children were peacefully sleeping, and, lighting a small gas-jet above a cracked mirror, stared silently at her reflection.

It was a long time since Maria had looked at herself critically, if indeed she had looked at all. The face staring back at her could not be called pleasing—that she admitted; and the one-sided distortion effected by the cheap glass didn't mend matters. Maria's feminine vanity, almost extinguished beneath the crushing load of her daily toil, came faintly to life. She experienced an honest flash of resentment over her vanished "looks."

"My, when I think of what you was when I married you!" Sam had said.

A dull, angry red flamed over Maria's face.

"Yes, an' if I hadn't married him I'd be that way yet, the good-for-nothin'—"

Still, that didn't help her in her present predicament. What could she do? "Keep smilin'," he had said. Maria grinned at herself ferociously. The result was almost terrifying. She tried a softer, more ingratiating smile. That was better, though the lines of her face seemed hopelessly stubborn. She began to grow discouraged. Placing a finger on either side of her mouth, she pressed the corners up forcibly. A yell of fright came from the bed behind her.

"Ma! What're you doin'?"

Maria dropped her hands and glared into the mirror at the staring reflection of her third youngest. Then she wheeled around.

"You mind your own business, 'Dolphus

Binney," she flared, furious without quite knowing why. "If I hear one other peep out of you, or any of the rest of you, I'll come in here with a shingle!"

Reassured by the familiar scolding voice, Adolphus sank back. Maria turned off the gas viciously, and, in thorough ill-humor, flounced into her own room and slammed the door.

An hour or two later she crept from the side of her snoring consort, felt her way down the creaking stairs, and lit the ill-smelling lamp once more. Seated beneath its rays, with her feet tucked comfortably under her, she opened Sam's discarded magazine and began to read. As she absorbed the precepts set forth, life actually seemed to lose a little of its blackness, and even to absorb something of a faint, roseate hue. It all looked so simple and easy.

Maria was not lacking in intelligence, nor in keen common sense. But for her practical capability the little household would long since have been—to use her own expression—"skylarkin' in the poorhouse." As she read, she sniffed audibly at intervals.

## II

At seven o'clock the next morning, when Sam Binney awoke to the sound of an unusual uproar from the children's room, he was surprised and somewhat aghast to find his faithful Maria still slumbering peacefully beside him. It was Mrs. Binney's custom to rise at half past five, to have the wash under way, the children dressed, and breakfast on the table by seven-thirty. He prodded her indignantly.

"What's the matter, ma? Are you sick? It's seven o'clock!" he added, in the voice of one who makes an astounding revelation.

Maria opened her eyes.

"That so?" she commented indifferently.

Mr. Binney stared.

"Ain't you goin' to get up?"

"When I get ready," Maria yawned lazily.

"I'm cultivatin' serenity of spirit, an' I don't think early risin' is good for it. Liza Jane!" she called sharply. "You stop that rowin' an' help dress them children, or I'll send your pa in there! A big girl like you leadin' them on 'stead of tryin' to help!"

She sat slowly up in bed, slid over the edge, and, thrusting her feet into a pair of dilapidated slippers, shuffled across the room to the open window. Raising her arms above her head, she carefully drew in a long, deep breath.

"Joy!" she murmured. "Happiness!"

Sam stared, a hint of fear in his eyes.

"What in thunder are you doin', Maria?"

She turned on him angrily, then bethought herself of her expression, and smiled softly:

"I'm assertin' things," she explained, condescendingly. "I read your book last night, an' some things in it is good." She hitched the torn sleeve of her night-dress higher up, brushed the straggly wisps of hair out of her eyes, and took another breath. "I am beauty!" she asserted dramatically. "I am youth!"

Sam made an assertion of his own.

"You're a silly fool, Maria!" he exploded. "You quit this here tomfoolin' now an' get breakfast. I've got to get out an' hunt a job."

Maria drew another long breath.

"I am riches!" she declaimed. Then she turned, with careful attention to her expression, to where Sam was glumly pulling on his trousers. "You go an' get breakfast yourself," she retorted sharply. "You can hunt a job jest as well in the kitchen as you can sittin' in Hassenplug's saloon! Your pa's gettin' breakfast," she proclaimed grandly to the curious children, who came clamoring into the room in various stages of undress as their indignant parent flung down the stairs. "You go an' help 'im. Shoo!"

She bundled them out and shut the door. Then she slowly dressed herself, carefully smiling the while.

Some fifteen minutes later, when she entered the kitchen, Liza Jane was attempting to set the table amid the deafening cries and complaints of the younger ones, while Sam stirred sulkily at a sticky mass on the stove.

Mrs. Binney glanced indifferently into the pot.

"It needs more water," she observed.

"Oh, it does, does it?" Mr. Binney snatched up the kettle with a vicious jerk, and a stream of boiling water spurted out of the spout and cascaded down his left leg. He ripped out an oath and danced wildly about the kitchen, holding the wet cloth away from his skin. Maria smiled vindictively.

"What're you grinnin' at?" he demanded furiously.

"I'm thinkin' happy thoughts," she responded, humming softly to herself as she lifted the kettle and stirred more water into the oatmeal.

Sam glared, and surreptitiously examined his thigh.

"Oh, I guess it didn't hurt you much," remarked Maria easily. "Come on now, an' eat." She poured the oatmeal into a huge

bowl and set some bread and sirup on the table. "Right after breakfast, Liza Jane," she added crisply, as she served generous helpings to her brood, "I want you an' James William to take that wash back to the Collinses, an' tell them I ain't goin' to do it. Tell them I've give up washin', 'cept for my own family."

"What?" shouted Sam. "Give up washin'? An' how are we goin' to live, I'd like to know, with me out of a job?"

"Now, don't you worry, Sam, an' spoil your expression," warned his wife. "I'm goin' to think success thoughts. You ain't the only new-thoughter in this house. I'm goin' to assert riches all day long, with deep breathin', an' that magazine says they'll sure come."

Sam stared, speechless; then, without a word, he swallowed his breakfast and flung out of the door, steering a straight course for Hassenplug's. Maria, with watchful glances against his return, herded the children upstairs and washed and dressed them properly, then bundled them out to play.

### III

WHEN Sam returned, at the sound of the noon whistles, hungry and somewhat apprehensive, his worst forebodings were realized. The soiled breakfast-dishes still littered the table. The range was stone cold. The children swarmed, quarreling and noisy, about the kitchen, seeking what they might devour.

"Ma's up-stairs with the door locked," complained Liza Jane. "She said you'd get dinner, an' if we came up again she'd spank us."

Sam tramped up the stairs, turned the handle, and shook the door violently.

"Maria, what are you doin'?" he called loudly.

A tranquil voice came from within.

"I'm in the silence," it said. "Go away!"

"In the silence!" choked Sam indignantly. "I'd like to know what you mean, Maria. The dinner not cooked nor nothin', an' you loafin' in there!"

The voice grew angry now.

"You get dinner yourself—you ain't done nothin' for two weeks," she retorted sharply. "An' I'd like to know how I can make my mind a blank, an' get in harmony, if you stand out there hollerin'?"

"But, Maria," protested Sam, descending to pleading, "this ain't no time to go into the silence, with dinner to be got!"

"Oh, it ain't, ain't it? The book says it's whenever you're upset an' overdone, an' I

been that way so long now I reckon I'll need about a year of silence. An' the longer you stand out there argyin' about it, Sam Binney, the longer it's goin' to take me to restore my poise an' come out again!" Maria had read to some purpose.

"Restore your gol-darn nerve!" muttered Sam furiously, as he clattered down the stairs

"Did she eat it?" pursued Sam with hungry curiosity.

"No, pa, how could she? She put it in a beer-bottle, an' sat an' looked at it. She said she wanted to—to—contaplate beauty," recited Liza Jane, quoting as well as she could from memory.

"Contemplate thunder!"



"WHAT'RE YOU GRINNIN' AT?"

and vengefully lit the fire with the pages of the guilty magazine.

"Where's the bread?" he demanded of Liza Jane, as he collected eight potatoes from the dusty corners of a dilapidated basket and put them on to boil.

"There ain't none," answered Liza Jane laconically. "Ma took all the money out of the teapot an' went an' bought a rose."

Sam sat down suddenly on an overturned wash-tub.

"A what?" he shouted. "Is she crazy?"

"I don' know," replied Liza Jane.

The children had been "pieced" surreptitiously at eleven o'clock, and had by now made away with all the scraps they could find in the kitchen. The indifference of a pallid appetite was theirs.

Sam prodded a potato viciously with a two-tined fork, and, finding it still obdurate, pulled a plate of cold beans from a shelf and ate them. After a hopeless look around in search of something more, he slammed out of the door and tramped off, this time in the opposite direction to Hassenplug's saloon.

#### IV

He returned promptly at six, anxious, but with the air of one who holds a hidden weapon. He found the debris of former meals cleared away and the kitchen tidy, but no sign of preparation for supper. The children were peacefully playing Indians in the back yard. Maria sat by the window, gazing, with a look of rapt aloofness, at a single red rose stuck in a broken-necked beer-bottle.



"SHE SAID SHE WANTED TO—TO—CONTEMPLATE BEAUTY"

Sam controlled himself.

"I see you got cleared up, Maria," he remarked in a carefully modulated voice.

"Yes," admitted Maria. She turned to him with the smile she had persistently practised that day in front of the cracked mirror. "That silence is a grand thing, Sam! I came out of it soothed in mind an' body, an' full o' fresh vigor, jest as it said I would. So I cleared things up while it lasted. But the upset an' overdone feelin's is comin' back on me now, Sam. I'm afraid you'll have to get supper."

The smile grew more pronounced as her gaze fell and rested on the rose again. Sam's anger rioted within him.

"I wish you'd stop that silly grinnin', Maria!" he burst forth furiously.

Words, lurid and fitting, surged upward to his throat and fought for utterance. Disappearing into the less dangerous atmosphere of the front yard, he doubled up his fists and executed a few pantomimic gestures that caused a couple of casual passers-by to stop and stare, open-mouthed. Then he returned.

"What'll I get for supper?" he inquired mildly.

"There's them cold potatoes you can fry," answered his wife.

Sam silently got the supper, called in the

children, and, as they all took their places, carefully lifted the bottle containing Maria's rose and set it beside her plate. Then he ate, obstinately eluding her smile.

After supper, he promptly began carrying the dishes to the sink.

"Come on, you two biggest ones," he commanded. "We're goin' to wash up these dishes."

"Why don't ma do it?" complained Liza Jane.

"Your ma's goin' to look at her rose," returned Sam decisively. "Come along now!"

The dishes washed and put away, he drove the children up-stairs, undressed and put them to bed, then descended to where Maria still sat, leaning easily back in a

rockers, smiling determinedly in the half light at the darkening outline of a rose.

Sam sat down opposite her.

"What do you keep lookin' at that flower for, Maria?" he asked, in a tone of gentle curiosity.

"The book says to contemplate beauty," informed Maria, shifting her smile to his face. "Look at beautiful things, it says—a perfect painting, it says, or a single lovely flower, an' gradjally your expression'll begin to reflect that beauty. I'm jest doin' what it says, Sam."

"Maria," asserted Sam solemnly, "you're more beautiful to me than all the roses that grows!"

"Jest think!" breathed Maria rapturously; "an' all in one day, too!"

"I don't mean to-day," denied Sam hurriedly. "You been positively homely to me all day to-day. It's them things you're doin'. I like you the way you was. Them smiles ain't becomin', Maria."

"Oh, now, Sam, you wait," cautioned his wife. "It's too soon yet. The book says you have to do all these things for weeks, an' even months, sometimes, before it begins to show on you. You got to be patient, Sam."

"Weeks! Months!" repeated Sam in a voice of terror. "Now look here, Maria."

He hitched his chair closer and put an arm awkwardly about her waist. "What I said last night was jest jokin', Maria. You're purtier to me now, honest, than you was when I was courtin' you."

He drew back, smiling fatuously, to watch the effect of this stroke of diplomacy. Maria's expression remained stubborn.

"I want to be purty to everybody," she said, "an' I'm goin' to do it till I'm purty to myself."

Sam gave up, groaning inwardly.

"Well, Maria," he said, "I might as well tell you somethin'. I got a job to-day, at two dollars a day. It's blamed hard work, an' I ain't feelin' well lately, but"—in the tone of a suffering martyr—"if you'll promise to stop all this here tomfoolin' an' nonsense, I'll

swear to keep it, honest I will! An' you needn't to take in washin' neither," he added magnanimously; "that is, unlesst you'd *like* to do it, 'count of the children needin' things, you know."

Maria arose.

"Well, Sam, 'long as you think I'm good-lookin' enough," she capitulated. She lit the lamp and, sitting down beside it, pulled the basket of darning to her side. "There's that paper that Louis Pretzer's wife lent me yesterday," she observed. "It's got some real good readin' in it called 'Work is the Salvation o' Man.'"

And as Sam obediently opened the paper, Maria bent over her work, the gleam of victory in her eye and the long-accustomed expression on her face.

#### THE FROLIC WIND

THE wind laughed down the valley,  
And sang to the whispering trees;  
It kissed the flowers rudely,  
And tumbled the laden bees.

It played with a maiden's ringlets,  
It startled a drowsy fire,  
And wrought by a dreaming river  
The reeds in a low-tuned lyre.

It stole from a flowery garden  
A burden of sweet perfume,  
And scattered the scent of the roses  
About in a dark sick-room.

It paused on a city corner,  
And tugged at the passers-by;  
It crept in a chimney corner,  
And moaned as a ghost would sigh.

With joyous hands it pummeled  
A noisy window-pane,  
And shook a swinging shutter  
With all its might and main.

It bent o'er a weary workman  
Where he toiled in a sultry place,  
And, pursing its lips with coolness,  
Blew soft on his heated face.

It stopped where a bird was singing,  
And, catching the lilt of the song,  
Bore it to one in anguish,  
Who smiled and listened long.

At last, when the day was dying,  
It fled down the golden west,  
And far beyond the mountains  
Sank to its evening rest.

Arthur W. Peach





# THE STAGE

REVIEW OF THE SEASON 1909-10



THE salient features of the theatrical year now closing may be enumerated thus—more failures and more successes than were ever before crowded within the same period; the inauguration of the New Theater; and the public's pronounced preference for musical plays of a really deserving sort.

The record-breaking number of productions, successful and unsuccessful, was due not only to the continued multiplication of theaters in New York, but also to the swift rush of fiascoes during the autumn. The early death of so many ventures made room for other plays, some of which their purveyors had planned to reserve for another twelve-month.

The most notable event of all, the opening of the New Theater, took place on November 8, following the view for invited guests two days before. The bill was Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," with Sothorn and Julia Marlowe in the leading rôles. It was generally agreed that the building was the most beautiful playhouse in the world, with the possible exception of the Hofburg Theater in Vienna; but here the unanimity of praise ended. From the persistency with which the enterprise has been criticized and attacked, one might suppose that the wealthy New Yorkers, whose liberality made this magnificent undertaking possible, had deliberately planned to insult their city by providing it with something that London has not yet succeeded in obtaining.

To be sure, the opening bill was far from satisfying. Both Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe proved disappointing, and their deficiencies in elocution caused the blame to be lodged on the acoustics of the house. The second offering, "The Cottage in the Air," by Edward Knoblauch, an American playwright long resident in England, although a thin enough affair in itself, demonstrated that there was no difficulty in hearing actors who spoke rather than mouthed their lines. With "The Nigger," by the American Edward Sheldon, with an American setting and a wholly American atmosphere, the improvement was still more marked; while in

"Strife," by the Englishman John Galsworthy, the chief drawback lay in the incongruities that resulted from shifting the scene to this country.

On the whole, it must be said that the hope expressed by the director, Winthrop Ames, as far back as 1908—that he would prefer to have the enterprise take root firmly, rather than start out with extraordinary brilliance—has been happily fulfilled. I quoted this in my first notice of the New Theater in our January issue, and now that the season is over, crowned with such noteworthy achievements as the "Sister Beatrice" of Maeterlinck, and "The Winter's Tale," done as in the time of Shakespeare, Mr. Ames has reason to consider himself fortunate indeed in having his wishes so consistently transmuted into realities.

The other Shakespeare offering of the year at the New was "Twelfth Night," beautifully put on, but acted better, perhaps, in the minor rôles than in the chief ones. Sheridan's "School for Scandal" was another classic revived, with Grace George, a visiting "guest," as *Lady Teazle*. "Don," a play of modern England, by a young British playwright, Rudolph Besier, made a pleasing impression; but "The Witch," from the Danish, was found to be too depressing.

The regular season at the New Theater closed on April 9, after which the stock company went on tour with its repertory, starting with a week in Philadelphia, a fortnight in Boston, and so on, leaving the beautiful house on Central Park West to be occupied for a month longer by "Beethoven." Announced as a "dramatic biography" of the great composer, this was produced by a special company, and did not prove a particularly successful affair. As a whole, however, every lover of the drama has reason to be satisfied with the first season of this new and noteworthy enterprise. Indeed, as Americans, we may well be proud of it.

Another cause for felicitation arises from the prosperity of such plays as "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which ran in New York from October 4 until April 9; "The Fortune Hunter," starting at the Gaiety the

first week in September, and at this writing still on; and "The Lottery Man," which began at the Bijou on December 5, and shows no present signs of being withdrawn. All three of these offer the most healthful kind of entertainment, and that this is the sort the people want is attested by their success, contrasted with the brief careers of filthy farce and strongly spiced problem drama offered within the same period.

Unhappily, it is just this sound and sane sort of play that is the most difficult to get produced. It really looks as if a young dramatist has the least trouble in placing with the manager the kind of play that is least likely to succeed with the public. Your manager seems to have a strong leaning toward plays with big moments in them—strong scenes in which the actors can set their teeth, as it were. But these belong to a by-gone age. People who pay for theater-tickets to-day prefer to be entertained all the time. They seldom care to sit and wait and watch for the slow development of action paving the way to a climax which may last for ten minutes, and which, in turn, is followed by a brief act serving only to clear the decks of the débris.

In not one of the three plays I have mentioned above is there any one particular scene that towers above its fellows. The drama flows on in steady, even sweep, keeping you constantly on the alert for good things. The same may be said of that clever farce at the Astor, "Seven Days," which, starting on November 10, seems likely to be running there long after these lines are read. All four of these plays lean strongly toward laughter—three of them pronouncedly so, being comedies pure and simple, while even "The Third Floor Back" is permeated with humor from the very outset.

Here is another sign of the times which the managers do not seem to have read. Before me lies a list, by no means yet complete, of forty-two failures during the present season, and out of these only five were comedies. Eliminating five musical pieces, we have left thirty-seven plays of the problem or melodrama class from which the public elected to stay away.

We hear much talk about the commercialization of the theater. To my mind the trouble seems to be that it is not commercial enough. The managers are continually putting aside plays that might make money for them in order to bring out pieces that preach some alleged reform, social, civic, or matrimonial. At least, that is perhaps the most

important lesson of the past season as I read it.

#### VISITING STARS AND THE LONDON SEASON

The decline in the number of visiting stars from the other side of the Atlantic continues. During 1909-1910 there came from England only Laurence Irving, with his wife, Mabel Hackney, and Forbes-Robertson; and from Vienna Mme. Olly. Already domesticated among us, Nazimova does not fall within this reckoning, nor do we include Edith Wynne Matthison and Matheson Lang, English players who for brief periods were with the New Theater company. To Forbes-Robertson's success I have already adverted in my mention of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," the simple yet deep-reaching little play by Jerome K. Jerome, which not only broke several records for attendance, but also proved that even nowadays England and America sometimes like the same thing. Mr. Forbes-Robertson's work as the *Passer-By* was in every way a model of its kind.

Comparison between Marietta Olly and Alla Nazimova was inevitable, but Mme. Olly did not suffer by it. The methods of the two players are sufficiently unlike to make ample room on our stage for both of them. Without Nazimova's pronounced personal temperament, Mme. Olly possesses artistic powers of a high order, and she was very well received in Bernstein's "Whirlwind."

The theatrical year in London has been decidedly unsatisfactory. In point of success, the big things in it were Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," Conan Doyle's prize-fight play—"The House of Temperley"—Rudolph Besier's "Don," Anstey's farce, "The Brass Bottle," and a Drury Lane melodrama, "The Whip," which proved so popular that it was put back into the bill in the spring, after being removed to make room for the usual Christmas pantomime. Neither Sir Beerbohm Tree nor Arthur Bourchier had any smashing hit, while George Alexander, after shipwrecking his hopes in Pinero's "Mid-Channel," fell back upon a revival of Oscar Wilde's capital comedy "The Importance of Being Earnest," which carried him triumphantly through the season.

Equally futile were Cyril Maude's attempts to duplicate his ten-strike in "The Flag Lieutenant." At latest accounts, he was playing in "Tantalizing Tommy," which we saw in New York as "The Richest Girl," with Marie Doro. Charles Hawtrey was more fortunate, getting a six months' run out of "The Little Damsel," at Wyndham's, a

play with reminders of "Trilby" in it. This was followed at the same house, in April, by "The Naked Truth," which also seems to have caught on.

At the New, Fred Terry and Julia Neilson, in default of anything better, fell back on their perennial drawing-card, "The Scarlet Pimpernel." Arthur Bouchier gave over the Garrick to Ethel Irving—the original *Lady Frederick*—who has made something of a stir in Henri Bataille's "La Femme Nue." This play is known in London by the more subdued title of "Dame Nature."

Lewis Waller has had rather a hard time of it since he finished with "The Fires of Fate." In the spring he revived "The Rivals," but the critics found his *Captain Absolute* "strangely deficient in the matters of life, spirit, and color." In this production Robert Loraine, well-known on our side for his splendid work in "Man and Superman," was the *Bob Acres*. H. B. Irving had his best success in a reproduction of his father's "The Lyons Mail," his *Jekyll and Hyde* not making very much of a stir.

Our Charles Frohman had no very good luck with his West End ventures, and his much-vaunted Repertory Theater, housed at the Duke of York's, seems to have made more noise across the cables in the press reports to America than in the world of English drama.

#### A BEVY OF FAILURES

Taking the record of the New York season—still the main pivot on which American theatrical affairs revolve, although Chicago is making a strong bid to share that onerous position—we find the first curtain lifted rather earlier than usual—July 29, at the Knickerbocker. The beginning was not auspicious. Grateful to Vienna for all it did for him with "The Merry Widow," which is still touring the land—Henry W. Savage went to the city on the Danube for another plum, and picked what proved to be a lemon.

This was "An Autumn Maneuver," to give a literal translation of the German title, which Mr. Savage changed to "The Gay Hussars." It was a military operetta whose program bristled with jaw-breaking Austrian proper names, and whose story was so indigent to the soil of countries where the standing army is a thing of glory that the appeal to American taste was small. No particularly alluring melodies in the score offset this drawback, neither were there any favorites in the cast; so the management fought a losing battle from the first, and kept up the fight for only five weeks in New York.

Failure also stamped its seal on the next of the new season's offerings—"The Only Law," put on at the Hackett the first week in August. A problem drama of the deepest dye, there was much of good in it, but the theme was too repellent and too little relieved with high lights. The run in New York was forced, and the piece died later on the road.

The same fate overtook another Savage offering—this time a comedy, "The Florist Shop," which, however, is to try its luck once more, later on, with the aid of music. "Bilby"—a vaudeville sketch lengthened out into a comedy—did well at Daly's for a time, but after going on tour it succumbed to bickerings in the company.

"The Ringmaster," a Wall Street play—the new dramatists cannot let the stock exchange alone—seemed to have many good points, and was rather a surprise as the work of a woman previously unknown to fame; but the public took no great interest in the piece, and it died of lack of patronage after reaching the road. The same record fits a very similar play, "The Dollar Mark." This had the advantage—although it turned out a drawback—of much advance trumpeting, and was written by so experienced a hand as George Broadhurst; but it was really not so well put together as "The Ringmaster."

About this time the musical comedy, "A Broken Idol," was set up at the Herald Square, with Otis Harlan as chief high priest, but no records in the matter of attendance were broken, and the piece was presently bundled away to the storage-house, leaving Harlan to be gathered in by vaudeville.

The public likewise turned a cold shoulder to "Detective Sparkes," in which Charles Frohman essayed to make easy the passage of Hattie Williams from musical to straight comedy. The trouble with this play, written by Michael Morton, seemed to be not the lack of action, but too much of it, bewildering the onlooker rather than absorbing him.

#### SOME EARLY SUCCESSES

The first hit of the new season, which did not come until nearly a month after the opening, was scored by a play with "Failure" in its title—a comedy from the German, "Is Matrimony a Failure?" presented at the Belasco on August 24. Leo Ditrichstein made the adaptation, and Mr. Belasco provided a capital cast, with Frank Worthing and Jane Cowl for two capable leaders, and a wonderfully clever company of well-known players as their associates. The piece remained at the Belasco until the beginning of February.

Another refreshing break in the array of misfires was achieved by another non-star offering put forward at the Lyceum in the same late August week. This was the detective-thief play from the French "Arsène Lupin," which Charles Frohman presented with William Courtenay in the name part, and Sidney Herbert as the detective. The ethics of this drama are of doubtful trend, but the public liked it well enough to keep it in town until the middle of December.

The pendulum swung back again with "In Hayti," a musical piece which provided McIntyre and Heath with a vehicle so far behind their famous "Ham Tree" that it put the Circle Theater into the moving-picture business. In quick succession followed failures at the Criterion and the New York, both with productions that had been London hits—"The Flag Lieutenant" and "Sins of Society" respectively, neither living to reach the road. A somewhat better report can be rendered of Channing Pollock's "Such a Little Queen," which remained at the Hackett for ten weeks, and made its clever leading woman, Elsie Ferguson, a star.

Savage's second musical venture from Vienna might have done bigger business if it had been more wisely named; but "The Love Cure" suggests the sanatorium and the drug-shop, rather than alluring music and a capital comedy-pathos rôle delightfully rendered by Charles J. Ross. It was brought out at the New Amsterdam on September 1.

In the same week, at the Gaiety, Cohan & Harris launched "The Fortune Hunter," which has indeed proved a fortune to all concerned, although at first the public was a little slow in responding to the critics' enthusiastic comments on this capital comedy by Winchell Smith, delightfully played by John Barrymore and his associates. The play remained at the Gaiety throughout the entire season, and at this writing is still on the boards, with a second company, headed by Thomas W. Ross, doing big business at the Olympic in Chicago. Joe Coyne is spoken of as candidate for the part in London.

Failure perched on the spans of "The Bridge," which brought forward the threadbare theme of a strike as its main *motif*. But the sunny side of the disaster was to be found in the opportunity it brought Guy Bates Post to be snapped up by the New Theater Company, where his work in "The Nigger" was found quite worth while.

This same Labor Day period saw the re-opening of the Hippodrome, with a three-pley

bill of such drawing-power that it was not found necessary to change for the entire season. "A Trip to Japan" was the name of the main feature, with a wonderful view of New York Harbor as seen from a departing liner. This was followed by the "Ballet of Jewels," wondrously outfitted, while the melodrama and "tank" elements were supplied by "Inside the Earth."

#### THE CRITICS AND THE OUTCOME

Bitter animosity was aroused in the managers' breasts by certain critical comments on "The Melting-Pot," Israel Zangwill's great American play. At least this is what he intended the piece to be, its theme being America's influence on her immigrants. One reviewer called it "spread-eagle," while another found it "cheap and tawdry." Cheaply melodramatic in spots it certainly was, but in the main it was well thought out, and calculated to hold the interest of intelligent hearers, while the playing of the star rôle by Walker Whiteside left little to be desired. The piece opened a new theater, the Comedy, and remained there until after the holidays.

H. B. Harris registered his first of many failures for the season with "An American Widow." The collapse of this comedy, capitally acted as it was, especially by Grace Filkins in the name part, is not as readily explained as are most of the misses. Written by Kellett Chambers—brother to Hadron—it had good notices, and the audiences seemed to enjoy themselves, but the attendance was poor from the outset, and did not pick up as the nights cooled, as was the case with "The Fortune Hunter."

Slowly, too, but with ultimately far different outcome, did "The Dollar Princess" accumulate audiences. This musical comedy from Vienna has been Charles Frohman's biggest hit of the season, with thirty-eight weeks of crowded houses at the Knickerbocker. An all-round good cast was no doubt a potent factor in its record-breaking success, headed as it was by such admirable artists in their lines as Valli Valli, Adrienne Augarde, Donald Brian, and F. Pope Stamper.

The very next week produced another winner in the worth-while musical field. At the Lyric, Fred Whitney, not very active in the metropolis of late, offered "The Chocolate Soldier," a tuneful setting of Bernard Shaw's famous play, "Arms and the Man." The score was by the Oscar Straus who wrote "A Waltz Dream," a piece which, as a drawing card in America, never lived up to its European fame. "The Chocolate Sol-



dier," on the other hand, was a complete success from the outset, and kept the boards from early September till May 28. During its career it moved from the Lyric to the Her-a'l Square, back to the Lyric, and thence to the Casino. High-class music, sung in a musicianly manner, made this success reflect credit on those who appreciated as well as on those who produced "The Chocolate Soldier." The *World* man said of the score:

"It is nearly too musical for New York. It is delightful, but not likely to be popular."

#### MOSTLY ON THE LEDGER'S WRONG SIDE

Between these two rousing hits in the line of harmony, Charles Richman could only mourn over the outcome of his venture with "The Revelers." Lillian Russell, too, found herself unable to cope with "The Widow's Might," which she discarded on the road, after a ghastly trial in New York, for a revamped Augustin Daly comedy.

The next fiasco in line was another importation from England—"The Noble Spaniard," for Robert Edeson. An adaptation from the French by W. Somerset Maugham, it had achieved some success in London with Charles Hawtrey. Brevity may be the soul of wit, but people who pay two dollars for their seats like to get their money's worth, and general comment was made on the shortness of this mid-Victorian farce. After he reached the road, Mr. Edeson discarded it for "A Man's a Man," a piece of more serious trend, in which he is understood to have found a winner.

A dramatization of Mrs. Deland's "The Awakening of Helena Richie" made a pleasant if somewhat nerve-racking medium for reintroducing Margaret Anglin after her year's absence in Australia. She played at the Savoy from September 20 until after the New Year, supported by a well-balanced company. About the same period covered John Drew's run at the Empire, in a comedy from the French, "Inconstant George"—a piece of lighter fiber than those in which he has hitherto appeared.

Lasting scarcely long enough to make a mark upon the season's record, "The Intruder" would never have seen the lights of Broadway had not Thompson Buchanan's other play, "A Woman's Way," broken ground for it. "A Citizen's Home," on view briefly at the Majestic, had not even this excuse to justify its presentation. A glimmer of joy, however, was shed on this portion of the theatrical year by the advent of "The Girl and the Wizard," at the Casino,

with a book by J. Hartley Manners, and music by Julian Edwards. Different from most things of the sort, it went fairly well, helped out by the good work of Sam Bernard and Kitty Gordon.

Gloom once more descended upon the scene with "On the Eve," a revolutionary drama of Russia, which H. B. Harris offered at the Hudson, with the chief rôle in the hands of a recent acquisition from the local German stage—Hedwig Reicher. She achieved a personal success, but the play was too somber to last, and soon disappeared.

Another low-light drama appeared at Daly's coincidentally, in the shape of Marion Crawford's "White Sister," with Viola Allen. Although such a somber piece could scarcely hope to be widely popular on Broadway, yet with such good actors as the star herself, James O'Neill, William Farnum, and Minna Gale, it carried a distinction of presentation that insured it intelligent appreciation elsewhere.

#### MID-AUTUMN HITS AND MISSES

We now reach what may be termed the most notable engagement of the New York season—that of Forbes-Robertson, the eminent English player, in Jerome K. Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Not only did this curious play—a unique combination of comedy, pathos, and uplift without preaching—prove appealing to the masses, but it was so carefully done by Mr. Forbes-Robertson and his associates that it supplied a notable addition to the year's record in drama as an art.

The same October night witnessed still another failure at the Bijou, this time a play from England, "The Master Key," while across the street, at Wallack's, only a mild success was achieved with "The Fourth Estate," a newspaper play by Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford. It was found necessary to change the weird ending of this latter piece after the first night. Indeed, two or three different climaxes were tried out before the New York run ended. The play was then taken to Chicago, where it proved notably popular, running to more than a hundred performances. The Lieblers provided a fine cast, with Charles A. Waldron carrying the onus of the work.

An old Wallack failure was transformed into a success when George M. Cohan turned his "Popularity," a straight drama, into the musical comedy, "The Man Who Owns Broadway," which, with Raymond Hitchcock, scored a long run at the New York.



"The Harvest Moon" was too full of Augustus Thomas's theories about mental suggestion to prove as taking as his "Witching Hour." "Springtime," which Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson wrote for Mabel Taliaferro, while very idyllic and pretty, proved of too drab a hue to last her for the season. "Israel" ran for even a briefer period than Bernstein's previous play, "Samson," both falling far short of his famous "Thief." But "Israel" at least served a good purpose in introducing to this country a clever English leading man in the person of Graham Browne.

William Faversham, in Stephen Phillips's poetical play, "Herod," was acclaimed by the critics and more or less neglected by the public; while Kyrle Bellew, in Alfred Sutro's "Builder of Bridges," was told by the pressmen that both star and play were poor. Nevertheless, he managed to get a season's run out of it in town and on tour.

Even clever Genée, the Danish dancer, could not keep "The Silver Star" at the New Amsterdam for longer than two months—a short run when one recollects that two seasons ago, in "The Soul Kiss," she filled the New York for nearly six months.

W. H. Locke's "Idols" failed to change the ill luck of the Bijou, and was soon put on the shelf. Frank Daniels, in the English musical comedy, "The Belle of Brittany," pleased the critics mightily, but stayed at Daly's only ten weeks—another evidence of the intense competition engendered by the multiplication of theaters along Broadway. But a farce as good, as rich in situations and humor as "Seven Days," need not fear competition of any sort, and this play by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood, produced at the Astor on November 11, will probably still be there when its anniversary date comes round.

Other November offerings were Lew Fields in "Old Dutch," a very enjoyable musical farce, which kept the Herald Square well filled until snow ceased to fly; "His Name on the Door," a lawyer's play about the crookedness of lawyers, which did not keep its name on the unlucky Bijou for long; and George Arliss, in "Septimus," another Locke play—thin dramatic fare which must have made Mr. Arliss long for the flesh-pots of "The Devil."

#### THE CHRISTMAS OUTPUT

December brought a happy shift of luck for the Bijou, for with Cyril Scott in Rida Johnson Young's marriage-coupon farce,

"The Lottery Man," the little theater found an attraction that kept it filled until the 4th of June. New York critics once more damned with faint praise a London success of Somerset Maugham's—this time "Penelope," in which most of them agreed that Marie Tempest was the whole thing. Dustin Farnum is still hunting for an adequate successor to "The Virginian," for he most decidedly did not find it in "Cameo Kirby," by the industrious Tarkington-Wilson duo, whose "Man from Home" stands as their only registered bull's-eye.

The second December hit was scored by a serious play—poor Clyde Fitch's posthumous drama, "The City," the piece in which he took the most pride. He would indeed have been a happy man had he lived to see the reception awarded to that great, if startling, third act, and could he have read the columns of praise that the next day's papers lavished on the play. The work of the actors was as good as that of the author. Tully Marshall especially distinguished himself as the drug-crazed man who shoots his wife when he finds out that she is his own sister. "The City" ran at the Lyric until May 7, when it was transferred to the Hackett.

A night or two after the Fitch opening, David Belasco brought out at the Stuyvesant another serious play, adapted by himself from the French, and called "The Lily." It gave Nance O'Neil, who had beaten so long in vain on New York's doors, a chance to win; and win she did, the play remaining in town until May 14. The cast in "The Lily" was an especially fine one, including that excellent English character-actor, Charles Cartwright, as well as Bruce McRae and Julia Dean.

Another success, but one not calculated to gratify the lovers of the dramatic art, followed close on the heels of these other two; for although Francis Wilson's comedy, "The Bachelor's Baby," seemed to please the public to the extent of a run prolonged to hot weather, the play is of the flimsiest fabric, and won out solely by reason of the work done by a clever small boy of five or six, Baby Davis, in the part of a little girl. To the credit of New York's theater-going public I may suggest that the length of the comedy's stay at the Criterion may have been partly due to the fact that Boston and Chicago are at present barred to such productions by reason of the local laws relating to child actors.

Poor as it was, "The Bachelor's Baby" was the only one out of six offerings in the

week between Christmas and New Year to survive. So clever a playwright as Charles Klein found a Waterloo at the Hudson in his "Next of Kin"; Arnold Daly merely flashed in the pan at the tiny Berkeley with Paul Hervieu's "Know Thyself"; at Wallack's, "A Little Brother of the Rich," by the same two people who put together "The Fourth Estate," fell far short; Theodore Burt Sayre's "The Commanding Officer," although a good melodrama of the better sort, for some reason failed to attract enough people to the Savoy to keep it going; while at the Liberty, "The Fires of Fate," which had served Lewis Waller so well in London, left New York audiences utterly cold.

#### SEVERAL JANUARY WINNERS

The first two productions in January had better luck. Otis Skinner did fairly well at the Garrick in a comedy of stage life, "Your Humble Servant," by the prolific Messrs. Tarkington and Wilson; while at the Broadway, the very successful "Midnight Sons" was followed by another show of exactly the same type, "The Jolly Bachelors," with equally gratifying results to its sponsor, Lew Fields. Clean fun and an unusually good company seem to be the key-notes to success in this line of goods. "The Jolly Bachelors" at this writing is still running, although a third in the series, "Summer Widowers," may have succeeded it by the time these lines are before you.

January 10 witnessed the opening of a new Broadway theater, the Globe, with Charles Dillingham as manager, and the twin favorites in musical comedy, Montgomery and Stone, for the attraction. George Ade provided them with a decidedly original vehicle in "The Old Town," with music by his old-time Chicago partner, Gustave Lüders, and the piece ran to the end of May.

Not so fortunate were two other musical offerings—"The Prince of Bohemia," with Andrew Mack, and "King of Cadonia," imported from London. The former was provided with some very catchy music by A. Baldwin Sloane, and had the services of a tireless chorus; but both would have fitted better a different sort of star, and between the two stools the piece failed to hold its place for more than eight or ten weeks. As to "King of Cadonia," that was soon put in moth-balls.

Meanwhile only small audiences attended "The Barrier," a melodrama with Theodore Roberts, made from the Rex Beach novel, which served as a stop-gap at the New Am-

sterdam between "The Silver Star" and "Mme. X." January to April was the period covered by William Collier's stay at the Hudson with "A Lucky Star," a comedy announced as the work of Anne Crawford Flexner; but so permeated by this conceited comedian's interpolations that we shudder to think of the author's feelings when witnessing a performance.

"The Arcadians," a fantastic musical piece, with more than a year's record at the London Shaftesbury, received a royal welcome at the Liberty, where it remained until May 14, when it was transferred to the Knickerbocker. As in "The Dollar Princess," Charles Frohman supplied an all-round cast of remarkable excellence, including both English and American players. Among the former, Percival Knight was highly successful as a melancholy jockey, and Ethel Cadman captivated by her *Sombra*. The daintiest song and dance of the season—"Charming Weather"—could scarcely have fallen to more able interpreters than Julia Sanderson and Alan Mudie.

"The Faith Healer," Professor Moody's latest play, came a cropper at the Savoy, where Henry Miller strutted about in the name-part for a very brief period, but long enough to disgust him with serious drama for the nonce.

Good melodrama is "Alias Jimmy Valentine," founded by Paul Armstrong on a short story by O. Henry. It introduced that capable young English actor, H. B. Warner, as a star, delighted the critics, and pleased the public well enough to keep it on the boards at Wallack's from January 21 to the end of the season in June.

Billie Burke would seem to be the last person suited to a rôle created by Marie Tempest, but Charles Frohman would not be living up to his reputation as a champion miscaster in drama if he did not do something of this sort now and again. Although Miss Tempest was touring the United States at the time, he gave us Miss Burke in Somerset Maugham's "Mrs. Dot." There was a capital cast, however, to assist the favorite young star, and the attraction filled the Lyceum for two months. About the same period measured the stay at Daly's of Maxine Elliott in "The Inferior Sex," a comedy of yacht life by the Englishman, Frank Stayton. Play, star, and company received practically unanimous praise in the newspapers, and Miss Elliott will no doubt find this simple little play a valuable asset in her tour next season.

Of a quartet of offerings shown on Broadway in the last week of January, all but one fell short of success. "On the Heights," starring Frank Keenan at the Savoy, was bundled into the storehouse after one week; "The Watcher," by Cora Maynard, which might have been a winner if the author had been content to make it merely a play, and not a tract on psychic powers, lingered for a bare month of scanty audiences; while "The Young Turk," a blatant, vulgar musical show, starring the survivor of the Rogers Brothers, tarried in town but little longer. The hit of the four was in mighty contrast to the rest—"Mid-Channel," the latest play by Sir Arthur Pinero, now the recognized leader among living English dramatists. This same piece failed during the autumn at the St. James in London; but here at the Empire, with Ethel Barrymore, it won plaudits for itself and the brightest laurels of her career for the young star. The run was twice extended until it covered three months.

#### FAILURES FREQUENT IN FEBRUARY

February 1 brought "Just a Wife" to the Belasco, with Charlotte Walker as the star. Although her husband, Eugene Walter, wrote the play expressly for her, it proved to be his first failure, and was withdrawn from the boards when the New York run ended on April 9.

The following night, February 2, witnessed the launching of a big success just across the street, at the New Amsterdam, whither Henry W. Savage brought his melodrama from the French—"Mme. X," following a long run in Chicago. Dorothy Donnelly and William Elliott were leaders in a fine cast, and the Alexandre Bisson drama kept the boards until May 21, with the promise of a return to the same stage in September.

Still another new production was brought forward on West Forty-Second Street on February 3, when John Mason began to star in "None So Blind," a hopeless proposition by a new hand, which lasted too brief a period to require further comment. I might, as well say here that an almost similar fate overtook Mr. Mason's next venture, "A Son of the People," a play of the French Revolution, from the Danish, via the German, even though its first presentation had all the advantages of the New Theater stage, to which Mr. Mason and his company were invited for a short visit.

It is pleasant to record the fact that public apathy rewarded the efforts of managers to win a public for off-color plays. At Weber's

only scant audiences waited on "Where There's a Will," vulgarly advertised as "naughty but nice." It lasted there a bare six weeks, while its successor, "The Lady from Lobster Square," eked out but half that term. "The Children of Destiny," more realistically offensive than either, although presented under such refined auspices as those of Henry B. Harris at the Savoy Theater, was unremunerative enough to send the house into the motion-picture game early in March.

That much-harped-on string, the varying standard of morals for man and for woman, formed the theme of Rachel Crothers's play, "A Man's World," which, however, provided Mary Mannering with her first success out of half a dozen attempts in the past twelve months, and lasted at the Comedy from February 8 to April 9.

Of three musical shows put forward between February and the last week in April, the most successful was Blanche Ring in "The Yankee Girl." Miss Ring is a whole entertainment in herself luckily, as she has generally been handicapped with inadequate material. Although some of the critics thought George V. Hobart did not exert himself to any great extent in the direction of originality, the story he provided in "The Yankee Girl" was elastic enough to afford Miss Ring and a capital company a chance to work in their specialties without too great a wrench, and Silvio Hein's music was mostly tuneful. The attraction remained on view at the Herald Square from February 10 to April 30. Meanwhile "Bright Eyes," by the makers of the phenomenally successful "Three Twins," held the boards on Broadway for only a month, giving way at the New York to Henry B. Harris's first venture in the musical field—"A Skylark"—which lasted only three weeks.

#### THE SPRING GOODS—AND BADS

Poor Hattie Williams came to grief again with her second venture of the year—a farce called "The Girl He Couldn't Leave Behind Him," founded on the German. I believe Charles Frohman thought up the title, which should have suggested to him that the relations of married men with their early flames form so well-worn a theme for comedy that managers should leave the subject behind them in the limbo of oblivion.

Happy, indeed, was Mrs. Fiske in her production of Ibsen's "Pillars of Society," which the public so much preferred to her presentation of Hauptmann's "Hannele" in

conjunction with "The Green Cockatoo," that the double bill was speedily dropped from her repertory.

Laurence Irving and Mabel Hackney were not nearly so fortunate with their presentation of "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," from the French of Eugène Brieux, as they had been with his "Affinity." Evidently the popular appetite for the Gallic drama is still confined to that of the lighter sort, as René Fauchois's "Beethoven," brought out by a special company at the New Theater after the regular season there ended, was chillingly received. "Lulu's Husbands," on the other hand—a farce adapted from the French of Maurice Soulie by Thompson Buchanan—had a fairly good run at the Maxine Elliott, where it was presented by a picked company, including Mabel Barrison, Harry Conor, Louise Closser Hale, and Robert Dempster.

Rewriting a play after it is once produced generally means, I have noticed, the beginning of the end of it. But "Waste," by Porter Emerson Browne, which I saw at New Haven—as noted in the May issue—was immensely the gainer by the condensation of the first three acts into two, and by the addition of a new fourth, which made the transition in the wife's character more plausible. Renamed "The Spendthrift" and presented at the Hudson in New York on the 11th of April, with Edmund Breese featured in the leading rôle, the play appears to have caught the fancy of the town. The new name is in itself an inspiration.

Charles Frohman's revival of Robertson's "Caste" at the Empire, on April 25, with such people as Marie Tempest for *Polly Eccles*, G. P. Huntley for *Eccles*, Graham Browne as *Sam Gerridge*, and Elsie Ferguson as *Esther*, was a master stroke of managerial sagacity. It ran to big houses until June 4, and its success no doubt suggested to William A. Brady the reproduction of "Jim the Penman," which occurred at the Lyric, on May 10, with an all-star cast that was really such, including Wilton Lackaye in the name-part, John Mason for *Captain Redwood*, Theodore Roberts as *Baron Hartfeld*, and Florence Roberts as *Mrs. Ralston*. Speculators thronged thick about the doors of the theater, and there is a chance that Mr. Brady may send the company on tour with this famous stand-by of the late A. M. Palmer. The first two acts seem very slow as plays go to-day, but the last half of the drama gets over the footlights in splendid shape.

Old as it is, "Jim the Penman" has far more vitality than the new "Call of the Cricket," written by Edward Peple for Mabel Taliaferro. Produced at the Belasco on the 19th of April, it was voted too old-fashioned for this electric age, and closed its own and the theater's season exactly a fortnight later. Mr. Peple was more fortunate with another comedy, "The Spitfire," brought out just a week later at the Lyceum, with Charles Cherry as star. "The Spitfire" is rather a weak-kneed affair at that, but Daniel Frohman has set it forth splendidly equipped as to scenery. It is the sixth or seventh play of the season laid on yacht-board. If one relied wholly on the stage to find out about maritime matters, one might imagine that the only boats afloat were the private craft of millionaires.

Far cleverer and infinitely more successful than either of these two is the comedy that reached the Garrick on the 9th of May—"Her Husband's Wife," by a new man to the game, A. E. Thomas, a dramatic critic on the New York *Sun*. Henry Miller tried the play out late in the winter in Philadelphia, and saw such possibilities in it that he decided to give over the management to Klaw & Erlanger, with himself starring in it as the elderly man whose hypochondriac spouse is anxious to secure a dowdy second wife for him after her decease. The transformation of the dowdy into a beauty, and the consequent dismay of wife No. 1, furnish the fun in the piece, which grows droller with each of its three acts. It is particularly well written, and is splendidly acted by Laura Hope Crews as the wife, Grace Elliston as the dowdy, Robert Warwick as the husband, and Orme Caldara for the wife's brother, who, in the end, marries the beautified dowdy.

The first two "summer shows" to reach town scored bull's-eyes. De Wolf Hopper arrived at Daly's on April 28 in "A Matinée Idol"—a new sort of environment for him, as he is called upon to be neither a king nor a coward posing as a hero. Little Georgie Mack lends capital assistance, Louise Dresser sings and looks handsome, and a very young man, Joseph Santley, proves a veritable live wire at acting.

The other success reached the Herald Square just a week later—Marie Dressler in "Tillie's Nightmare." The name is against it, I admit, but there is a real idea back of the piece, there is some catchy music in it, and Ned Wayburn's effective stage-management permeates the whole.

Matthew White, Jr.



# WHEN GRANT CAME HOME

A REMARKABLE HISTORICAL PARALLEL TO THE RECEPTION OF  
EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON HIS RETURN  
TO AMERICA

BY FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG

INSTRUCTOR IN HISTORY AT BOSTON UNIVERSITY

FOR the enthusiastic reception accorded Theodore Roosevelt upon his return to American soil our history affords just one parallel. It has been the fortune of only two or three of our ex-Presidents to indulge in foreign travel. The first one to do so under circumstances which attracted wide-spread attention was General Grant, and he alone, prior to Mr. Roosevelt, was honored by great demonstrations of welcome when he rejoined his fellow countrymen.

The circumstances attending his tour of the world, as well as the political consequences of his return on the eve of the election of 1880, made Grant's reception of thirty-one years ago a memorable chapter in our national history. Of the ultimate significance of the Roosevelt demonstration only the historian of to-morrow can speak with assurance.

The plan for an extended period of foreign travel which should take him around the globe was conceived by General Grant while he was still in the White House. It was intended that the trip should be devoid of all political or other public significance, and if in the end it became a veritable triumphal progress, leading straight toward a renomination for the Presidency in 1880, it was because of circumstances which lay entirely outside the calculations of the ex-President himself.

The Presidential office Grant had found a bed of thorns. In no sense a politician, and by nature quite incapable of becoming one, he had never been able to adjust himself more than very indifferently to the conditions and requirements of political life.

Eight years in the executive chair, added to eight other years of the gravest military responsibility, had made him long for a period of rest and recreation, such as he believed could be secured only in foreign travel. The upshot was that the inauguration of President Hayes, March 4, 1877, found the retiring President far advanced in his preparations for the journey; and on the 17th of May following, with his family and a small suite, he took passage from Philadelphia for Liverpool. His departure was delayed not very much longer after his return to private life than that of Mr. Roosevelt, who sailed from New York for Naples on March 23, 1909, or rather less than three weeks after the assumption of the Presidency by Mr. Taft.

It was characteristic of General Grant's Americanism that he chose to cross the Atlantic on a vessel—the *Indiana*—belonging to the only American transatlantic steamship line then in existence. It is a sorry fact that Mr. Roosevelt, three decades after, could not have found a first-class American-owned liner to carry him from this country to the Mediterranean. It was his patronage of the American Line that determined Grant's sailing from Philadelphia, and that gave the people of that city an opportunity to "see him off."

The week there spent prior to the start, as the guest of the late George W. Childs, was filled with one unbroken round of dinners, receptions, and other festivities. On the morning of the 17th there was a final breakfast at Mr. Childs's, after which the general, in charge of committees from the city councils, embarked from Chestnut Street wharf



on the steamer *Magenta*. This vessel proceeded to Newcastle, about thirty-five miles below Philadelphia, where the transfer to the *Indiana* was made, and where Mrs. Grant joined the party. The wharves on the Delaware were lined with cheering people, and the river itself was filled with steamers and small craft, decorated with bunting and crowded with enthusiastic citizens. After telegrams of good wishes had been exchanged with President Hayes in New York, the *Indiana* stood out to sea, and the eleven-day voyage was begun.

It was December 16, 1879—more than two and a half years later—when General Grant next set foot in Philadelphia, and thereby completed his journey around the inhabitable globe. During the interval he followed out a remarkable program of travel, which took the general and his party into every country of Europe, except some of the Balkan states, into Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, into India, Siam, and Malaysia, and eventually into China and Japan.

#### HIGH HONORS PAID TO GRANT

Everywhere his fame—chiefly as a soldier, but in some measure as an ex-President—had gone before him, and everywhere he was received with the most flattering attentions from monarchs and the most unmistakable enthusiasm of the masses. It may be doubted whether any representative of any country in modern times has been more widely honored.

The climax came in Japan. It is said that the citizens of Tokyo alone spent more than fifty thousand dollars on entertainments and decorations incident to the general's visit. The Mikado repeatedly called to discuss questions of state with him, the army was brought together for a special review in his honor, and every evidence of public favor that could be devised was showered upon him. His departure from Tokyo was the occasion of an outburst of enthusiasm and lavish display, such as only an oriental people is capable of exhibiting.

At Yokohama, whence the homeward voyage was to begin, the cordiality of the citizens' reception was not in the least marred by the appearance of the merchants and pillars of society in European evening dress at midday, or by the well-meant but indifferently successful struggle of the band with "Hail, Columbia." On September 3, 1879, the general and his party embarked on board the Pacific Mail steamer *City of Tokio*, bound for San Francisco. While men-of-

war of many nations manned their yards and fired salutes, a vessel bearing the Mikado's cabinet escorted the *City of Tokio* down the bay, and took leave of her only after the bounds of Japanese waters had been traversed.

Meanwhile, in the United States, the prospective return of the ex-President was arousing the keenest public interest. Despite the shortcomings of the Grant administrations, there was, at their close, no man in the country more genuinely popular than Grant himself. If he was less successful than had been expected in the Presidential office, it was his perspicacity rather than his integrity that had been compromised; and in any event his splendid military record, which was the real basis of his popularity, stood unimpeached and unimpeachable.

If, however, Grant was popular in 1877, he was well-nigh doubly so in 1879. The remarkable reception which had been extended to him by the proudest potentates of three continents touched the American heart, and doubly endeared to it the object of such unprecedented glorification. The general feeling was well expressed in Walt Whitman's striking lines "To U. S. G.":

What best I see in thee,  
Is not that where thou mov'st down history's great  
highways,  
Ever undimm'd by time shoots warlike victory's  
dazzle,  
Or that thou sat'st where Washington sat, ruling  
the land in peace,  
Or thou the man whom feudal Europe fêted, vener-  
able Asia swarm'd upon,  
Who walked with kings with even pace the round  
world's promenade;  
But that in foreign lands, in all thy walks with  
kings,  
Those prairie sovereigns of the West, Kansas,  
Missouri, Illinois,  
Ohio's, Indiana's millions, comrades, farmers, sol-  
diers, all to the front,  
Invisibly with thee walking with kings with even  
pace the world's round promenade,  
Were all so justified.

The pity of it was that this altogether natural and wholesome pride in an honored son should have been debased by the machinations of a clique of politicians who had big axes to grind, and who saw in the renewed popularity of Grant an immediate opportunity to grind them.

#### THE "THIRD TERM" CONTROVERSY

As early as 1874, the *New York Herald* had raised the cry that Grant would not be

averse to a break with the tradition established by his predecessors, and that he could easily be persuaded, if indeed he required to be persuaded at all, to be a candidate for a third term. The Democrats took up the alarm, and soon the press in all sections of the country was vociferous with warnings against the menace of "Cæsarism" and "Grantism."

In 1875, to General Harry White, chairman of the Pennsylvania Republican convention—which passed a resolution unalterably opposing the third term idea—Grant wrote that he did not want a third term any more than he had wanted the first. At the same time, however, he called attention to the fact that the Constitution does not prohibit a President's repeated reelection, and affirmed that, under easily imaginable conditions, a third term might be a very desirable thing. He would not himself, he said, accept a nomination, unless "under such circumstances as to make it an imperative duty—circumstances not likely to arise."

This pronouncement was regarded as so equivocal that even Congress took alarm. By a vote of two hundred and thirty-eight to eighteen, the House adopted a resolution to the effect that the no-third-term precedent had become, by universal consent, a part of our Republican system of government, and that any departure from it would be "unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions." So overwhelming became the sentiment of opposition, in Republican no less than in Democratic circles, that when the Cincinnati convention met, in June, 1876, the name of Grant was not even presented to it; and after the election of Hayes nothing in the political field seemed more clearly assured than that the general's political career was at an end.

The highly honorable but in nowise brilliant administration of President Hayes met with scant approval on the part of the more radical Republicans. There were dissatisfaction with the conciliatory policy pursued in respect to the reconstructed States, disapproval of the administration's measures of finance, and, on the part of the politicians, extreme displeasure with the President's advanced program of civil service reform.

Gradually, under the inspiration principally of Roscoe Conkling, of New York, a scheme was devised by the malcontents looking to a renomination of Grant in the Republican convention of 1880. With the approach of the date for the ex-President's return, the plan was brought from under

cover. The idea was, of course, to foment the popularity which the general already enjoyed, and to exploit his newly won laurels in the interest of his Presidential "boom."

To that end all sorts of projects were devised. One, for example, contemplated a monster excursion, under the management of certain notorious political leaders, who were to provide twenty-five-dollar tickets to the Pacific coast and back for the fifty thousand people who were said to be ready to make the trip in order to participate in the general's reception. From considerations of expense, and because it was deemed undesirable to push matters too rapidly so far in advance of the election, the excursion scheme was eventually dropped; but others, scarcely less wild, were seriously considered.

#### GRANT'S ARRIVAL AT SAN FRANCISCO

In the end, the reception to be accorded Grant when he should first set foot upon American soil was very properly left to the inhabitants of the Pacific coast; and right well they attended to it. The City of Tokio was due at San Francisco on or about September 20, 1879. In advance of that date the State and municipal officials, with the cooperation of leading citizens of all professions, effected arrangements for the most notable demonstration which that section of the country had ever witnessed.

On the morning of the 20th, in anticipation of the liner's arrival during the day, business in San Francisco was generally suspended. At an early hour the crowds began to gather in places where the signal of the vessel's approach—the hoisting of a flag on the Merchants' Exchange—could be seen. Everywhere there was a scramble to complete the decoration of homes, stores, and public buildings, which had already been in progress through several days.

The signal-flag was hoisted shortly after noon, when the steamer was some thirty miles out. At the moment the executive committee having in charge the proposed demonstration was warmly debating whether to carry out the program that day, at a later hour than had been intended, or to postpone it until the following day. On the announcement of the vessel's approach it was decided to go on with the celebration, and a subcommittee of five was sent off in a cutter, to meet the ship.

A reception committee of four, including Senator Cole, and accompanied by quarantine and customs officials and representatives of the press, followed, to greet the general and apprise him of the reception that await-

ed him. At the same time, the general committee of arrangements, with several thousand invited guests, assembled on board the Pacific Mail steamer *China* and other smaller craft, while tugs took in tow squadrons from the San Francisco and Pacific Yacht Clubs and started down the harbor.

In the mean time, as a participant describes it, it seemed as if the entire population of the city—men, women, and children—had sought positions from which a view of the naval pageant could be obtained. As the fleet came up the harbor, every gun in the forts and on board the vessels opened with heavy and continuous salutes, until clouds of smoke completely enveloped the channel.

It was about six o'clock when the City of Tokio reached her anchorage. The streets leading from the ferry were jammed with people, all cheering. A long line of carriages was at the ferry for the conveyance of the invited guests, followed by a line of troops and an array of civic organizations. The ferry-boat carrying General Grant, General McDowell and staff, and the reception committee, reached the landing about seventy-three, the band playing "Home Again" as the ex-President stepped once more upon his native land.

After the guest of the hour had been greeted by Mayor Bryant, he was conducted to one of the waiting carriages. The others were filled with officials, committees, and visiting notables; and the procession, formed so that veterans of the Mexican War constituted the guard of honor, wended its way along Montgomery, Kearney, and Market Streets to the Palace Hotel. At the hotel, where quarters had been engaged for the general, he was greeted by a chorus of five hundred voices singing an ode of welcome.

The two weeks that followed were filled with festivities and ceremonials in honor of the city's guest. At the California Theater there was a special performance of the military spectacle, "Color Guard," the scenic effects of which were enhanced by the employment of three full companies of the National Guard as "supers." The Methodist Conference, in session at San José, called in a body. A banquet was tendered by the press, and another by the Chamber of Commerce. There was an ovation from thirty thousand flower-laden school children; and on the 23d of September, in the mayor's office in the new City Hall, there was a reception, in which—after the presentation of a number of specially invited guests—the whole population of the city was welcomed

to meet the general and his wife. The crush on this occasion became so great that Mayor Bryant suggested the omission of handshaking; but Grant declined, observing that he "guessed he could fight it out on that line all summer."

#### THE JOURNEY ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Grant had arrived on the Pacific coast with no very definite plans, and the invitations that poured in upon him, together with an inclination to visit certain places of attraction, such as the Yosemite Valley, determined him to proceed toward the East in a leisurely fashion. The stay in San Francisco was prolonged until October 9. The next three weeks were spent in Oregon and the Northwest. On November 2 Omaha was reached, and three days later the general visited his old home at Galena, Illinois, where he was heartily welcomed by his former fellow townsmen.

A week later he was in Chicago, and there, on November 12, in company with Generals Sherman and Sheridan, he reviewed, from a balcony of the Palmer House, a procession which occupied two hours in passing, after which he attended a brilliant reception in his honor in Haverly's Theater. It was upon this occasion that Robert Toombs, of Georgia, sent to Mayor Harrison the remarkable despatch:

Present my personal congratulations to General Grant on his safe arrival to his country. He fought for his country honorably and won. I fought for mine and lost. I am ready to try it over again. Death to the Union!

After a somewhat prolonged stay in Chicago, a series of visits to Indianapolis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, and other cities of the Middle West brought the ex-President to Philadelphia in the middle of December. It was from Philadelphia that, more than two and a half years before, he had set out upon his remarkable journey, and it was deemed fitting that the return to the point of starting should be made the occasion of the grandest demonstration yet arranged in his honor.

On the day of his arrival, December 16, business was generally suspended, and the city gave itself over to celebration. The Keystone Battery saluted him as he stepped from his train, and he forthwith found himself at the head of a gigantic parade, in twenty divisions, requiring six hours to pass a given point, and including eight thousand veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic,

seven thousand militia, four thousand members of political organizations, a thousand ship-builders, and representatives of other crafts and organizations. Grant's carriage reached the Union League clubhouse, adjoining Independence Hall, about one o'clock, and from a grand stand at that point he reviewed the procession. Afterward he dined with several members of his old Cabinet at the home of George W. Childs, where he had been a guest before his start for Europe in 1877.

There were receptions galore. On the same evening there was one at the Academy of Fine Arts. Two days later another was tendered by the Grand Army of the Republic; on the 19th, one was given by Mr. A. J. Drexel, and another by the Commercial Exchange; on the 20th, one by the school children, and another by the city authorities at the academy.

With the visit to Philadelphia, Grant's tour was regarded as completed, and his reception by his fellow countrymen as a homecoming traveler was virtually brought to a close. Toward the end of the month there was a visit to Washington, where a public ovation was specifically declined, and the opening of the new year found the ex-President and his party on the way southward, via Richmond, Charleston, and Savannah, bound for a prolonged visit to the West Indies and Mexico. Somewhat curiously, neither New York nor New England had had any opportunity to participate directly in the three months' reception.

#### GRANT'S DEFEAT AT CHICAGO

Before the assembling of the Republican convention at Chicago, on June 2, 1880, the third-term movement in behalf of Grant had assumed formidable proportions. Conkling brought New York into line, General Logan did the same for Illinois, and Cameron attended to Pennsylvania. Several of the smaller States were influenced to give the movement their approval. Grant was admittedly more popular than at the time of his first election, and many people who had opposed his candidacy in 1876 were now constrained to waive their objections by the specious argument that the traditions were opposed, not to a third term in itself, but merely to a third *consecutive* term.

In many quarters, however, there was still determined opposition. The adherents of other Presidential aspirants—notably Senator Blaine, Secretary John Sherman, and Senator Edmunds, of Vermont—fought the

Grant movement with every means at their command. On all sides sprang up "No Third Term" leagues and "Young Scratchers'" clubs, and on May 6 a Republican anti-third-term convention at St. Louis, representing fourteen States, declared unqualifiedly against Grant's candidacy.

"Anything to beat Grant" became the rallying cry. Apropos of Mother Shipton's prophecy that the end of the world would come in 1881, the story is told of a certain minister who, while depicting the impending cataclysm and warning his hearers to be duly prepared for it, was interrupted by a fervent "Thank God!" from one of his auditors. Seeking out the interrupter at the close of the sermon, he inquired why the man thanked God for what most people regarded as a fearful peril. The reply came quick as a flash:

"Anything to beat Grant!"

When the first ballot was taken in the Chicago convention, Grant was found to have received three hundred and four votes. The number required for nomination was three hundred and seventy-nine; and during the subsequent thirty-three ballots the maximum that the Grant supporters could muster was three hundred and twelve. Blaine was all of the time a close second. Then came the memorable stampede to James A. Garfield, which meant not only the collapse of the third-term project, but also a cruel dashing of the hopes, for the time being, so ardently entertained by Maine's Plumed Knight. The latter was, indeed, the primary object which Roscoe Conkling had set himself, years before, deliberately to accomplish.

That Grant was influenced to become a candidate in 1880 was unfortunate. Another four years in the White House could not possibly have given the hero of Vicksburg and the Wilderness a firmer grip upon the affections of his countrymen, and the probability is that they would greatly have impaired the distinction which was most properly his.

Grant's fame, as the war left him, was one of the nation's assets. From his conduct of the Presidential office it suffered not a little, but the tour of the world completely revived it. The politicians more than once did their mortal best to destroy it. Again and again it looked as if they would surely succeed. That they did not, even though only because of a lucky turn of the political wheel, is one of the things for which Americans of many generations will be grateful.



# THE MYSTERY OF THE LOST DAUPHIN

DID THE SON OF LOUIS XVI DIE IN THE TEMPLE, OR DID HE ESCAPE? AND ARE HIS ALLEGED DESCENDANTS THE RIGHTFUL CLAIMANTS OF THE FRENCH THRONE?

BY M. G. SECKENDORFF

WHATEVER the nature of the documents still said to repose in the French archives, they are not likely to settle the so-called "Question Louis XVII," or to dissipate the mystery which surrounds the life and death of the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. In France and elsewhere, the belief of those who think that the unfortunate boy escaped by the aid of devoted friends, only to be betrayed and disowned subsequently by his two uncles, the Comte de Provence and the Comte d'Artois—afterward Louis XVIII and Charles X—is so firmly rooted that no document the French government may produce at this late day, more than a hundred years after the event, is likely to undermine the foundations of their faith.

Neither is it at all probable that the French archives contain documents which can settle once for all the claim of the Naundorff heirs. It is, on the contrary, much easier to believe that archives other than those over which the chief beneficiaries of Louis XVII's death had control for a number of years—notably those of Prussia and Russia—may, one day, reveal the reasons which satisfied Frederic William III and the Emperor Alexander, in 1814, that Louis XVI's son died in the Temple on June 8, 1795, and that the Comte de Provence was the rightful heir of the house of Bourbon.

Naundorff's claim—and he, among forty-odd claimants, probably set up the strongest case—was, naturally enough, based on circumstantial evidence only. But that evidence was at least sufficiently convincing to induce one European government to recognize in him and his heirs the legitimate descendants

of Louis XVI. Moreover, it must be remembered that successive French governments did nothing to clear up the mystery when it was yet possible to do so effectively; that the collateral branches of the Bourbon family never did anything, except by means of the lowest forms of intrigue, to put Naundorff out of business; that the French government never displayed courage sufficient to bring him to trial for fraud; that it never was proved, if he was not the son of Louis XVI, whose son he really was.

Furthermore, consider the despicable characters of Louis XVIII and Charles X, not to mention other members of the family. Consider the mysterious "disappearance," or sudden death, of nearly every one who knew, or might be supposed to know, the unhappy Dauphin's actual fate, from the Empress Josephine down to Dr. Desault, and Caron, the royal family's faithful servant in the Temple. With all these facts in mind, it is not difficult to account for the tenacity with which the "Question Louis XVII" keeps its hold upon a large part of the French public to the present day.

The ordinarily accepted version of the life and death of Louis XVII is to be found in almost any cyclopedia. Briefly, it is that he was born on March 27, 1785, the second son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette; that, after the death of his brother, on June 4, 1789, he became heir to the throne; that, together with the royal family, he was imprisoned in the Temple after August 10, 1792; that ultimately he was delivered over to a brutal shoemaker, named Simon; and that he died from abuse and neglect on June 8, 1795.





LOUIS XVII OF FRANCE, THE "LOST DAUPHIN," WHO IS SAID TO HAVE DIED A PRISONER IN 1795, BUT WHOSE ACTUAL FATE IS STILL REGARDED BY MANY AS A HISTORICAL MYSTERY

*From the painting by Mme. Vigée-Lebrun in the Petit Trianon at Versailles*

The irregularities—some of great significance, others important only because there are so many of them—which attended the official ending of Louis XVII's career do, indeed, raise a serious doubt as to his death, particularly in view of the reasons why his escape might have been desired not only by royalists, but by republicans as well.

In considering a few of the more striking of these irregularities, we are met, in the first place, by the fact that the official report of the child's death was not drawn up until

four days later, though the regulations of the period demanded that this formality should be carried out at once. Why, again, was that report signed by only one of the guardians appointed by the Convention to take charge of the little prisoner? And why—this is remarkable, indeed—did not Mme. Royale have a chance to bear witness to her brother's death, when she, a prisoner under the same roof, could have killed all those suspicions before they were born by a glance at the little corpse and a stroke of the pen?



LOUIS XVI OF FRANCE, FATHER OF THE LOST DAUPHIN

*From the painting by Gallet in the Palace at Versailles*



THE DUCHESSE D'ANGOULÊME, SISTER OF THE LOST DAUPHIN, AND WIFE  
OF HER COUSIN, THE SON OF CHARLES X

*From the painting by Baron Gros in the Palace at Versailles*

"It would seem," says Miss Catherine Welch in her interesting book, "The Little Dauphin," "as if a deliberate effort had been made to render this report of the death as unconvincing as possible."

In the report of the autopsy held the day after the death, the doctors stated officially that the body "which the commissioners told us was that of the defunct Louis Capet's son" had met its death from "a scrofulous affection of long standing." The ambiguity with which the report disclaims responsibil-

ity for the identity of the corpse, though following, perhaps, a customary formula, is another striking circumstance. Still more striking, perhaps, is the fact that the illness imputed to the Dauphin is not one that he could have inherited either from his father or his mother. This was the opinion of a physician requested by the British government to examine and report upon the bulletin and autopsy. This was the opinion, too, of Dr. Cabanès, stated emphatically only a few years ago.



LOUIS XVII AND HIS JAILERS AT THE TEMPLE

*From the painting by Scherrer*

About the child's burial, too, there is much that is uncertain. At least four places are mentioned as having been his grave; the exact spot where he, or his substitute, was laid has never been ascertained beyond possibility of doubt.

Most singular, however, of all the circumstances surrounding the death of Louis XVII is the attitude not only of the Comte de Provence and the Comte d'Artois, his uncles, and of Mme. Royale, his sister, but also of nearly every member of the family, with the possible exception of the Duc de Berry, who was mysteriously assassinated a few days after a stormy interview with Louis XVIII, in which—so it is said—he had attempted to appeal to his uncle in behalf of Louis XVII, whom he believed to be still living.

#### THE ROYAL BLACKGUARD LOUIS XVIII

A singular unanimity marks the estimate which contemporaries place upon the character of Louis XVIII. No doubt he was a royal blackguard. As Comte de Provence he had never ceased scheming, in company with the Comte d'Artois, against his elder brother, but for whom he would have reigned. He hated Marie Antoinette, and is said to have incited the handsome Comte d'Artois to his dishon-

orable and unsuccessful attempts to gain the love of the queen, his brother's wife. On the birth of a son to the Comte and Comtesse d'Artois, the Comte de Provence warned the father to "take care lest in pursuing his love-affairs he do an injury to his own heir."

No one was more delighted than the Comte de Provence when Marie Antoinette disappointed the country, after having remained childless for eight years, by the birth of only a girl. This was in 1778. The event left him still heir-presumptive. With a cynicism coarse as it was bold, he dared to pretend that the child was illegitimate. At its christening, where he acted as godfather, he replied to the question of the priest as to what name should be given to the child.

"That is not the first question you have to ask; you should first inquire who are its father and mother."

The priest blushed and the crowd tittered, while this princely blackguard continued holding in his arms the baby whose dishonor he was trying to accomplish.

"All his life, his greatest grief has been that he was not born the master," wrote Marie Antoinette to the Princesse de Lamballe, in a letter which dropped blood-stained from the head-dress of the unfortunate princess as the mob fell upon her. "This



QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE, MOTHER OF THE LOST DAUPHIN--HE WAS HER  
SECOND SON, BUT HIS ELDER BROTHER DIED IN 1789,  
LEAVING HIM HEIR TO THE THRONE

*From the painting by Mme. Vigée-Lebrun in the Palace at Versailles*



passionate wish to reign has only increased in him since our misfortunes have given him a chance to interfere and to thrust himself forward."

At the time of the flight to Varennes, it was hinted that it was he who betrayed his brother's plans to Lafayette while he himself escaped safely to Brussels, leaving the king ignominiously trapped at the frontier. Talleyrand's estimate of him is summed up as follows:

*Monsieur* is wicked. He cares only for himself. He wants the crown. His brother is in his way. It is not impossible he may get rid of him.

And only a week after Louis XVI's death, he did not blush, in the face of a terrible family tragedy, to write to his younger brother, the Comte d'Artois, as follows:

I hold in my hands the official assurance of the

death of the unhappy Louis XVI, and I have barely time to send on the news to you. I am also informed that his son is dying. In shedding tears for our kinsmen, we must not forget how useful their deaths will be for the state. May this idea console you. Remember, also, that your son, is, after me, the hope and heir of the monarchy.

Could it be expected that a man capable of penning these cynical and cold-blooded lines would show any scruples in his dealings with a helpless child?

#### THE LOST DAUPHIN'S SISTER

Louis XVIII must undoubtedly have been deeply chagrined at the thought that he himself had no children to inherit his crown. If he had been convinced that his nephew really died in the Temple, if he held absolute proof of that fact in his hands, he would consider the possibility of a pseudo Louis XVII appearing as only a very remote one. If, on the other hand, he had reason to suspect that the little Dauphin was still living in 1814, and was therefore in a position to claim his inheritance, what more natural course for the uncle to take than that of either destroying or muzzling the person to whom Louis XVII would be certain to make his first appeal for recognition—the sister who had shared his captivity? This is what he accomplished by marrying *Mme. Royale*, whose dishonor and that of her mother he had sought to proclaim to the world some twenty years before, to the son of his younger brother, the Duc d'Angoulême, whom he had already pronounced to be "after me, the hope and heir of the monarchy."

Even before she was liberated from prison—she was exchanged for some French officers held by the Austrians—the Comte de Provence had



M. NAUNDORFF, WHO CLAIMED TO BE THE LOST DAUPHIN, AND THEREFORE THE RIGHTFUL KING OF FRANCE

*Drawn by M. Stein after a print*

commissioned Mme. de Tourzel to see the captive princess, and to tell her how much he desired the marriage. The ceremony took place in 1799. The new Duchesse d'Angoulême held the hope of eventually becoming Queen of France, and of bearing a son who in his turn would be king.

"Is it to be supposed that she would forfeit all this," says Miss Welch in her book, already quoted, "for the sake of a brother whom she had not seen since he was eight, and who had, moreover, been represented to her as having been entirely brutalized and debauched by the cruelty of his treatment at the Temple?"

"When we have seen broils between brothers and sisters for a few paltry franc-pieces," writes Henri Provins, "we can only laugh at the possibility of a cold-hearted woman like the Duchesse d'Angoulême hesitating for a moment between the calls of family affection and the prospect of the finest throne in the world."

Well, she died childless and in exile at Prague in 1845.

There is a story that on her death-bed she called to her side General la Rochejacqueuin and whispered:

"General, I have a fact, a very solemn fact, to reveal to you. It is the testament of a dying woman. My brother is not dead; it has been the nightmare of my life. Promise me to take the necessary steps to trace him. France will not be happy nor at peace till he is on the throne of his fathers."



THE SO-CALLED PRINCE HENRI DE BOURBON,  
GREAT-GRANDSON OF NAUNDORFF, AND  
ELDEST SON OF THE PRESENT  
CLAIMANT

*From a photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris*

The story is probably apocryphal; if true, it is a pity that the dying duchess left no documentary proof of her belief, even though it involved the awful confession that it was her selfishness that had cheated her brother out of a throne and rendered him a nameless outcast.

#### A MELODRAMA OF HISTORY

Here, then, we have the material for a melodrama of history, to which it would be difficult to find a parallel even in imagination—a helpless child, born in the purple and reared in the luxury of an exalted station; placed suddenly, he doesn't know why, amid filthy surroundings and under the influence of still filthier guardians, whose paid task it is to corrupt his morals and destroy his body; bereft successively of father, mother, and those who should have been his natural protectors; becoming the football of furiously contending factions, the hope of a dying order of things, the victim of a cunning, unscrupulous old man, aided and abetted by other members of his own family.

We see the revolting picture of a hardened cynic laying the foundations of his nefarious scheme in the dishonor of his brother's wife; betraying his brother, his nephew, his niece, in turn; securing, as the result of an almost incredible series of intrigues, the throne that had been the goal of his ambition for more than forty years, and sinking to his grave unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

We have a sister whose nature remained

unrefined by early suffering, a proud and ambitious woman who carried an expression in her eyes, as one said who knew her, which "struck cold all who saw her"; dying, finally, childless and in exile."

The scene shifts from the blood-stained scaffold, within sight of the Tuileries, to the gloom of the vermin-infested room in the Temple; from the splendors of a restored monarchy to the haunts of paid assassins executing the orders of those whose con-

spiracy of silence keeps a king out of his heritage. Against it all is the forbidding background of that cataclysm in the history of human civilization known as the French Revolution.

There are numerous incidents—too numerous, indeed, to recount fully—that tend to complete this melodrama of intrigue and lust for power. We see the King of Prussia and his ally, the Czar of Russia, visiting the ex-Empress Josephine at Malmaison.



THE SO-CALLED PRINCE JEAN DE BOURBON, OR KING JEAN III OF FRANCE, WHO CLAIMS TO BE THE RIGHTFUL HEIR OF THE OLD BOURBON LINE, WITH HIS WIFE, THE PRINCESSE FANNY MARIE MADELEINE, AND THEIR YOUNGER SON

*From a photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris*

"Whom shall we put on the throne of France?" they ask.

"The son of Louis XVI, to be sure," is said to have been her answer.

And the treaty subsequently drawn up is supposed to have contained a secret article according to which the tenure of the Comte de Provence was to be considered a provisional one, until material proofs of the death of Louis XVI's son should be forthcoming. The belief of the day, indeed, was that among the signers of the treaty of April 23, 1814, there were those who had in their hands proofs of the lost Dauphin's existence.

#### THE STORIES OF THE DAUPHIN'S ESCAPE

One of the most interesting figures in this great drama, however, is Josephine. At the time of the Dauphin's captivity, she wielded a great influence over Barras—whose mistress, indeed, she is reputed to have been at the time. She is said to have appealed to Barras in behalf of the unfortunate little prince, and not to have appealed in vain. Aside from pleasing a charming woman, Barras may have said to himself that in the event of a Bourbon restoration, which was then not considered unlikely in the person of the Comte de Provence, it might be a stroke of good business to be able to threaten the restored monarch with the production of the rightful heir to the throne; in other words, to make oneself the master of the King of France.

However that may be, it is certain that many indications were not wanting that the little prince's escape or "removal" was desired. The stories of the way in which this escape was brought about are legion. Not one of them sounds altogether reasonable.

Even before his supposed death in the Temple, there were rumors that the boy had made his escape by the aid of devoted friends. As soon as his death was announced, and for nearly fifty years thereafter, a series of pretenders kept appearing. Most of them were soon disposed of; the most important were Richemont and Naundorff, the former of whom the government denounced and convicted, but the latter of whom, it would seem, the authorities never dared to arraign in his own person, and whose descendants were only non-suited as late as 1870. It may be remembered that no less a person than Jules Favre pleaded their case.

To explain the tremendous impetus given to the "pretender" business at the time of the Restoration, it is necessary to refer briefly to the Simons, man and wife, in whose

charge the Dauphin was left at the Temple up to within a year and a half of his supposed death.

On the day following the 9th of Thermidor, Simon, in company with Robespierre, perished on the scaffold. His widow's fate was even more remarkable. Falling ill, after she left the Temple, she was admitted, in 1796, to the Hospital for Incurables, where she remained until her death, some thirteen years after. Dying, she affirmed what she had asserted several times before, that the Dauphin had escaped from the Temple, and that the boy who died there was not the King of France, but a substitute. That statement gave birth to over forty pretenders, caused a thousand books and pamphlets to be written, and even to-day makes the Question Louis XVII remain, historically at least, an important one.

#### THE CLAIMANT RICHEMONT

To return to Richemont. Like Naundorff, his early life, as far as his enemies have ever been able to ascertain, is a perfect blank. That is to say, they have never been able to convict him of being the son of So-and-So, or of having been born in any particular place. Richemont always asserted that he escaped from the Temple through the help of the Simons, and had been taken to a house in Paris, where he met Josephine de Beauharnais. After remaining there a few hours only, he was taken to La Vendée to the royalist army, where he went about disguised as a girl. Presently, the Prince de Condé placed him in the ranks of the French army.

As a young man, he visited Mme. Simon in the hospital, and was recognized by her as the boy she had helped to save. Then he went off to America, where he remained for more than ten years. Upon his return to Europe, in 1815, asking of Louis XVIII only to be recognized and to be permitted to live in France, a meeting was arranged by friends between him and the Duchesse d'Angoulême. The duchess is said to have looked upon him with emotion, and to have exclaimed at last:

"Go, go! You have been the cause of much unhappiness, and my arms shall never open to receive the enemy of my family."

This, Richemont asserted afterward, referred to the outrageous accusations which the Dauphin had been bullied into making against his mother and his aunt, Mme. Elizabeth.

Richemont now issued a formal protest to all the powers of Europe against the usur-



pation, on the part of Louis XVIII, of the crown of France. Louis XVIII retaliated by causing Richemont's imprisonment at Milan for seven and a half years. At the end of that period, Richemont returned to Paris, free, and once more protested—this time against the election of Louis Philippe. In 1833 he was arrested, tried, and convicted on the charge of having plotted against the government. The penalty was twelve years' imprisonment in a fortress. From this prison he managed to escape, after a few months, returning to France at the amnesty of 1840. He still continued to put forward his "claims," but with little success. He died in 1853, in the castle of the Comtesse d'Apchier, whose husband had been a page to Louis XVI, and who herself believed entirely in the justice of his pretensions. He left no heirs.

#### NAUNDORFF'S STRANGE STORY

Naundorff's own story of his escape from the Temple is one of the most complicated tales ever concocted—if, indeed, it was concocted. It takes us back to about a year before the death of the supposed Louis XVII. Barras had been victorious; the romantic and soft-hearted Josephine was pleading for the unhappy child, and the Comte de Provence was not averse, probably, at that time, to have his troublesome little nephew "removed." The boy's friends decided, since it seemed impossible to get him away from the tower, to conceal him in it, and to make it appear that he had escaped. One fine day, they—it must have been some of the Temple guards—gave him a dose of opium, under the influence of which he fell half asleep. In this state he saw a boy, or what looked like a boy, placed in his bed. He himself was put into the basket in which the other boy had been smuggled into the Temple. He was conscious enough to realize that the new arrival was a mere lay figure of wood, made to resemble him. Then he lost consciousness.

Upon awaking, he found himself in a strange room, a sort of lumber-room, filled with odds and ends of old furniture, in the fourth story of the Temple. With one exception, all the approaches were barricaded, and those who came to see him had to crawl on all fours through an opening communicating with a closet in the turret. His friends, in the meantime, in order to deceive the government, sent a child along the road from Paris to Strassburg, traveling in haste, as if he were trying to escape from France.

The government, in its turn, in order to

cover up the loss of the real Dauphin, and the substitution in his place of a wooden doll, secured a deaf and dumb boy of the Dauphin's age incapable of betraying the fraud. Complicated as was the situation, it was to become still more so when this deaf and dumb boy showed himself to be, otherwise, disappointingly healthy. He refused to die, in other words; so poison was introduced in his food, and Dr. Desault, a physician of eminent repute, was called in. The doctor discovered what had been done, and declined to associate himself with the crime. It became necessary, therefore, to "remove" the doctor, in order to prevent his betrayal of the murderer. This was accomplished by poisoning him, while at the same time the conspirators arranged for a second substitution. A rickety child was brought from one of the hospitals to take the place of the deaf and dumb one, and this child obligingly died on June 8, 1795.

Now comes the most incredible part of the tale. The autopsy on the second substitute having been performed, it became possible to smuggle the real Dauphin from his fourth-story garret and out of the Temple, by making him take the dead boy's place in the coffin, and concealing the remains of the former in the attic. In this way, then, it is pretended, Naundorff left his prison. On the way to the burial-ground he was removed, still sleeping, from the coffin and hidden in the bottom of the carriage. The coffin, filled and weighted with rubbish, was buried. Thus he was set free, safe in the hands of his friends.

Incredible as this tale sounds, it must be admitted that it might be true, though it involves the belief that the Temple guards, privy to this extraordinary conspiracy of substitutes, must, in turn, have played fast and loose with the government, whose interest it was to have the boy die, and with the royalists, whose interest it was that he should live. A conspiracy of this character, moreover, so complicated and involving so large a number of people, could scarcely have been brought to a successful issue without some one, subsequently, when it became absolutely safe, revealing its endless ramifications.

#### NAUNDORFF'S BELATED CLAIM

In May, 1833, Naundorff appeared in Paris to assert the rights which he said were his. He was not very successful at first; but presently it became known that Mme. de Rambaud, who had been nurse to the Dauphin from birth, had recognized in this man



of nearly fifty the child she had held on her knees. There were others equally positive of his identity.

But where had he been since his extraordinary escape from the Temple? He, himself, speaks of this phase of his life in the vaguest way, only admitting that before he was twenty-four he had suffered more or less rigorous captivity for seventeen years. At last, at any rate, he turned up as a watchmaker in Berlin. Pursued thence by his enemies, he went to Spandau. It was at the latter place that he assumed the name of Charles William Naundorff. An attempt to reach the Duchesse d'Angoulême failed; she ignored him entirely. Thwarted in every direction, he took the resolution in 1818—this sounds melodramatic indeed—"never to appear again on the scene of the world, but to consign himself to eternal oblivion."

Later, however, he changed his mind, and, instead of oblivion, sought consolation in the arms of Mlle. Jeanne Einers, whom he married, not disclosing to her the secret of his royal parentage until some years afterward. But for this marriage and the energetic procedure of this wife and her children, after his death, Naundorff would long ago have been placed in the same category with Richemont, Hervégault, Bruneau, and a score of other claimants.

In 1820 he wrote to his "cousin," the Duc de Berry, who replied cautiously. Ten days later, the duke was assassinated, and Naundorff promptly claimed that his "cousin" had brought about his own fate by attempting to interfere in his behalf with Louis XVIII. He, therefore, thought it a good time to go to France in person and seek out his sister, the Duchesse d'Angoulême. About to start, he was detained—again his enemies are at work—charged with arson, theft, murder, and the circulation of false coin. He was condemned, and remained in prison until 1828.

Presently, he returned to Paris, to be recognized as "the heaven-sent King of France" by one Martin de Gallardon, a laborer, who saw visions, and whose imagination conceived it to be his duty, like a second Joan of Arc, to seat the rightful monarch upon the throne of his fathers. This lunatic's sudden death, and three attempts said to have been made upon Naundorff's life, kept the latter and his claim before the public.

In 1836 he reached the climax of his pretense, when he claimed by law his right to the inheritance of any private property left by Louis XVI and Marie Antoin-

ette. In the behavior of the government, in face of this audacious declaration Miss Welch recognizes one of the strongest points in support of Naundorff's claims. Instead of imprisoning and trying him, as had been done in the case of other pretenders, the authorities seemed to fear the result of a public airing of his pretensions; and in June of that year they arrested and drove him out of the country.

"It is difficult," says Miss Welch, "not to reach the conclusion that the government, which so plainly avoided coming to an issue with this man, did so from fear."

After further wanderings, which took him to London, Naundorff removed to Holland, where he published "*La Doctrine Céleste*," a book so absurd as to make one doubt the sanity of its author. He also pretended to be the inventor of a wonderful projectile. In the midst of efforts to introduce his invention, he died at Delft, August 10, 1845. His partisans maintained that he had been mysteriously poisoned.

#### NAUNDORFF'S DESCENDANTS

In 1863, the States-General of the Netherlands authorized Naundorff's son to assume the name of De Bourbon. Five years after his death, his widow and children appeared in the French courts to claim the civil rights belonging to them as the representatives of Louis XVI's son. Jules Favre pleaded their case, but they lost. In 1874 they appealed from the judgment, and again they lost. Nevertheless, the Naundorff adherents have resolved to remain loyal to the cause of their hero. They refer to Naundorff's eldest son as Charles X. The son of Charles X is Charles XI. The present uncrowned Naundorff is Jean III.

In his book, "*Louis XVII and the Secret of the Revolution*," M. Lanne says:

An astronomer is able, by observing certain influences brought to bear on movements of the stars, to deduce the presence of a planet still unseen, to mark its place, to determine its orbit, and to judge of its weight and volume. By this same method some day a future historian, in taking account of certain apparent political inconsistencies during this period, will deduce with equal sureness the existence of some unknown factor, and will be able by force of deduction to arrive at last at an exact knowledge of what this factor was.

It has been the object of this article to point out certain irregularities in the historic heavens which may one day reveal to some persistent inquirer the presence of an unseen planet—a king cheated of his heritage.

# STORIETTES

## A Carbon Copy

BY FRANK CONDON

AT fifteen minutes before two o'clock, young Mr. Haines looked up from the west-bound column of his ledger, and discovered Miss Muriel Collier in the act of furtively wiping her eyes with a cambric handkerchief slightly larger than a watch-fob. Her typewriter lay hushed and still before her. At fifteen minutes after two, Mr. Haines again raised his eyes and saw the same performance. Thereupon he cast aside all prudence and conservatism, and remarked:

"I believe she's crying!"

He stared at her uncomprehendingly, but sympathetically. He felt a certain sort of homicidal wrath rising within him, and his pen hand trembled until the ink on the tip of his pen fell in a splash upon the virgin immaculateness of his ledger.

"If that old stiff has been bellowing at her," he reflected, "I'll simply have to put some arsenic in his water-cooler! That little angel has trouble enough. No home—no money—no friends, because she won't let anybody be friends with her. She's actually weeping. I suppose Hogarth gave her blue blazes because she left out a hyphen somewhere in a brief. She's almost as absurdly pretty when she cries as she is when she doesn't cry!"

Hogarth was the senior member of the law firm. He had iron-gray hair and an iron-gray expression, and he talked in iron-gray tones that would sometimes make an office-boy leap twelve feet from a condition of perfect rest. He was affectionately known as the Old Beast among his employees. He was given to speed in the matter of dictating. When he found his stenographer faltering, he told her in cold tones to leave the office and send in some girl who had learned to take dictation.

After Miss Collier became associated with Hogarth, Swansdown, Miller & Anderson, the senior member found that he could dictate at printing-press speed without fluster-

ing the girl; so he appropriated her immediately. Haines was so thoroughly in love with the girl that he had pains in his head every time he thought about it. He felt vaguely that he had loved her always, and he began to think deeply of predestination, future life, past life, the transmigration of souls, and other hefty subjects that are distinctly out of place in the mental machinery of a young law-clerk.

"I'll get her some day," he was wont to console himself. "She will be coming down the street, and I'll rescue her from a mad dog, or a drunken policeman, or a joy-riding taxicab. Then she'll have to thank me at the very least; and as soon as I begin talking to her she will know what I think about her; and when she finds out how completely daffy I am over her, she will be forced to give the subject proper attention; and then—and then—"

Mr. Haines usually ran out of thoughts at this juncture and borrowed a cigarette from Graves, who was in the accident department.

Haines had it from Burke, who had been informed by Merrill, who knew the whole history of the Colliers. It was a sad story. More than that, Haines pondered gloomily, it was a heart-rending story. Here was a refined and gifted young girl, the daughter of a stately Southern family. The family breaks up, the father dies, the elder brother goes out West, an invalid; the mother struggles along on a pittance; and finally, when there is no income at all, Muriel is forced to come to New York and seek employment as a stenographer.

Haines knew the salaries paid to stenographers by Hogarth, Swansdown, Miller & Anderson; and he reflected that if Miss Collier were sending a portion of her income to the desolate old mother in the South, she must be stinting herself. It would scarcely be possible for her to live in New York with any of the comforts which, he knew, must be dear to her heart. The little feminine trifles

that all girls love were denied her, Haines decided. It was a shame!

After much thought Haines evolved a plan; and the longer he puzzled over the plan the better he liked it.

"I'm not rich to any fabulous extent," he said to himself, "but I've got a little bundle laid away for a breezy afternoon. It would be ridiculous to try to do any good with this in the ordinary way. I can't very well find out the mother's address, and mail her a small remittance now and then, because we would probably have to fight the Civil War all over again. I can't drive Miss Collier into a corner and order her to take a small gift of greenbacks from an admiring young man who feels all broken up about her condition in life. If she needs more money than she is earning—and I feel convinced she does need it—she will be willing to work a little harder, and thus cop out the change in a thoroughly honorable and dignified manner. So I will provide her with an extra job—light, easy work, which she can do in her leisure hours."

Mr. Haines went to work systematically. He rented the smallest office in New York, for which he paid almost the smallest rent that ever pained a landlord. On the door of this diminutive room he caused to be painted the mystic words: "International Manuscript, Drafting, Publishing, and Printing Association."

He then wrote a letter to Miss Muriel Collier, in which it was stated that the association was in need of skilful help, and that if she thought her handwriting sufficiently plain and legible, she might readily earn money by copying various special articles. The association had found difficulty in getting the right sort of workers, and was ready and anxious to pay twenty-five cents a page for all work done in a manner acceptable to the secretary. For special reasons, the copying was not to be done with a typewriter.

Young Haines added this last sentence because he was convinced that Miss Collier had no typewriter, and that his plan might fall through on that account.

The International Association received a reply from Miss Collier within two days. The young lady said that her handwriting was fair, and that she would be willing to try, providing there was no initial expense attached. She had probably heard of similar schemes, whereby ambitious young persons are mulcted of small sums for stationery, pens, inks—it is a very ancient petty fraud.

Haines was delighted. He sent her something to copy that very night. This part of the work gave him some thought. In order to preserve an appearance of sanity, he decided that the association must have on hand a lot of badly copied literature of various kinds, which needed recopying. Being the association, and not having any bad handwritten copies of anything, beyond a few personal letters, it became Mr. Haines's business to provide material.

He began with an oration delivered a couple of centuries ago before the British House of Commons. When he finished writing, he decided, to his satisfaction, that no handwriting in the world could be worse. Miss Collier copied the execrable botch neatly and accurately, and shortly afterward received a check for seven dollars, signed by the International Association.

Later on Haines threw himself into one of the late Daniel Webster's speeches, and mangled it perfectly. For this job the association paid nine solid dollars. In a technical journal the unwearied adorer of Southern pulchritude found a treatise on the terrifying spread of the seventeen-year locust. Then followed a lurid account of the devastations of the bubonic plague in India, a history of shoe-making, how to tell paste diamonds, the growth of eye-diseases in public-school children, the story of a South American revolution, and, finally, a transcript of the Declaration of Independence.

There being no risk attached to it, he carried the last sheaf of scrawled pages to the office with him, to finish up during the day. Even while he wrote, he could hear the busy typewriter of the unsuspecting girl, and he grinned joyously.

"If she only knew!" he laughed.

Before him lay the thick pile of paper, and unconsciously his pencil began to trace out the thoughts in his mind. Without knowing what he was doing, he found himself writing her name over and over, with an occasional "dear" here and there. Then he wondered how another name would look; so he wrote it, and decided that "Mrs. Walter Haines" had a particularly charming outline. Furthermore, he discovered that a combination of "Muriel Collier" and "Walter Haines," side by side, was pleasing to the eye and delightful to the mind.

A realization of what he was doing, and the possibility of being detected, caused him to tear the sheet into small bits. Merrill came along and asked him why he blushed, to which query there was an insulting answer.

Then Haines bundled the Declaration of Independence into a bulky envelope, and mailed it with his usual care.

"That ought to set the association back about fourteen dollars," he said; "and she can copy it in two nights."

Two mornings later, Mr. Haines was sitting behind the largest of his ledgers, and inventing appropriate language about the man who invented trial balances. The entire office was busier than usual, and some one had said that the Old Beast contemplated murder before noon.

Haines looked up, because some one was standing beside him. It was Miss Collier. Never before had she even entered the fenced-in arena of his particular department.

"You are Mr. Haines, are you not?" she said.

Haines decided that her accent was absolutely perfect.

"I am," he replied, pushing the ledger from him.

"Will you kindly tell me how to spell 'relieve'?"

"R-e-l-e-i-v-e," replied Haines unhesitatingly.

"I thought so," she said.

There was a curious smile on her lips. In the Declaration of Independence the word "relieve" occurs seven times.

"Mr. Haines," continued Miss Collier, "I have just discovered something, and it is rather an embarrassing situation in which I find myself. I know now that the International Association, for which I have recently been working at night, is not an association at all. I was puzzled at first, when the let-

ters came, but I needed some money just then, for a number of reasons, and I gladly took up the work. Now, I believe that you are the association, and that it is your money I have taken."

Haines was too much dumfounded to speak.

"And that is not all of my embarrassment," Miss Collier went on. "You would not have done this for me if you had not felt some regard for me, even though we have never met. Why this is so, I don't know, but so it must be. I want to thank you for your kindness toward me, and for your tact in finding a way to help me. Every dollar you paid me for this work will be sent back to you; but please remember I am grateful for the feeling that prompted you. Last night Mr. Hogarth asked me to marry him, and I have accepted his offer. Here is the last work you sent me. Of course, I can do it no longer, and I am leaving the office this afternoon. Thank you, and good-by!"

She laid upon Haines's desk his handwritten copy of the Declaration of Independence. Then she bowed ever so lightly, and walked away.

Haines sat perfectly still, fearing to move. His fingers lay upon the rumpled Declaration. Idly he turned the pages. On the third sheet he noticed, in the greasy black marks left by a carbon sheet, the words "dear Muriel," "Mrs. Walter Haines," and the pleasing combination of "Walter Haines" and "Muriel Collier."

"There must have been a sheet of carbon under that fool paper!" he muttered.

There had been.

## Saved by a Bride

BY CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

MOOSE BAXTER, city editor of the San Francisco *Bugle*, slammed his "future book" shut with vicious emphasis, and scowled at Bud Clarkson, a trim, light-haired youth whose good clothes were always a source of annoyance to his journalistic superiors.

"Around here roarin' for that vacation again, I suppose," said Moose. "Your health is failing now, most likely. Too bad you're being overworked! Now, I'll tell what I'll do with you. You hustle out onto the street and bring me in a good front-

page story, and you can have two weeks' vacation."

Bud blinked his pale-blue eyes behind his spectacles, and ventured a timid protest. Moose answered savagely.

"You're a reporter, ain't you?" he demanded. "You *told* me you was a reporter when you came here. You told me you could go out and dig up news. Now, go on out and get something, or—"

At this point Bud reached for his natty straw hat, and backed slowly out of the royal presence.



Moose was a terror among city editors. Hardened old journalistic veterans, who had taken assignments from every city editor between Park Row and Third and Market Streets, agreed that Moose was the toughest man they had ever faced. He played the game along lines all his own. No man knew what Moose was going to do, for he was governed by no rules. The fact that he did a certain thing on Thursday was no evidence that he would favor the same line of action on Friday. He was loud, irascible, profane, abusive, enthusiastic, and withal a remarkably efficient news man, and a born general. He "delivered the goods" to his managing editor, and in turn looked to his small staff to deliver the goods to him.

Bud gave the elevator man a thin, pale, freckled cigar—the gift of a politician who did not like the owner of the *Bugle*—and walked slowly up Market Street. He was unhappy. A certain auburn-haired young lady had been writing him long letters, bidding him remember that he had promised to take his vacation while she was at the beach; and Bud was very deeply interested in that auburn-haired young lady. A promise is a promise—trust a red-headed lady to remind you of that!

Now, if he had been Petie Bateman, for instance, Bud would have taken a short walk and turned up in an hour with a touching "human interest" story calculated to make young women weep into their morning coffee. Petie could fake the most harrowing tales and hand them in to Moose with real tears in his eyes; but Petie was a genius with an imagination, and Bud was a working man with a conscience. He needed the foundation of fact before he could begin to write.

Feeling that he needed food to cheer his heart and make it strong for the task set before him, Bud drifted into the Oyster Loaf, blew a kiss to the fat lady behind the desk, and sat down at a small table in the corner. At the same time, fate sent Charlie Hudson in from the bar, wiping his mouth with the heel of his hand. Charlie worked for the railroad. Bud never knew what he did, but it had something to do with the passenger department, and Hudson knew all the men in town worth being seen with in public places.

"Charlie," said Bud, "I'm in an awful hole. That cuss of a Baxter has sent me out to dig up a story, and he says it's got to be a good one. Do you know anything in the line of real news—any scandal in high life,

any defaulting cashiers skipping out, any nice quiet little home murder somewhere? Or shall I have to murder you and write that up?"

Charlie knitted his brows, which gave him the appearance of deep thought and cost him no trouble. Charlie was always of an easy, obliging nature.

"By George," said he suddenly, "I've got something that happened last week—but you can say it just leaked out. The papers never knew anything about it."

"Bully!" said Bud tersely. "Come in with it!"

"It's a sort of a romance, in a way," said Charlie, "and I guess you can fix it up so as to throw a few thrills into it."

"Thrills are what I'm after," said Bud. "You just give me a shred of fact, and I'll hang the thrills on it."

"All right," said Charlie. "Last Monday I had to make a flying trip to Lake Tahoe, arranging for an excursion up there, and I took that fast overland which leaves here in the morning. It's the swellest train in the West—solid vestibule, electric lights, hot and cold water, library, valet, stenographer, barber—"

"Cut out the advertising stuff," interjected Bud. "I've read all the circulars. The point is, what happened on this plush-lined trip of yours?"

"I was going through the train," continued the narrator, "when what do I run into but Percy Perry. You know Perry; he's got some kind of a cinch job with the company; he never does a tap of work and gets paid a lot of money for it. He was looking a lot of goo-goo language into the eyes of the prettiest girl you ever saw. Oh, man, but she was a dream! I saw them afterward in the diner, and Perry called me over and introduced me to his bride. Say, I nearly fell dead; hanged if I can see what a girl like that ever found in Perry to fall in love with! And that's the girl this story is about. Along late that afternoon, after we left Colfax and began to root into the real Sierras, Perry got an idea that it would be a fine thing to take his bride up on the engine, and let her see how they built the road through the mountains. You know how that single track is cut right out of the wall of a cañon, in places where it's a couple of thousand feet down, and a straight drop. It's a great sight from an engine, I guess."

"Well, they went up on the engine all right enough—I saw that part of it—and the rest of it I got from Perry himself after—



ward. It seems that the engineer—old Joe Fowler, who's been pulling passenger-trains on this line ever since the year one—got to gassing with Perry, and forgot to watch the track ahead. The bride was up on the engineer's bench, looking out; and all at once she let out a terrific scream and fell off the seat in a dead faint. Fowler stuck his head out, and there, about two hundred yards away, was an immense big boulder right on the track. Probably been jarred down there by a freight-train. Fowler reversed her or something, jammed on all the air he had, and brought that old compound engine right up on her hind legs. The heavy grade was all that saved the train, and Fowler stopped her about a car-length from the boulder. If it hadn't been for the girl, the whole train might have gone down a couple of thousand feet. How's that for a story? Can you see it at all?"

"Can I see it?" exclaimed Bud. "I can feel it! I can taste it!"

"Of course," said Charlie regretfully, "it would have been a whole lot more of a newspaper yarn if there had been a wreck and a lot of people mashed up, but the bride saved 'em."

"Oh, bully!" said Bud. "'Saved by a Bride!' I guess that head-line won't loom up on a front page, hey? 'Saved by a Bride!' Great! I'll bet this story will hit the old Moose right between the horns! Tell me, what are Perry's initials—Percival T.? And about where was this rock—between what stations? Of course, you don't happen to know the bride's name before she married Perry? Well, that's immaterial anyway. Blonde or brunette? And say, you won't care if I mention your name? Certainly not! I wouldn't quote you for the world. Just want to say you were on the train, that's all. Don't worry! Leave it to me, boy. I'll fix this job up fine!"

He did fix the job up fine, beyond all question. Leading off with a smashing first paragraph to the effect that two hundred passengers on the Argonaut Limited were saved from a horrible death by the agonized scream of a beautiful bride, Bud divested himself of his collar and tie, and waded bodily into his narrative.

After mentioning Percival T. Perry as the "happy bridegroom," Bud went on to waste a whole stickful of type on a description of the bride's wonderful beauty. It was not until he came to the scene on the engine that he settled down to real descriptive writing. He gilded the purple peaks of

the Sierras with the last rays of the setting sun; he touched lightly upon the heedless passengers in the Pullmans behind; he painted a pen picture of the heavy train thundering up through the rocky gorges and crawling along the beetling brows of the everlasting mountains. He breathed hard when he wrote of the piercing scream of the bride, "as she slipped, limp and unconscious, in all her wedding finery, to the greasy floor of the cab."

As Bud wrote, he saw Joe Fowler's hand leap toward the throttle; he felt the sudden convulsive shiver of the great piece of machinery as the power was shut off; he heard the screech of the air-brakes, and rocked to the jar of the brake-shoes against the heavy wheels. After this masterpiece of action, what more natural than that Joe Fowler, a "grizzled hero of twenty years at the throttle," should take the cold hand of the still trembling bride, conveying it to his lips with the simple words:

"We owe our lives to you!"

Bud lingered happily over that touch of realism, secure in the thought that if Fowler hadn't kissed the lady's hand, he should have done so. Then he wrote the head—"Saved by a Bride"—and turned the story over to Moose Baxter.

Moose's eyebrows went up when he saw the head-line, and he ran rapidly through the pile of sheets. When he had finished, he opened a drawer in his desk, took out a pad of printed blanks, and paused with pencil poised.

"You're sure of these facts, eh?"

"Absolutely," said Bud. "I got the story from a railroad man on the train—friend of mine."

Moose scrawled an order on the cashier for the amount of money due Bud Clarkson, to which he added a week's salary.

"You win!" said he.

"Then it's a good story?" asked Bud.

"I've seen a lot worse," said Moose cautiously. "Run along now!"

We are not interested in Bud Clarkson's vacation. Two weeks later he walked into the office, and marched over to Baxter's desk. Moose grinned as he saw him coming, and, putting his hand to his breast, produced a long cigar.

"Smoke?" said the city editor.

There was in his manner something which Bud had never detected before. Moose was treating him as he might have treated Petie Bateman. Bud, thus encouraged, sat down on the edge of the desk.

"Did that—ah—railroad yarn of mine attract any attention?" he inquired, as he bit the end from the cigar.

"Attention!" said Moose. "See here, haven't you been reading the papers?"

"Haven't seen one since I've been away," said Bud. "I had other things to do. Was there a follow story on it?"

"About eight of 'em," said Moose. "Why, that 'Saved by a Bride' thing fairly tore this town in two. Talk about your boomerangs!"

"Why, that story couldn't hurt anybody!" said Bud.

"You think not?" said Moose. "Wait till I give you the list of killed and injured. First comes the engineer, Fowler, the 'grizzled old veteran,' and so forth. He got laid off for six months for letting people ride on the engine and getting caught at it. He's been in here every day since, looking for you. Then there was your friend Hudson. They found out he leaked to you, and they trans-

ferred him to the Salt Lake office, where he doesn't know any newspaper men."

The cigar dropped out of Bud's fingers, and rolled along the floor. Charlie Hudson had been one of his best friends.

"Oh, that ain't near all of it!" said Moose cheerily. "Perry lost his job with the railroad company on account of the story. They kicked him out bodily the next morning, and—"

"Gee whiz!" said Bud. "I'll bet the bride will never forgive me!"

"Well, I wouldn't give myself any uneasiness about the *bride*," said Moose reassuringly; "but if you really want to do any squaring, you might go and see Perry's wife. I understand she's taken the four children and gone back to Illinois. That story bumped everybody connected with it but you, and it's raised your salary ten bucks a week. Stick around a while until I see what's here for to-day, and I'll pick you out a good story!"

## The Only Specimen

BY HOWARD P. ROCKEY

"I PICKED up a treasure in Vecchio's shop to-day," said Dr. Martin, as we sat over our cigars. "I don't know whether you men care anything about old coins or not, but this one is interesting merely because of its age."

He drew from his waistcoat-pocket a little packet of tissue-paper and unwrapped a small disk of tarnished silver.

"It's one of the earliest French coins known," he said, passing it to Harland, who sat on his left. "It was issued during the reign of Charlemagne—about 780, I think—and I believe it to be a unique specimen. There isn't another in any public collection, and I'm congratulating myself on finding a coin that is worth a small fortune."

Harland examined it curiously and passed it to me.

"What do you suppose it's worth?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Dr. Martin. "Several hundred dollars, anyway. Of course, there are many older coins, but this particular coinage was thought to have disappeared from the face of the earth. Vecchio hadn't any idea of its real value, and didn't even know where he got it. He said it had been with a

lot of other old copper and silver money he bought some time ago. I searched through the whole lot, but there was nothing else of any value there."

I looked at it wonderingly. It was badly made, and the head of the Frankish king was hardly a flattering likeness of any human being; but it was interesting to hold in one's palm an authentic relic of the earliest era of medieval civilization. I passed it to Carrick.

"How do you suppose these old coins last so long?" said Barton. "I can't keep a present-day American dollar for five minutes."

Dr. Martin smiled, and turned to discuss some professional question with young Sampson, who had just hung out his shingle as an M.D.

We chatted on pleasantly for nearly an hour, and finally Martin arose to go, declining my offer of another cigar, and saying that he had an urgent call to make before going to bed.

"Who has my coin?" he asked. "I did not get it back?"

There was a little scuffle as we all looked about for it.

"I gave it to Carrick," I said.

"And I to Barton," said Carrick.

Every one hastened to disclaim possession of the coin. All had seen it, and had given it in turn to his neighbor; but there was no sign of it anywhere. Next to Martin, on his right, sat Billington, whom I had brought home with me from the office. He was a stranger to all the others, and only a casual acquaintance with me.

"Please look and see if somebody has not inadvertently slipped it into his pocket," Martin asked. "I should not like to lose that coin."

We all searched, but without avail. The coin was not to be found. Martin was nervous and upset.

"I would not lose that coin for a great deal," he said. "I don't care so much about its money value, but I want it for my collection."

"My dear fellow," I said, "it must be here. It couldn't have rolled far away."

"If any one is keeping it for a joke, please don't annoy me any longer," said Martin, really exercised. "I am in a hurry."

Every one immediately disclaimed such an idea, and all professed ignorance of the coin's whereabouts, some rather testily. I saw that Martin was seriously annoyed, however, so I said:

"In order that there may be no misunderstanding about this, I think we should all permit ourselves to be searched. Of course, none of us would deliberately keep Dr. Martin's coin; but in fairness to ourselves, I think we should satisfy him of the fact."

"Certainly," said Sampson. "It's a most unpleasant situation, and while I don't believe that Martin would suspect us of anything of the sort, I, for one, should like to prove that I haven't his coin."

Every one assented but Billington. I turned in surprise, to see him sitting white and nervous in his chair.

"Surely," I said, "you have no objection to our searching you, if you haven't Martin's coin—"

I paused abruptly. I had not meant to put it in that way, but the words slipped out before I had thought of their sound.

"I do object," he said slowly. "I did not keep Dr. Martin's coin, but I will not permit myself to be searched."

Martin turned on him.

"You seemed very much interested in it," he said. "To whom did you give it?"

"I—I really don't remember giving it to any one," said Billington. "In fact, I don't

think I did give it to any one. You were talking when I finished looking at it, and I laid it on the table in front of me—right there."

"I don't believe it!" snapped Martin, losing his temper completely.

Billington turned ashen.

"Dr. Martin," he said, "do you accuse me of stealing your coin?"

Before any one could speak I stepped between them.

"Please," I said, "let us have no more words like this. I am sure there has been some unfortunate mistake. If you must go now, Martin, can you not trust me to sift this matter to the bottom? Mr. Billington is my guest here, as are all of you. I am sure he would not deliberately take your coin. I am surprised at his attitude, but I feel that he must have some good reason for it. The coin must and shall be found, and as its loss occurred in my house I shall stand responsible for it."

"You can't do that," said Martin. "I told you there was no other in existence."

"Then it wouldn't be much use to take it, for either it would have to remain hidden, or it would disclose the identity of the—the man who had it," I said.

"That is true," said Martin. "Good night!"

He left us abruptly. The others, making various excuses, followed. When they had all gone save Billington I turned to him questioningly.

"Well?" I said, inviting some explanation.

"I wish I knew you better," he said earnestly. "Then I should know better how to begin."

"There is only one way to begin," I said. "Have you or have you not the coin? If you have not, prove it to me."

"I cannot prove it to you," he said. "That coin is either in this room or in the pocket of one of the men who left."

"Do you mean to accuse my friends—" I began hotly.

"Remember that they have accused me," said Billington.

"Do you blame them?" I asked.

"No, I don't," he said quickly. "Only, among gentlemen, a man's word should be sufficient. I accept theirs; they refuse to accept mine."

"But they were willing to be searched," said I. "You refused."

"I could not do otherwise," he said.

I looked at him searchingly, puzzled. As

I watched him, I saw him start. A look of intense relief—of genuine joy—spread over his features, and he walked quickly to the fireplace. Arrived there, he stooped and picked up, from a tiny crevice in the hearth, a silver coin.

In triumph he turned and held it out to me. I took it in my hand and examined it closely. It was Martin's coin.

"Then why on earth have you allowed this

suspicion to fall upon you?" I asked. "Why would you not consent to a search, when you knew you were innocent?"

He drew a small silver object from his pocket and passed it to me.

"Because," he said, "I had in my possession what is probably the only other of these coins now in existence. I have never seen one like it until Dr. Martin showed us his to-night."

## Cupid & Co.

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

WHEN Springton sauntered out of the breakfast-room, with his morning cigar in his mouth, there was a man waiting for him in the hall.

Although he was late, Springton was in good humor. On the evening before he had made the somewhat intimate acquaintance of one of earth's fairest—a lovely girl whom he had met only a few weeks before, and on whom he had called for the first time, in response to an invitation. A rather unusual thing, this; for to this well-known and well-to-do bachelor love had hitherto been unattractive. He was too much absorbed in his business affairs.

The man bowed.

"I beg pardon, sir, but I represent the Globe Tourist Agency. Should be glad to go over with you some of our most popular honeymoon routes."

"Honeymoon routes?"

"Yes, sir. Even if you don't buy your tickets through us, it will be all right. It's a matter of business with us to furnish information. Now, I have one or two specialties—out-of-the-way jaunts never before put on the market, and—"

Springton gazed at him in astonishment.

"What made you think," he asked, "that I was interested in honeymoons?"

The man smiled.

"It's our business to know," he said significantly. "Quite an easy matter, I assure you. We have our lists of eligibles, and know pretty well what they are doing. Hope I haven't intruded. Here's my card. You can reach me over the telephone at any time. Pray don't make any arrangement without consulting me. I assure you I can make it worth your while. Thank you, sir. Good morning."

Springton marveled, as he made his way down to his office. It was, however, rather flattering.

He entered his office at eleven o'clock. His chief clerk, with unusually solemn face, approached him.

"There's quite a mob outside to see you, sir."

"What do they want?"

"Personal business, they say."

"Well, show the first one in. May as well get them off my mind."

In a moment a dapper young man entered the office.

"Mr. Springton? Ah, good morning, sir! Are you interested in building-lots in the suburbs? During the first year of married life, you know, you will want to be quiet. Now, here's a choice bit of land—a wonder. Why, sir, in a year it will treble in value. Three minutes from station. Or, if you want to remain in town, I have some really choice locations. Here's my card. Any time—"

He was ushered out, and the next man was shown in. He was a trifle coarser in structure.

"I came to solicit your market-bill, sir. We take the place of the housekeeper, you know. Relieve young wife of all responsibility. Guarantee choice cuts all year around. Don't have to call and select anything. We do it all. Takes away natural embarrassment young wife feels during the first year. Will furnish bond, if necessary. Bills weekly. Pay when you please. Won't you give us a trial order?"

Springton promised to put his name on file, and the third man was ushered in.

"I want to call your attention to our banking facilities," he said. "I represent the Sixteenth National. We make a specialty of



young married ladies. It's the only way to do, you know, to let them have a separate account. We keep you posted just how the account stands. You'll find us indispensable. Just put me down on your list. I can call and give you details at any time."

He was succeeded by an interior decoration man.

"We make a specialty of young married couples," he began. "Now, I have a hundred different layouts, all calculated to give the right atmosphere. You know, sir, we have made a study of young married couples. I got married myself a couple of years ago, just to get the details of our business down fine. It's a fact that during the first year there is always a process of readjustment going on. Your surroundings are everything. They have a subtle and powerful influence. Why, sir, we can guarantee that, with our number forty-seven, your wife won't have a particle of homesickness."

Springton was mechanically opening his mail, in which he had already found the cards of three ministers. He thanked the man, and dismissed him. Then he rang his bell for his clerk.

"Jasper," he said, "how many of these men still remain?"

"About ten or twelve, sir."

"Well, show them all in."

"The whole lot, sir?"

"Yes—all!"

The door opened, and eleven spruce men solemnly marched forward in single file. Each man, true to his instincts, had his hand in his breast-pocket, prepared to snatch out a card and leave it on the table in case anything happened.

"Gentlemen," said Springton, "I thank you, one and all, for your attentions, but there is one thing that I don't understand. How in the world did you know that—"

A quiet, refined man, who had evidently been chosen the spokesman, now stepped forward.

"Quite simply, sir," he said. "We belong to the Young Married Man's Trade Combination. We employ a detective bureau and a medical staff, to say nothing of a trained psychologist. Last night, at midnight, all the members of our organization were notified that you had spent three hours with a young lady who was your physical opposite, and therefore likely to inspire your love. All the circumstances of your meeting her were known; and the probabilities having been calculated by our statistical department, the chances of your being a good business cus-

tomers were calculated to be about seventy-five out of a possible hundred. Word was sent around, and here we are. I may say that I represent the most scientific servants' agency ever incorporated. We guarantee every cook sent out, and—"

Springton waved them all off.

"Leave your cards, gentlemen," he said. "Leave your cards, and I will communicate with you later."

A distressing thought had struck him. In thirty minutes more he was ringing the bell of the mansion which he had visited the evening before. He noticed several men waiting in the hall, and on the table was piled the morning's mail, together with a goodly lot of samples.

After some difficulty he was passed through the line, and shown up-stairs. He awaited in trepidation. At last she came. She was pale and nervous.

"Did you think this was my fault?" he asked hastily.

"I didn't know," she replied. "It seemed so strange. You didn't do it, did you?" she asked anxiously.

"I assure you, on my word of honor as a gentleman, that I knew no more about it than you. The moment that I found out what it meant—that it was only a matter of business—I assumed that you would also be importuned in the same way, and I hurried to protect you, if necessary, and also to declare my innocence."

"Won't your visit make matters worse?" she asked.

"Yes, I suppose so. The truth is, that this morning the question of marriage had never entered my head; but now that my attention has been called to the subject, and the entire business world apparently seems to think a wedding is going to take place, and is spending capital in soliciting our trade, why wouldn't it be better to get the matter settled at once?"

She looked at him with a tired, sweet smile. She was too worn to resist him.

"I am ready," she whispered, as she dropped into his arms.

At this moment there was a knock at the door. The happy couple stood apart as the maid entered.

"Well, Marie?"

"I thought you might like to know, miss, that three new men have just asked to see you on important business."

"And who are they?"

"A diamond-merchant, a bishop, and a Parisian baby-carriage-maker."



# EDISON'S ADVICE TO INVENTORS

A FRANK TALK IN WHICH THE FAMOUS WIZARD OFFERS SOME INTERESTING SUGGESTIONS DRAWN FROM HIS OWN EXPERIENCES

REPORTED BY ALLAN L. BENSON

**W**HAT must an inventor do to be saved—from failure?

The question grows as one thinks of it. Every American is at least potentially an inventor. The United States government issues half as many patents as do all the other nations put together. Devices with which the productivity of labor can be multiplied are in tremendous demand. A competent inventor can have his breast covered with decorations and his bank-book filled with big figures.

So the question with which this article begins was put to Thomas A. Edison, a rising young wizard of West Orange, New Jersey. This description of Mr. Edison is no pleasantries. Mr. Edison comes from a family that stays and stays and stays. His great grandfather lived to be one hundred and four. His grandfather was one hundred and three. His father must have had a poor constitution—at any rate, he died at the age of eighty-six. So Edison, in his sixty-fourth year, feels that he is just well started.

Dr. Osler, a few years ago, set him to thinking, but he has lived down his fears. The shrinkage in his brain-product didn't come. He was afraid it would, but it didn't. He says he never generated good ideas more rapidly than he does to-day.

That's why Edison, the youthful, the exuberant, the optimistic, may truthfully be described as a rising inventor.

"WORK TWENTY HOURS A DAY"

"The best advice I can give to a man who wants to be a successful inventor," declared the man who made electricity the world's slave, "is to work twenty hours a day. That is what I did for thirty years, and I cannot see that it hurt me. There is really no other way to produce results. Good inventions do

not come easily. The hardest way to do a thing is almost invariably the best way.

"This fact was first called to my attention years ago by a big steel man. If he was trying to do something that seemed to require a piece of hard steel he at once chose a soft piece. My experience has shown me that he was right. The best wheat and the best cotton require the most labor to produce. It is so with everything. Whenever I bring about a certain result too easily, I abandon it at once and look for a hard way.

"That is why I am suspicious of the type of flying-machine that is now in use. Flying-machines have developed too rapidly—too easily. I believe the flying-machine is destined to revolutionize our methods of communication and transportation. I believe that within ten years it will be carrying mails and a few passengers—but not in its present form. Now it is a machine for sport. Flight is seventy-five per cent a matter of machine and twenty-five per cent a matter of man. The man ought not to figure so much. The machine should be so efficient, so easily controlled, that any man of ordinary intelligence could quickly learn to operate it.

"I believe the present machines are built on the wrong principle. They can't lift themselves. It is necessary to propel them along the ground until the resistance of the air against their planes causes them to rise. I believe a flying-machine can be built, and will be built within ten years, that will lift itself and go off to its destination in all kinds of weather at the rate of a hundred miles an hour. It doesn't take long to perfect an invention after it is once started. Look how quickly the perfected automobile came. The Wright Brothers have made a fine start, and are entitled to all credit for having made it, but the finish is yet to come. Perhaps they

will perfect their own invention. It doesn't matter whether they do or not. If they don't, others will."

"ANYTHING MAY BE DONE"

It's delightful to talk with Edison. When a question is asked him, his animated face relaxes almost into perfect placidity as, with inclined head and hand to ear, he strains his failing sense of hearing to catch the words. Then comes an instantaneous change. His face either lights up and breaks into a smile, or darkens into a frown.

If he wishes to express his contempt for the little the world knows as compared with the much there is to know, he draws down the corners of his mouth and scowls. But when he is speaking of what we shall yet learn—then he drives along under full steam. Vigor and confidence stick out from his words like iron-filings bristling around a magnet. At such times, his whole mental attitude may be summed up in a statement that he often repeats:

"Anything within reason may be done, and will be done some day."

I asked him if it was thinkable that power should be wirelessly transmitted from the earth to a flying-machine in mid air, or to a ship at sea. Of course such an idea was thinkable, he replied. He did not know how thus to transmit power, but he could conceive of its being done. There was nothing at all unreasonable about it. He could even conceive of power being drawn directly from the sun. Sun-motors were already in existence. They were not commercial successes, but they constituted proof of the possibility of hooking the sun to machinery by a short chain.

Fine! Here, indeed, Edison has given inventors a nut to crack that would be well worth the cracking. To enslave the sun! To snatch the incalculable power that comes through the ether and tuck it right up tight behind the busy fingers of the machine! Coal-fields—what would they be worth? Nothing. Water-power? Obsolete. Peary? What was it to discover the north pole as compared with devising a method of tapping the great power-till of the sun?

But what qualities besides the ability to work twenty hours a day must the successful inventor possess? The question was put to Edison.

"Oh," he replied, "he must have more up here"—tapping his forehead—"than any of us have yet; but that will take care of itself. The age of invention has barely dawned, and

the world will develop infinitely better inventors than those of to-day.

"Such a man, in addition to a superior mind, would require a large endowment of the quality of persistence. Any good inventor must be persistent. He must not be discouraged if the best authorities in the world say it is impossible to do what he is trying to do. And when he encounters what appears to be an insurmountable stone wall, he must not give up. He must only lay this particular work aside for a month or two, and do something else. That will rest his mind. Then he must go back to his old problem and work at it harder than ever. He must not stop. He must go on. And he must continue to go on, even if it be for years. An inventor, once convinced that his idea is reasonable, can stop at no place short of success.

EDISON AND THE DYNAMO

"I was in just that kind of a tight corner when I was working on the dynamo. Dynamos existed before my time, but they were merely laboratory toys. Only half of the energy that was put into them could be taken out. That made them commercial failures. And, by what was known as Ohm's law, it was declared to be impossible to improve them. Half of the power applied to them must always be lost.

"In common with the rest of the world, I accepted this law until I wanted to break it. That was when I began to work on the trolley. The trolley was invented by Siemens, of Berlin, but he did not make it a commercial success. I started in on the third-rail plan, which has since been adopted by the New York Central, and worked it out. But the first obstacle I encountered was Ohm's law. I couldn't make an electric car a commercial success if half of the power put into a dynamo had to be wasted; yet everybody said that Ohm's law was final—a decree from which there could be no appeal.

"I didn't think so. I didn't want to think so. I wanted a dynamo that could give as well as take, and I set about making one.

"The first one I made was a failure. Fifty per cent of the power I put into it was as much as I could get out. The second, the third, and the fourth were no better. Behold Ohm's law at work! Even my own assistants advised me to give up. Ohm had settled the matter long ago.

"But I wouldn't give up; and, after a while, I made a dynamo that gave back sixty per cent of the power that was put into it. Then I said to my men:

"Your law is gone. I have proved that it is not a law, but an error. Now I am going about it to make a dynamo that will do business!"

"I succeeded. I kept trying, each time increasing the efficiency of the machine until I got it up to the point where it returned ninety-six per cent of the power that was put into it. Then I stopped. I had made the dynamo a commercial success, and that was all I was trying to do."

If Ohm had been let alone, electricity would still be doing little except striking barns. Every eight-car express which, at forty miles an hour, thunders through the New York Subway, is really propelled by the bulldog section of Edison's brain. He didn't quit. Ohm did.

#### EDISON, BELL, AND THE TELEPHONE

So it is good, sometimes, to be a bulldog. Likewise it is profitable occasionally to partake of the qualities of a dachshund. The dachshund is a playful beast, who likes the sunny side of the street, but weeps at the sound of music—why, we know not. A successful inventor must bring in the money, and Edison, on a certain occasion, closed a particular till to himself for fifteen years because he accepted as his guide the solemn spirit of the bulldog instead of the playful mien of the dachshund.

Edison, Bell, and Gray had been working on a new kind of telegraph. They were trying to do away with the clicker at each end of the wire by substituting tuning-forks, which would sing sounds that meant letters. They were experimenting with diaphragms stretched over small box-frames. Edison noticed that the sound-waves produced by his vocal chords greatly agitated the diaphragm. Possessing for a moment the dachshund spirit, he rigged up little paper figures of men and women. The diaphragm made them dance.

Quite accidentally, Bell discovered that he could hear his assistant's voice over the wire. That ended the experiments with the new telegraph; and, with the telephone discovered by Bell, it looked, for a time, as if the dancing paper dolls would constitute about the only pleasure that Edison would derive from the experience, though he afterward made the telephone a commercial success by inventing the first transmitter.

However, the dancing of the paper dolls made Edison think. The power of the voice to agitate the air had been visualized. What could he do with this power?

"I always play my blue chips first," said Edison. "I think of the biggest thing that could be done in the circumstances, and try to do it. Many men take fifty years to get where they should have started the first day."

#### EDISON AND THE PHONOGRAPH

And so he tried to make a machine that would talk, utilizing, of course, the principles that have since become well known in his phonograph. Always of a practical turn of mind, he believed that a machine that could repeat what was said to it would supplant stenographers.

"In those days," said Edison, "my assistants were working by the piece, and it was my custom, when I sketched out a design for a model, to mark on the sketch the price I was willing to pay for making the model. So I sketched out my idea of a talking-machine, marked 'fifteen dollars' on it, and gave it to a man.

"What's this for?" he asked.

"Oh, that's a machine to talk," I replied.

"Word that I was working on a talking-machine went quickly around among the hundred employees in the laboratory, and soon the place was buzzing with it. The following day, the man brought me the finished model, and pretty nearly everybody in the laboratory came with him to deliver it. It's wonderful how working men become interested in inventions. When I finished the electric light, I discharged fifteen laborers—had no further use for them—but they wouldn't quit; stayed right along, just the same.

"So, when they all gathered around me, I said to the man who made the model:

"Bill, get me a little tin-foil now, and we'll make this thing talk."

"I wrapped the foil around the cylinder, placed the needle of the diaphragm against it, and shouted into the funnel what were to be the first words ever spoken by a machine:

"Mary had a little lamb;  
Its fleece was white as snow,  
And everywhere that Mary went  
The lamb was sure to go.

"This done, I set the needle back where it started, turned the cylinder with a crank, and the machine repeated what I had said so plainly that everybody could hear it. I never saw such an amazed crowd of men.

#### THE PHONOGRAPH ON EXHIBITION

"The next day, I took the machine over to the office of the *Scientific American* in New York. I intended to give an exhibition that

would last about fifteen minutes. As a matter of fact, I was there two days. I couldn't get away. Crowds came until it was necessary to call the police to keep the weight on the floors from becoming so great that they would break down.

"Of course, I wanted to have the phonograph patented, so I went along with it to Washington. News of the invention had preceded me, and I was besieged. Mr. Blaine asked me to go in the evening to the home of his niece, and show the machine to her family and a number of guests. I went. I shouted into the funnel:

"There was a little girl  
And she had a little curl  
That hung right down the middle of her forehead;  
When she was good  
She was very, very good,  
But when she was bad she was horrid!

"Roscoe Conkling was there; there with his own curl; there with his colossal vanity, his pride, and his supersensitiveness. And, believing that I had sought to ridicule and humiliate him by my little nursery rime, he was tremendously insulted. He left the room instantly, put on his hat and coat, and went away. The funny part of it was that, in repeating the verse, I had never thought of Conkling and his curl.

"While I was at the home of Blaine's niece, I received word that President Hayes wanted me to come at once to the White House. He also had guests whom he wanted entertained with the phonograph. When I reached the home of the President, I found Carl Schurz playing on the piano. Schurz was a fine piano-player; also a pretty good Secretary of the Interior; but as soon as I came, he left the piano and joined the others who gathered around me. Everybody wanted to hear the wonderful machine that talked.

"Again I ground out 'Mary Had a Little Lamb' and the curl verse that almost killed Conkling. Once wasn't enough, nor twice, nor a dozen times. Some of them couldn't believe it was the machine that talked. I let them make records themselves and hear their own voices. That convinced them; but they couldn't understand it. There still seemed to be something uncanny about it.

"At midnight, President Hayes asked me to go up-stairs to the family living-rooms and give a private exhibition for Mrs. Hayes and a few of her most intimate friends. The performance that was given down-stairs was duplicated—including the amazement of those who listened. Again and again I was compelled to make the machine talk. It was after

two o'clock in the morning when I finally left the White House."

#### FIFTEEN YEARS OF WAITING

At this point the reader will no doubt pardon Mr. Edison for having entertained visions of battalions of stenographers—all going—and battalions of phonographs—all coming. It seemed as if almost every business office in the country would soon be paying tribute to the eyes that saw the dancing dolls and the mind that appreciated their significance. However, it was the bulldog section of Mr. Edison's brain—the sober part—that was doing this kind of thinking. The dachshund, bearing the real gold, was still somewhat below the horizon.

"I tried the best I could," said Edison, "to make phonographs supplant stenographers, but I couldn't do it. The stenographers themselves beat me. They would get the machine out of order and declare that it wouldn't work. Business men believed them, and for more than fifteen years the phonograph lay practically dormant.

"Ten or twelve years ago, we made a record of a song. I don't know how we came to do it—I have forgotten. But the song was reproduced so well that I got an idea. I said to myself:

"If I can't make people use the phonograph in their business, I will see if I cannot make them use it for their pleasure."

"So I hired a few singers, and made some song records. I was not long left in suspense. The songs caught on at once. The phonograph, after fifteen long years of waiting, had arrived. Now phonographs are sold by the thousand all over the world. The patents have expired, and anybody can make them. Of course, every manufacturer has a few patented features of his own, but the principle of the machine is the world's property. And now that the phonograph has made good in a field for which it was not intended, it is working its way into the field for which it was originally designed. Thousands of business men are dictating their letters to talking-machines."

Thus it appears that the bulldog and the dachshund, when properly harnessed, make a great team.

Yet all of the aforementioned attributes are not enough, in themselves, according to Edison, to make a successful inventor. A high-class wizard must have a memory like an Indian, and he must be particularly careful to store it with negatives.

"The things that I know will not work



are of more value to me," said Edison, "than the things that I know will work. When I want to produce a certain result, I am not compelled to waste years in experimenting with materials that cannot help me. I recall, at once, all the things that I know, from former tests, to be unable to do the thing I want done, and therefore I try something else. I have always had a wonderful memory. See that picture on the wall? It's a picture of my cement-works. In it are four thousand journals—shafts upon which wheels turn. I can draw, from memory, the plan of every one of them, and draw it correctly.

#### EDISON AND THE ELECTRIC LIGHT

"The fact that I know so many things that will not work never helped me more than it did when I was inventing the incandescent electric light. I wanted to turn a current of electricity upon some substance of great resisting power that would not burn. I ran over in my mind the many things that might be used, and determined to try carbon. The carbon must be shaped like thread, so I made up my mind to use thread. I took a piece of Clark's cotton—'O. N. T.,' as it used to be called—looped it around in a bulb as it ought to be, burned it to an ash without breaking it, exhausted the air, and turned on the current. Instantly there was light—three or four candle-power.

"The minute that light shone, I had proved the feasibility of what I was trying to do—divide the big arc-light into a greater number of small lights. Brush, of Cleveland, had invented the arc-light, but everybody said a small electric light could not be made.

"The next question was how long my small light would burn. My assistants and myself sat down by the glowing bulb, determined not to leave it until it should glow no more. We sat there all night. Still it was burning. We sat there all day. The light shone on. During the next night we made a pool on how long it would last. It did not go out until the following morning.

"Then I knew that while carbon was the proper material to use as a film, thread was not the best substance of which to make the carbon. I wanted to make a commercially successful electric light. A lamp that would burn only forty hours could never displace gas.

"It struck me that I could make a better carbon by burning the sort of bamboo that is used for fish-poles. I sent for a pole and tried it. The experiment was even a greater success than I had dared to expect. The lamp

burned for more than a week. I sent telegraphic orders to buy all the bamboo fish-poles on the market. Within a week I had four thousand dollars' worth of poles piled up in various cities throughout the country.

"But I didn't stop at that. I at once sent men to scour the world for the best kind of bamboo. I sent one man to Ceylon, another to China, another to Japan, two to South America, and one to the West Indies. Each of those men had exact information with regard to the kind of bamboo I wanted, and each carried a microscope with which to examine such samples as might be placed before him.

"The man I sent to Japan found the material that was most nearly suited to my needs. He ran across a Japanese who had something like a hundred and fifty acres set out to bamboo. This Japanese was a very intelligent man, and the next year he undertook, by cross-breeding, still further to improve the quality of his poles. Within four years he produced bamboo that was perfect."

Those Japanese are a wonderful people, and the fruits of skill are great—but wait!

"That Japanese must be a very rich man now, isn't he, after having had your trade all these years?" I asked.

As Mr. Edison does not hear well, it was necessary to repeat the question. When he did hear it, he laughed.

"Not that I know of," he replied. "We didn't buy from him very long. I invented a cheaper way of producing carbon, and bamboo fish-poles are again used chiefly for fishing purposes."

The discovery of a satisfactory material for films did not, however, complete the invention of the electric-light. The light was in existence, but no way had yet been devised to use it. There was no such thing as a meter to measure the current, and none of the equipment that is to-day a matter of course. All this Edison had to devise and introduce.

#### EDISON'S HARDEST BATTLE

"The invention of the light," he said, "was really the smallest part of the task. Altogether it took me two years to put the light on the market. We worked night and day. Everybody worked. My laboratory was then at Menlo Park, and all of us slept in it. There were a hundred of us, many of whom were common laborers. Every one was called after he had slept four hours. Every one worked a twenty-hour day. Even the common laborers did. Complain? Not much!



They were as much interested in the light as I was. We were a jolly crowd. I had an organ brought to the laboratory, and we listened to music as we worked. Oh, those were great days!

"Yet, for some reasons, I wouldn't want to live them over. Never, before or since, was I compelled to put up such a fight. The gas companies, all over the country, were determined that I should not succeed. They had a tremendous investment that they believed would be ruined unless I failed. Even now, I should not like to tell of some of the things they did.

"One of their hired liars overstepped himself a little, and was really responsible for the increased efficiency of my light. He ridiculed me in a particularly offensive way, and pooh-poohed the idea that a small incandescent lamp could ever be more than a toy. I read what he said at a time when I thought I had made the light as good as I could. What he said made me so angry that I tackled the job again. I said I would make that light so good that none could dispute its merits. I did, too. I improved the light after I thought I had finished it. That fellow, by prodding me on, performed a real service for mankind."

Brush's experience with the arc-light also shows that a wizard who is wise will try to capitalize his own mistakes. Brush wasn't much of a mechanic, and the machine that he turned out to make his electric light was what a proud machinist would call a sight. It made the light, all right—but how it wobbled and pounded and shook!

"After Brush had demonstrated that he could make an arc-light," said Edison, "some other fellows came into the game to improve it. They made a generator that was built upon scientific principles. It was balanced like a watch. When it was running at top speed, there wasn't a jar, or a tremble, or a quiver, but it wouldn't make any light.

"Brush's machine wouldn't have made any light, either, if it hadn't been an old rattle-trap. What he had to have was a current of varying intensity, and his old generator with

the blind staggers gave him just what he needed; but he didn't know that at the time."

Edison also believes that an inventor should have a large bump of inquisitiveness. He should want to look into everything. When Edison was a telegraph-operator, he deliberately sought night jobs in order that he might have the days in which to look around.

#### WHAT EDISON CANNOT DO

Also, there are some attributes that a successful inventor need not have. He need not be a mathematician, a writer, or an orator. When Edison wanted to break Ohm's law, he had to hire a mathematician to do his figuring. He says that he doesn't know much about mathematics.

"And how men can write articles, or stand before a crowd and make speeches," he continued, "I never could understand. A magazine editor once asked me to write an article about the phonograph. It was the worst job I ever undertook. I wrote three articles, the first bad, the second worse, and the third—terrible! I tore them all up, and from that day to this I have never tried to write anything except letters."

But an inventor must never underestimate himself in his own sphere, or underestimate the value of his own products. When Edison invented the kinetoscope, he thought so little of it that he did not have it patented abroad. Now, every moving-picture show in the United States is paying him a part of its receipts—and the business, large as it is, has apparently only just begun. The foreign showmen, of whom there are thousands, are not remitting a nickel.

"It is sometimes pretty hard to tell," said Edison, "what will get the money. About forty thousand patents are issued in this country every year. Probably fewer than five hundred inventors are actually doing valuable work. Most of the patents are for useless things. But the best of us sometimes make mistakes as to what will bring in money. Little things are sometimes great things. For instance, the man who invented hooks upon which to lace shoes made a fortune."

#### THE HOME-COMING

THE violet dusk creeps to the arms of night,

The stars throb out the yearnings of the sky;

The noisy street blinks at the twinkling dome,

And up my steps—an open door—and home:

A woman's kiss—a glad, contented sigh—

Such little things to set the world aright!

*Edith Livingston Smith*

# THE FIRING-LINE

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVES OF JUANITA," ETC.

MARY SHERIDAN lay, with her wakeful eyes stubbornly shut, waiting for the town clock to strike twelve. At dawn, when she went to bed, she had said wearily to herself that she would try to sleep until noon. When the clock struck, she missed the box-shop whistle, and remembered that it was a holiday. Her white-walled room, close under the eaves of the village boarding-house, looked as if it were in a barrack, with its narrow iron bedstead and uncovered chair and table; and while she was putting it in order, after she was dressed, Miss Sheridan, although very tired, moved about with military exactness, swift, noiseless, and thorough. She had not lost the habits gained in the metropolitan hospitals, where she had been a nurse for the best years of her life.

Miss Sheridan could not afford better quarters. The fund, which a kind lady from the city had given for charitable trained nursing in Keswick village, was not entirely devoted to paying the nurse. After she had ordered the room, she sat down by the single window and sipped the milk which the landlady had left in a cracked pitcher outside her door. She raised her dark eyes to the distant hills, beautiful in their delicate, May-time verdure, and smiled resolutely. Whenever she made up her mind to do anything, people knew it by that quiet smile.

She arose briskly, picked up her hat and nurse's satchel, and hurried to Dr. Deecie's house, around the corner of the next street. The old doctor was alone in his little office.

"Another tough night, Miss Mary?" he hinted. "Who was it—Grandma Rockwell again?"

Miss Sheridan nodded.

"You have to work altogether too hard here," the doctor grumbled. "What are you doing with that hand-bag? Don't you know this is a legal holiday?"

"Yes," said Miss Sheridan, with a grating laugh. "Are you going to keep it? Doctors and nurses always keep holidays, I've heard."

Deecie shot a keen glance at her over his spectacles.

"Miss Mary, unless I'm much mistaken, you're pretty near a breakdown this minute. You need a change—a rest."

"Or a trip to Europe, doctor. You might as well advise that while you're about it."

"I should hate like the mischief to lose you," said Dr. Deecie; "but even a nurse must think sometimes of herself."

"That's true," she murmured, and gave him a strange look.

"Well?" urged old Deecie.

"Well," replied Miss Sheridan, "I came to tell you that I have decided to say 'yes,' this afternoon, to a man who has asked me to marry him."

The doctor leaned forward in his chair.

"My dear Miss Mary!" he exclaimed. "I—my wife and I—we shall congratulate you most heartily! I cannot fancy—who—"

"Caleb Rockwell," said Mary quietly.

"Caleb Rockwell!" repeated Deecie.

Miss Sheridan straightened herself.

"I had to tell you," said she in a voice that he had not heard her use before. "I have known you only a few months, but you are the best friend I ever had. What will you think of me when I tell you that I am no longer fit to be a nurse? That I have lost courage to live the life that I have been living—lost courage of soul—to go on?"

The weather-beaten face of the country doctor became grave. For nearly half a century he had toiled in humble sick-rooms.

"It is a hard life," he said simply.

"And all for what?" she demanded. "Gratitude? Honor? That sentimental bosh sounds well on the evening when you graduate from training-school. But who is grateful to a cheaply hired machine?"

Deecie cleared his throat.

"Your nerves—" he began.

"A hired machine!" Mary sneered bitterly. "I have been hired by hundreds of patients. I have forgotten them. They have

forgotten me. Why shouldn't they?" She bit her lip. "I am not young, and I have been looking ahead. What's the reward of this slavery? Not comfort, not gratitude, and not—at the end—a home."

"Which brings us back to Caleb," said Deecie, with a faint smile.

Miss Sheridan hesitated, and then she flung out her hand, almost combatively.

"Don't misjudge me, Dr. Deecie!" she begged. "I have told him all the truth. He knows that I have not the love for him which he says he has for me. But I will be a dutiful wife, and he shall take me from this slavery—this unrequited, homeless slavery!"

At his door, the doctor watched her moodily as she walked down the street.

"I wonder," he muttered, "whether I had the right to speak! Her nerves are in rags already. But, my Lord—Caleb Rockwell!"

## II

THE nurse's destination, about a mile from the village, was a solitary farmhouse. It stood near the highway, and opposite a crumbling stone wall which enclosed nine or ten ancient and neglected graves.

Miss Sheridan had shifted old Mrs. Rockwell's bed to a lower front room, to gain the benefit of sun and air. The patient had vigorously opposed this violation of her parlor. Old Mrs. Rockwell opposed almost everything. Her nephew, Caleb, a prosperous middle-aged merchant, had come in March all the way from the West to look out for her, but old Mrs. Rockwell considered this journey a waste of time.

Caleb Rockwell sat by one of the windows of the sick-room and Miss Sheridan by the other. They had been compelled to shut the windows that afternoon, because of the dust. The holiday doubled the traffic on the road, which was part of a favorite run for motor-cars from the city. The day was warm and languid. Miss Sheridan, to whom the countryside at this season was a new delight, would have preferred to go out-of-doors, now that her patient was asleep; but she was sure that Caleb would accompany her, and that his question would then be answered. He was studying a trade journal, and she gazed at him thoughtfully.

On the bed in the corner the old woman stirred and spoke.

"What's that music?" she quavered.

"You hear the bees, perhaps," suggested Mary gently.

"No, a drum! A drum and a fife!"

Caleb scowled.

"It's nothin' but those pension cranks, what's left of 'em," he explained. "They're showing off to-day. They'll be pottering around out here, as like as not."

"I ain't never seen 'em out here," said his aunt, with growing excitement. "I ain't heard a drum and fife for such a while—my, my! Mebbe they've got 'em a flag, too." She reached eagerly for her flannel wrapper. "I must get up, Miss Sheridan. I must see the boys, if I die for it. My soul and body! It does seem a'most like war-times."

Mary helped her to a chair, in spite of Caleb's scornful remonstrance, and raised the window. They could plainly hear the uncertain notes of the fife and the beat of the loose, antiquated drum, half a measure behind.

"That's 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,' ain't it?" said Mrs. Rockwell wistfully. "Or 'We're Comin', Father Abraham'? I dunno."

"I guess it's the tune the old cow died on," growled her nephew, and resumed his market reports.

A straggling line of a dozen men plodded laboriously up the road. John Nash, who had been made a lieutenant after Gettysburg, was in the lead. After him came the drum and fife, and then Deacon Alden, gripping the staff of the colors as he did at Seven Pines. In the rear was a small farm-wagon, with bunches of wild flowers on the seat beside the driver, who handled the reins clumsily, because of the crutches between his knees. There was no G. A. R. post in Keswick, but the veterans had made some feeble attempts at soldierly equipment. John Nash carried his sword; there were a few faded peak caps and cavalry hats; and Michael Kelly wore his army overcoat, and mopped his forehead with his empty sleeve.

When they halted in the shade of an elm opposite the Rockwell house, John Nash walked across to shake hands with the sick woman at the open window.

"Yes, I'm real glad the boys had the gumption to turn out," he acknowledged proudly. "All they needed was somebody to kind o' start 'em. We've been talkin' about it all winter—myself and Kelly and Jake Lenbach. That's Jake's youngster, you know, with the fife."

Miss Sheridan smiled; she had officiated at the birth of the youngster's youngest.

"Next year," said John Nash, "we calculate to get us a speaker. I wish we had a speaker to-day, and we would 'a' had, only for Judge Adams bein' out o' town. But he wrote to his wife to loan us the flag, and we borrowed the staff from the fire-comp'ny."

Nash consulted his silver watch with all the anxiety of a commander.

"Well, ma'am, the boys are rested by now. We've been to the big cemetery, and now we're just goin' to leave a nosegay and a flag for the stone yonder that Deacon Alden set up for his brother David. We sort of guessed that nobody would disapprove, although, of course, David isn't—hello! Look out! Look out!"

Young Jake Lenbach, crossing the road to the farmhouse well, had barely dodged a purple automobile. The chauffeur threw on the brake, swerved into the grass, and stalled his engine. A gentleman, who occupied the owner's seat, glanced intently at the group of weary veterans; and then, with a kind smile on his smooth, ruddy face, he turned to speak to the three ladies in the tonneau.

One of the ladies, a pretty girl of eighteen or twenty, jumped to the ground; and the gentleman gave an order to the chauffeur, who busied himself with a metallic ice-box in the tonneau. The pretty girl, having apparently noted John Nash's sword, came toward him shyly.

"We thought, sir," she said, "that your men might like a little refreshment this hot day. And my mother wanted me to tell you that she is a soldier's daughter."

John Nash removed his hat and thanked her; and soon the men gathered, with profuse apologies, at the car. The ginger-ale was cool and pleasant; but most of them, among whom was not Michael Kelly, declined the whisky-flask. The gentleman passed around a box of gigantic cigars, and Michael relieved the embarrassment with an old camp-toast.

"Here, sorr, is to dhry tints, dhry powder, and a dhry t'roat!"

Each one rinsed his glass carefully at the well; and Miss Sheridan ran out with a dish-towel. While she was wiping the glasses, she overheard young Lenbach confiding frantically in John Nash.

"That's him, Mr. Nash, I tell you—his picture's in this paper. That's the Governor of the State! He made a speech in the city this mornin'. Ask him, Mr. Nash!"

The nurse turned to find Caleb Rockwell standing at her elbow.

"Don't you want to go for a walk in the woods, Mary?" he said, with a significant cough. "Aunt is all right, and these old fossils will hang about for an hour yet, smoking their free cigars. I reckon they moved faster when they were sneaking away from the bullets, down South!"

Miss Sheridan eyed him curiously for a moment.

"I'm still on duty," she answered, and went indoors.

### III

WHEN Mary leaned again over the arm of Mrs. Rockwell's chair, she saw that the gentleman was standing, bareheaded, on the footboard of the automobile.

"And, in conclusion, my friends," he was saying quietly, "let me assure you that, when I get back to the capital, I shall tell them there that to-day I had the privilege of taking part in two celebrations. The first was the kind where there are noisy crowds, and brass bands, and parading regiments. The second was in the hush of a peaceful meadow, among whispering trees. And I shall tell them that both of these celebrations honored in equal measure this Memorial Day. No parade could honor this day more than you men have done—you dozen men, marching under the flag to that God's acre, where the gallant clay of your comrades lies at rest."

John Nash stirred uneasily, as if something vexed his precise Yankee mind. He touched the Governor's wrist.

"Excuse me, sir," he returned; "but that ain't a grave we decorated yonder—it's just a stone. Dave Alden doesn't lay there, really."

The Governor gazed down at the venerable lieutenant's honest, troubled face.

"How does that happen?" he asked softly.

"Dave warn't ever found," said John Nash. "He was shot dead, out on the firin'-line that mornin' in the Wilderness, and we were drove back 'most a mile, and we never could find Dave, nor where they'd buried him. He was only a boy, but the best private in old F Comp'ny. His brother set up that stone." The lieutenant nodded at Deacon Alden, who was shading his eyes with his gnarled hand against the staff of the colors. "We didn't want to do nothin' out of proper," apologized John Nash. "We didn't know but what we might leave a nosegay for Dave, even if he don't lay yonder."

The pretty girl in the tonneau turned suddenly away.

"You have done exactly right, sir," murmured the Governor; and he, also, turned, so that Miss Sheridan saw him distinctly.

His opponents charged that the Governor was too young, and impressionable, and impulsive, for his high office. It could not have been his youth, however, which caused Mary Sheridan to give an incredulous start, as of



wondering recognition, and to draw aside into the shadow of the window-curtain.

"Just another word," continued the Governor. "I'm not making a speech now—I'm bearing witness. If you'll let me, I want to go on the witness-stand for Dave Alden, for all the Dave Aldens, for every private on every firing-line. I testify for the men who don't get promoted, whose names aren't printed in the newspapers, who sleep, many of them, in unmarked graves. This morning I helped to dedicate a great monument to a famous general. The privates of the firing-line have a greater monument, in the sight of the God of battles. I needn't tell that to such men as you. You men know it. I want you to believe that I know it, too, although the only real firing-line I ever saw was a line of cots in a New York hospital, where the company officer was a doctor and his privates were the women nurses.

"That was in '98, after some of us had been too late to smell powder in Cuba, and the fever laid us out on the voyage home. Well, now, my friends, I saw women Dave Aldens, right in that hospital—folks doing duty on their firing-line, day in and day out, and getting no shoulder-straps, and *knowing* they wouldn't get 'em. But there they stood and fought the fever for us. I remember the nurse that took care of my bunkie and me. I lost track of her, the same as Dave Alden was lost. I can't find her. All that I can do is to set up in my heart her monument of gratitude and honor. But she's a good soldier, if ever there was one, and I know that, to all good soldiers, the stern service of the firing-line is its own reward. Now let us shake hands. I hope you'll always remember your Dave Alden, as I shall always remember mine."

With strange caution Miss Sheridan lowered the window. She listened anxiously until she heard the noise of the departing motor-car and the thud of the drum; and she was helping Mrs. Rockwell back to bed, when Caleb reappeared.

"Why, Mary!" said he. "Didn't you shake hands with Governor Ronalds?"

"I did that, long ago," she replied, smiling inscrutably.

"Well, he's a smart politician," conceded Caleb; "but I don't see why he wasted political talk on those useless has-beens. Still, his talk might have made him a vote or two, and so done some good, maybe."

"Maybe," echoed the nurse.

The invalid sighed drowsily on her pillow.

"She's gone to sleep again," mumbled Caleb. "Come out and sit on the porch, won't you? You know what you promised to speak to me about."

#### IV

DR. DEECIE'S drive that afternoon had been more than usually pleasant. He had comforted a sick girl; he had found some of his favorite wild violets by the roadside; and, above all, he had taken from his post-office box a letter which gratified him inexpressibly. The doctor whistled as he reined his horse, Esculapius, into the Rockwell yard. But when he caught sight of the two figures on the porch, Dr. Deecie frowned, and his cheerful whistle was silenced.

"Don't let me disturb you," he grunted to Miss Sheridan. "You needn't come inside;" and he all but ignored Caleb on his way to the bedroom.

When the doctor returned to the porch, Caleb had vanished.

"Shall I take you to the village?" said Deecie, while he untied Esculapius.

"Thank you," said Mary placidly. "What pretty flowers!"

She picked up the violets from the bottom of the carriage, and Dr. Deecie looked at her over his shoulder.

"You may keep them, as a token of my congratulation," he offered. "I presume that it is settled."

"Yes, it is settled," she responded.

Deecie, leaning against a wheel, pretended to be very busy with the buckle of the reins.

"I try not to be selfish," said he. "But behold the irony of circumstance! Mrs. Sark has just written me that she proposes to endow a little cottage hospital here. Where shall we find a matron for it, now, who knows Keswick, and whom Keswick loves?"

"Is the position open for this applicant, Dr. Deecie?" The physician dropped the reins to the ground. "If it is, I ask for it," Miss Sheridan went on, affecting a laugh. "Recommendations? Well, I am experienced—healthy—single—and with no incumbencies, not even a discontented heart."

"Caleb?" gasped the doctor weakly.

Mary Sheridan chose not to hear the stammered inquiry. She buried her face happily in the violets.

"Will you wait for me a minute, Dr. Deecie?" said she. "I want to leave these flowers beside an old stone, across the road. I want to honor a man who stood on the firing-line, long ago, and opened my eyes to-day, and held me there."



# FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

BY JOHN GRANT DATER, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF  
THE MUNSEY PUBLICATIONS

## THE PRESENT BUSINESS SITUATION

NO public questions are more important at the present time than those dealing with the financial, commercial, and industrial affairs of the country. They bear directly on the welfare of the individual as well as on the development of the nation, and they are of vital concern to every intelligent reader. I am speaking of the subject in its broadest sense, and of the country with its many and widely diversified interests as a whole. It is impossible to approach the great question of constructive investment properly in any other way.

Suppose we briefly consider the question from the view-point of a banker taking account of the conditions that he sees about him.

The banker, wherever he may be located, whether in Wall Street, or in the interior city, town, or village, is sure to keep a constant lookout upon developments within his range of vision. He is, as a rule, a trained observer. He takes note of business conditions and tendencies; of political developments; of the money market, as it affects himself, his bank, or his community directly, and also in its broader aspects, as it reflects general conditions, and influences the country and the nation. He always has an eye on the crops; he notes their condition from seed-time to harvest; and naturally so, because the crops furnish the substance and the life-blood to the whole country.

What does the banker in this country see to-day? He sees a country with a territorial area of more than three million square miles, of remarkable natural resources, and of great productivity, inhabited by fully ninety million people—a country which last year produced crops valued at nearly nine billion dollars, and which at the present time is engaged in securing another vast harvest.

The harvests are not our only sources of natural wealth, but they are the greatest of all. Our mines, our forests, our fisheries, and sundry other producing features, aside from agriculture, contribute about three and one-half billions annually to the nation's income, drawn from the soil and the adjacent waters.

The observer notes the above facts, and sees also a well-sustained volume of business in progress in the country—not as large a volume, perhaps, as we have known at some previous periods, but not far behind the best former records, in spite of a recent tendency—which may prove quite temporary—toward lessened activity. In the first four months of the present year the exchanges of all banks in the United States amounted to \$59,269,103,568, against \$51,619,594,802 during the same four months in 1909—an increase for this year of nearly fifteen per cent. The volume of bank clearings has ever been regarded as the truest and most accurate index of the country's general business activity.

One also notes that the gross earnings of our railways have increased. They increased \$36,000,000, or seventeen per cent, in November last over the same month in 1908; \$28,000,000, or twelve per cent, in December; \$27,000,000, or fifteen per cent, in January; \$28,000,000, or sixteen per cent, in February; \$31,000,000, or fifteen and one-half per cent, in March; and nearly sixteen per cent in the uncompleted statistics for April, all months being compared with the corresponding months of the preceding year.

The total capitalization of all the railroads in the United States is \$17,234,000,000, of which \$7,642,000,000 is stock and \$9,593,000,000 bonds. The total capitalization of all industrial corporations noted in "Poor's Manual of Industrials" is \$17,529,000,000, of which \$13,132,000,000 is represented by stock, and \$4,397,000,000 by bonds. Both

the railways and industrials have done well thus far this year, as is indicated by the following extract from the *New York Journal of Commerce*:

Eighty-six railroad and industrial corporations in the United States have increased their disbursements or declared initial or resumed dividends, since January 1, to an amount equivalent to \$57,624,776 per annum. Only twenty-three railroads, as contrasted with sixty-three industrial companies, have been able to treat their stockholders with greater generosity; the railroad increase represents \$15,003,706, while industrial stockholders on the new basis will receive \$42,621,070 more than during 1909. Aggregate dividend payments to June 1, this year, have been \$297,549,674—an increase of \$46,230,055 over the first five months of 1909.

Industrial companies throughout the country have disbursed during the last five months in the form of dividends \$154,942,831, against \$125,806,325 last year—an increase of \$29,136,506. The railroads have paid out \$142,606,843, as compared with \$125,513,294 in 1909, the increase having thus been \$17,093,549.

In other words, while the railroads and the industrials each distributed less than \$126,000,000 from January 1 to the end of May last year, the latter have been able to improve their disbursements by more than \$12,000,000 in excess of the increases made by the railroads.

## THE VIEWS OF SPECULATIVE WALL STREET

ON the whole, the facts and figures which I have just cited disclose excellent conditions. They deal, of course, with the past, but not with the remote past. We cannot treat of the future in the same way; but in considering the future we must not ignore the progress already achieved and the sustaining force of enhanced wealth.

How does speculative Wall Street view present conditions and future tendencies?

It may be said here that this article does not deal with the speculative market. The professional speculator, however, is a very keen observer; and as it is the duty of every manufacturer, every merchant, every investor, to consider all things that bear upon his course of action, it would be the height of folly for a man of affairs to ignore the tendencies and the sentiment of the security market. Only one part of that market is speculative; the greater part of it concerns constructive investment, but the one phase influences the other, just as it influences the entire industry of the nation.

Does speculative Wall Street always appraise things at their true value? Certainly not. The pendulum is ever swinging—sometimes too far forward, sometimes too far back. Any one with an experience of a dozen or twenty years can recall times when the speculative element placed far too low a value upon securities; and again, he can recall other times when the trend of events clearly demonstrated that Wall Street had marked prices too high. But speculative Wall Street does indicate general tendencies, the great swings of the pendulum, with remarkable fidelity.

It is worth while, then, for the business man and the investor to note that speculative Wall Street has been taking a "blue" view of things recently. Stocks have been inactive, moving within a narrow range of fluctuations, generally toward a lower basis of price. Bonds have languished, and even the best-secured issues—particularly if they have a long time to run to maturity—have shown conspicuous declines.

"What does this mean?" men are asking one another. Is it merely a seasonal slowing down, such as frequently happens in the country at a time of crop uncertainties? Or does it mark more serious developments, foreshadowing an impending economic change—some such change as might arise out of an alteration of a unit of value, affecting everything the worth of which has heretofore been measured by that unit?

Be this as it may, from the speculative Wall Street point of view, at this writing, nearly everything in the country seems to have gone awry.

First, the industrial horizon is clouded. The railways have reported great gains in gross earnings, and they are paying, on the average, the highest rates of dividend in their history. But their operating cost has risen amazingly, influenced by the high price of everything which enters into operating expenditure, including labor; and net earnings have been showing declines.

Recent advances in wages, according to the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, will cost the railroads of the United States between one and two hundred million dollars annually. In consequence, the railways filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission schedules making a moderate advance in freight rates. This was resented by shippers, who lodged complaints with the Washington authorities. To the consternation of Wall Street, President Taft, through the Department of Justice, has just proceeded against the railroads under the Sherman Act, enjoining the freight advances.

This is a serious matter. If the railways cannot obtain more money for their services, they cannot, in view of higher operating cost, maintain their efficiency and their present dividend rates; and if they are estopped in development work, all industry must suffer through the diminished purchasing power of the chief industry of all. In the long run, the burden will fall most heavily upon labor.

## CONFUSION IN THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK

AS speculative Wall Street sees it, the political outlook is decidedly confused. Men discuss the probability of a change in the complexion of the House of Representatives at the Congressional elections of next fall, and fear the effects of a reopening of the tariff question.

The other horn of this dilemma—this is the speculative Wall Street point of view, bear in mind—is Mr. Roosevelt.

"President Taft," Wall Street men will tell you, "has shown himself unable to cope successfully with the divisions in his party. The only man who can whip the insurgents into line, and get political order out of political chaos, is Theodore Roosevelt."

Speculative Wall Street is borrowing trouble over this factor in the situation. It does not like Mr. Roosevelt. It does not approve of his attitude toward railway and industrial corporations, or of his remarks concerning "predatory wealth," "malefactors of great wealth," and the like; and so speculative Wall Street will tell you that "the specter of Roosevelt hovers over the market."

## THE PROBLEMS OF THE MONEY MARKET

NEXT let us briefly consider the position of the country's banking institutions, as reflected by recent reports of the comptroller of the currency, dealing with the seven thousand banks which make up the national banking system.

The report giving the conditions of our national banks as of March 30, 1910, disclosed the fact that, as compared with their showing on April 28, 1909, eleven months before, they had expanded their loans by \$468,982,325, to the huge sum of \$5,432,093,-194. During the same interval their specie and legal tender holdings decreased by \$43,661,421. Since cash holdings decreased, the statement made it clear that the increased deposit liabilities of the national banks, amounting to \$401,791,171, were the result of credits, or discounts, granted to depositors.

In other words, the national banks alone—and their operations are usually indicative of the operations of State banks and trust companies—upon a volume of cash \$43,661,421 less, had increased their liabilities by more than four hundred millions of dollars. No such expansion of liabilities has ever occurred before in a single year in the country's history. That it should take place at a time of diminished cash holdings proved disquieting to bankers and investors.

A further analysis of the bank returns shows that a very large percentage of this increase in liabilities is traceable to Western banks. Certain parts of the West have recently been very active, not only in business, but in land speculation, and in developing enterprises based on what many regard as inflated land values. Conservative bankers therefore began to discuss the questions: Is such an expansion of bank liabilities healthy? Is it not the result of speculative undertakings based on very high land valuations? Can these obligations be liquidated readily? How, with so much money tied up in such undertakings, can the Western banks provide the huge sums necessary to pay harvest hands, and move the crops to market? What, in consequence, are they likely to require of us?

The answers to these questions remain for the future.

There is another phase of the money situation to which both the banking element and the speculative element in Wall Street are giving attention. It is a deeper question, in some respects, than the others.

In recent years the world has been producing gold at an increasing ratio. The output in the United States advanced from about \$71,000,000, in 1900, to nearly \$100,000,-000 in 1909. The world's production is estimated at between \$450,000,000 and \$500,-000,000, against about \$130,000,000 annually twenty years ago, and about \$300,000,-000 annually as recently as 1899.

During the last two years this country has had the largest per capita circulation in its history—\$34.45 to each individual, according to the May report of the comptroller of the currency. It was \$34.93 on June 30, 1909, but last year we exported in round figures \$100,000,000 in gold, and in April last we shipped some \$34,000,000 more.

On May 1, 1910, we had \$37,377,669 less gold and gold certificates in circulation than on May 1, 1909. At the same time, we had \$45,261,818 more greenbacks and national bank-notes than a year before. Here are some figures taken from the reports of the Treasury Department of May 1, 1909, and May 1, 1910, showing in concise form the changes which have taken place in our circulating medium within the year:

	May 1, 1909	May 1, 1910	Changes	
Gold and Gold Certificates.....	\$1,413,898,626	\$1,376,520,957	Decrease	\$37,377,669
Silver Coin and Certificates, United States Notes and Bank-notes }....	\$1,682,764,498	\$1,728,026,316	Increase	\$45,261,818
Total Circulation.....	\$3,096,663,124	\$3,104,547,273		

Some twenty years ago, the country heard a great deal of the workings of the Gresham law—an economic principle laid down by Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange of England in Queen Elizabeth's day. Gresham discovered that if a country has two circulating mediums—for instance, gold and silver, or gold and paper—the cheaper will expel the dearer from the country. By 1892, following hard upon the free silver purchasing act of 1890, every one was talking of the workings of the Gresham law in this country.

In the heavy exports of gold during the past two years, speculative Wall Street professes to see again the workings of the Gresham law. Suppose we compare the chief items of the circulating medium in the country, as of June 30, 1892, and May 1, 1910, the former figures taken from the "Statistical Abstract of the United States," and the latter from the comptroller of the currency's recent report:

	1892	1910
Gold .....	\$408,568,824	\$591,814,708
Gold Certificates .....	141,093,619	784,706,249
	\$549,662,443	\$1,376,520,957
Silver .....	\$120,111,166	\$212,545,280
Silver Certificates, and Treasury Notes of 1890.....	454,692,157	487,592,085
	\$574,803,323	\$600,137,365
United States Notes.....	\$309,559,904	\$339,823,729
National Bank-notes .....	167,221,517	688,065,222
	\$476,781,421	\$1,027,888,951
Total Circulation .....	\$1,601,347,187	\$3,104,547,273
Circulation per Capita .....	24.56	34.45

A consideration of these figures is interesting in view of the recent unsettled condition of speculative Wall Street's mind, and in view of the theory advanced in some quarters that the expansion of bank-note circulation—which has quadrupled in eighteen years, and has more than doubled in ten years—has created a condition similar to that of 1892. The point is made, in ultra-pessimistic circles, that we have at this time more silver in circulation than in 1892, and more uncovered paper money—that is, paper money not backed by any deposit of gold or silver—than ever before in the country's history, and that this expansion of silver and paper money is driving gold out of the country.

Admitting these figures, Wall Street should not overlook the fact that the ratio of gold to silver and uncovered paper, in circulation, is vastly different now from what it was in 1892. Then the percentage of gold to the other circulating media was a little more than fifty-two per cent. Now the percentage of gold to silver and uncovered paper is about eighty-four and one-half per cent.

There is another point to be borne in mind. In 1892 there was doubt in Europe and elsewhere as to whether we would pay our debts in gold, or in silver and paper money. That doubt has been cleared away by the Refunding Act of 1900, which expressly states



that the dollar consists of twenty-five and eight-tenths grains of gold, nine-tenths fine; that all forms of money issued or coined by the United States shall be maintained at a parity of value with the standard, and that it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to maintain that standard.

The Secretary's means of maintaining the parity of all our circulating media are not as ample as they should be, but the faith of the government is pledged to maintain the standard, and this gives assurance of measures of relief should any emergency arise.

Most economists agree—although some authorities stoutly dispute the conclusion—that the world is feeling the effects of the depreciation of gold, owing to the great increase in the production of the yellow metal. In this country it seems probable that the inflation of bank-note circulation is another factor working in the same direction. We see the rest in the prevailing high cost of everything that we eat and drink and wear—of the necessities of life and of the luxuries of life.

Wall Street adds that the high tariff is another cause of high prices; that extravagance—national, civic, and individual—is still another, and that the evil is further intensified by the disproportion between the number of persons working on the farms and the number of those inhabiting the cities, the latter growing faster in numbers and consuming power than the former in productive capacity.

### OUR FOREIGN TRADE BALANCE

THERE is still another matter, which has a direct bearing on the prices of commodities, on the money market, and on gold exports, and which has been giving speculative Wall Street great concern. That is the international trade balance.

As a nation we are extravagant. In ten months of the government's present fiscal year, ending with April, we purchased \$1,318,259,472 worth of material abroad. It is the largest amount we have ever bought abroad in any similar ten months in the country's history. It is \$601,063,380 more than we purchased abroad during the same period in 1900.

During those ten months we sold abroad, of grain, flour, cotton, provisions, and manufactured articles, no less than \$1,485,991,906. That is a huge amount, but not as large as our ten months' foreign sales in 1906, 1907, or 1908. To make the same basis of comparison as above, however, our sales to foreign countries during the ten months of the fiscal year to date, are \$313,588,630 greater than in the similar months ten years ago. In other words, our purchases abroad, compared with 1900, have increased almost twice as rapidly as our sales abroad.

It is easy to calculate that the apparent balance in our favor for the ten months was \$167,732,434, made up of the excess of exports over imports. This is a large figure; but, compared with the results of former recent years, it does not make a good showing. It is the smallest amount of excess exports since 1896. It compares with an excess of exports over imports, in the same ten months of 1908, of \$613,601,452. This latter amount was the largest in recent years.

How small our apparent excess of exports for this year is, when compared with the average of the same ten months' period, in former years, may be ascertained from the following table:

	Exports for ten months ending April 30	Imports for ten months ending April 30	Excess of ex- ports over imports
1910 .....	\$1,485,991,906	\$1,318,259,472	\$167,732,434
1909 .....	1,422,268,737	1,071,194,560	351,074,177
1908 .....	1,631,793,688	1,018,192,236	613,601,452
1907 .....	1,608,351,880	1,195,399,104	412,952,776
1906 .....	1,488,282,130	1,020,873,178	467,408,952
1905 .....	1,273,614,611	934,540,402	339,074,209
1904 .....	1,277,715,480	829,231,975	448,483,505
1903 .....	1,223,989,242	864,684,322	359,304,919
1902 .....	1,190,157,387	954,516,807	435,640,580
1901 .....	1,200,422,817	676,124,805	584,298,012
1900 .....	1,172,403,276	717,296,092	455,117,184

The term "apparent" trade balance has been used because the above figures deal only with such things as pass in and out of the country through the custom-houses. Ta-



king into consideration the intangible things which are not reported, we have no balance of trade at all in our favor.

The custom-house figures contain no record, for instance, of the under-valuation of goods imported; of undeclared goods brought in by American tourists; of the huge sums expended by tourists abroad, perhaps two hundred and fifty million dollars annually; of the large amounts remitted to Europe for interest on American securities held abroad; of the millions drawn by expatriated Americans living in Europe, and by American heiresses married to foreigners. Nor do they record the large amount paid annually to foreign corporations in freights and charters, and in fire and marine insurance premiums; nor the sums deported by emigrants returning to Europe, or remitted to their relations across the Atlantic.

Take all these items into consideration, and it seems quite clear—to the pessimistic observers, at any rate—that the \$167,000,000 is but a drop in the bucket, and that we have no real balance at all abroad. The movement of sterling exchange against us, and the heavy shipments of gold to Europe and South America, go far in confirming this opinion.

### SOME OTHER PROBLEMS OF WALL STREET

**W**ALL STREET would not be Wall Street without its problems. It has several at the present time, in addition to those already mentioned. It is thinking of the reargument of the Standard Oil and American Tobacco Company cases before the Supreme Court in November, and of the possible effect of an adverse decision upon other corporations. It is thinking of harvest uncertainties, of higher wages paid to railway employees and others, and of the various difficulties that beset the transportation companies.

And how will all this end? Concerning the outcome, opinions are divided, one element holding that abundant crops, reducing the prices of commodities, and permitting us to sell more goods abroad, will result in the recovery of our commanding position in foreign markets. While this process is going on, the optimists add, enforced economy on the part of the nation as a whole will reduce imports, and will, by a process of slow adjustment, right the international trade situation. Gradually, therefore, we may hope to meet our problems, political and financial, and to solve them as we have always solved such problems in the past.

Another element in the financial district believes that the present situation is due primarily to the depreciation of gold and the inflation of paper money. As the standard of value has changed, these observers argue, all those things which have been appraised by the old standard must eventually adapt themselves to the new; and the process of readjustment will be marked by a liquidation in such things as remained unliquidated after 1907. These include real estate and land values, which have expanded bank loans enormously, and the cost of labor, which has contributed so largely to the increased cost of production. To what extent such an adjustment would be reflected in the security market no one, of course, can determine.

In the mean while, however, it is not well to overlook the enormous productive capacity of the country, its great natural wealth, and the fact that during recent years huge sums poured into railway and industrial properties have greatly strengthened what is known as the country's constructive investment. An abundant harvest will, unquestionably, be of great and general benefit, and will soften the influences of any adverse factors, whatever they may be. Should we have an abundance of material commodities and manufactured articles, upon a basis of price that will permit extensive exports—with occasional sales of securities to Europe—the process of readjustment may be accomplished without difficulty.

But, nevertheless, the problems which speculative Wall Street is now considering are of a character which impel caution. They form a sufficient explanation for the dulness of the security market. They explain, too, why men everywhere are watching the indices of trade; scanning railway earnings and bank clearances, the export and import statements, and the general trade reports; noting signs of promise in the harvests in one quarter; discussing somewhat lessened business activity when it is reported in some one industry, to determine whether a recession is likely to extend to other industries.

The large investment bankers have taken heed of the situation. One finds them

urging investors to purchase only the best securities, giving preference to bonds, especially bonds of short maturity. The shorter the life of a bond, the more limited the fluctuation of price is likely to be, should it prove that investments are going, permanently, upon a higher basis of income. Short-term securities possess the advantage of permitting a holder to sell readily, and thus take advantage of bargains.

It is never well to look upon only one side of a proposition. Recently it has seemed as if speculative Wall Street's view ignored entirely the fact that uncertain as our future may be, and vexatious as our problems are, the country has frequently been forced to deal with questions more serious than those of to-day, and that it has never yet failed to find some solution.

## THE STANDARD OF SAFETY IN INVESTMENTS

**B**ARON ROTHSCHILD, head of the Paris branch of the great financial family, in the days of the second French Empire, used to divide his investments into two groups—those which allowed him to sleep well, and those which allowed him to eat well, or which promised so to do. It is an admirable classification. It puts the case of personal investment in a nutshell. It differentiates between safety and insecurity; between an assured and an uncertain income; between investment and speculation.

It is not likely that you will find this aspect of the matter considered in any offering of stocks, or bonds, or mortgages, made to you by promoters, brokers, and investment firms. Yet all reputable banking-houses recognize that securities of what I may call the "untroubled slumber class" are the most desirable for a personal investment.

The securities that let you sleep well are the gilt-edged stocks and the high-grade bonds and mortgages. They do not return a proportionately large income. Based on the usual selling-price, or on the amount involved in their purchase, their yield in dividends or interest is relatively small; but in return for this they offer full compensation, contained in the one word "safety." The holder of a safe security is blessed with days of peace and happiness. He need never lie awake of nights tortured by fear of what may happen to his principal or his income.

The securities that allow you to eat well, provided nothing goes amiss, are of a different character. They resemble the others in outward and visible form, and very frequently you are told that they are just as good as the others, and that they pay you more. And so, perhaps, for an additional one or two per cent in annual income yield, or for some greater promised reward, you turn aside from the strict investment to the semi-investment or speculative securities; or perhaps you even venture in untried and hazardous undertakings.

Sometimes these fulfil their promises and pay for the superior food and raiment, but you can never be certain that it will last. Oftentimes the semi-investment, the speculative, the untried things prove destructive, not only to sleep, but to appetite as well.

As concrete examples are better than general statements, it may be as well to give a few.

So far as investment securities go, that man or woman need never be troubled in his or her slumbers who owns a bond of the United States government, or of any State of the Union issued at or near the present time, or of the city of New York, or of those cities and towns in whose debentures the savings-banks of New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and the principal New England States may invest their depositors' money. The same, in a general way, holds true of the bonds of the steam railway companies, in which these savings institutions may also invest their funds.

United States government bonds need not detain us long, for though their safety is beyond question, their attractiveness as a personal investment was destroyed by the Refunding Act of 1900, which established the bulk of the Federal debt on a two-per-cent interest rate. Practically the only use the government bond has to-day is to serve as the basis for national bank-note circulation. The income yield is too small to attract personal investors, who can find adequate safety in issues of a strict investment class which give a larger return.

The bonds of the various States of the Union are a very desirable investment, but the issues are not numerous.

Municipal bonds are issued for a wide variety of purposes, and by a wide variety of communities. When well and properly issued—and the great majority of them are well

and properly issued in this day—they form a most attractive security for investment purposes. Very many considerations enter into the issuance of a municipal bond, which need not be touched upon here. Any one contemplating the purchase of such securities can ascertain the details from any reputable bond-dealer.

The New York City issues may be cited as typical of the class. New York bonds may now be purchased at prices to net from four to four and one-quarter per cent. They constitute a highly desirable investment—one of the very best, in fact, that can be mentioned at this time.

In order to illustrate the character of railway bonds that are suitable for the highest class of investment, I may select the following eight issues, in which New York State savings-banks may invest, and which are listed upon the New York Stock Exchange, giving them a ready market. Of course, the prices and income yields are subject to variations, but the list will serve the purpose of showing the general character of the securities and the approximate return to the investor. These are bonds of the highest grade, which may be classed as savings-bank investments:

BOND.	Interest rate	Date of maturity	Selling price	Approx. yield
Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy (general mortgage).....	4	1958	97¾	4.10
Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul (general mortgage, Series A) ..	4	1989	99	4.05
Chicago and Northwestern (general mortgage).....	3½	1987	88	4.
Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific (general mortgage).....	4	1988	96	4.15
Delaware and Hudson (first and refunding).....	4	1943	98	4.10
Louisville and Nashville (unified).....	4	1940	98½	4.10
New York Central (mortgage).....	3½	1997	89	3.95
Pennsylvania (consolidated) .....	4	1943	103	3.88

As a matter of comparison with the above, the following list of railway bonds, not of savings-bank class, but suitable for a personal investment of high character, may be selected:

BOND.	Interest rate	Date of maturity	Selling price	Approx. yield
Baltimore and Ohio (prior lien).....	3½	1925	90½	4.38
Great Northern—Northern Pacific Joint (C., B. & Q. collateral) 4	4	1921	96	4.45
Lake Shore and Michigan Southern (debenture).....	4	1931	93¾	4.50
Northern Pacific (prior lien).....	4	1997	101	3.95
Union Pacific (first and refunding).....	4	2008	96⅞	4.15
West Shore (first mortgage).....	4	2361	100	4.

## RELAXING THE SAVINGS-BANK STANDARD

IT is a high standard of investment, that of the savings-banks of our Eastern States—as high a standard as that of any country in the world, if not the highest. Can it be broadened in its scope, so as to include securities paying something more than four to four and one-half per cent, which is about the present basis of income of a savings-bank bond?

Yes, for an individual investor it can be relaxed somewhat, though not safely enough for the wise investment of the funds of dependent persons. In recent years the savings-bank standard has been broadened to include numerous securities that were not admissible a dozen or fifteen years ago. For instance, up to 1898, the savings-banks of New York State could not legally invest in, or loan upon, the first mortgage bonds of steam railway companies, not even in the bonds of the great railway corporations operating in the State of New York. Now they may not only invest in such bonds, but also in the first mortgage, and, with certain restrictions, in the consolidated and refunding mortgage bonds of many other railway systems.

Just as conditions within a country change, as it develops in wealth, in density of population, and in productive capacity, so also do the securities of the corporations in the developing territory improve in desirability; and it is perfectly proper that investment standards should be modified to adapt themselves to the altered conditions. Restrictions which were perfectly proper twenty years ago, in consequence of unsafe methods, or of the reckless construction of railways in excess of requirements, are, fortunately, not needed to-day. Railway stocks and bonds which were of a speculative character in 1880 are now among the soundest of investment issues.

The great underlying reason for this is, no doubt, the development of the country.

As against a population of fifty millions in 1880, and a true valuation of real and personal property of sixty-five billions of dollars, we have now an estimated population of ninety millions and property valued at about one hundred and thirty-five billions.

This remarkable development is destined to continue, and it makes possible, for a personal investment, the purchase of municipal and railway bonds, bonds of public service corporations, and of some industrial enterprises, which are not ranked as legal investments, but which possess the elements of safety that were confined exclusively to legal investments a generation ago.

Take, for instance, the stocks of the more conspicuous railway companies—such as the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, or the Illinois Central. For an individual, for a business man, their purchase for cash whenever they can be secured at attractive prices, is fully recognized as a desirable investment operation.

This field of operation for an individual has been extended to include the dividend-paying stocks of other well-established railways, and even, in recent years, to the bonds and preferred stocks of industrial corporations. This latter result is of more recent development. It is in great degree based upon the severe test imposed upon the industrial corporations during the two last periods of business reaction, in 1903, and in 1907-1908. Most of the great industrials came through those times of trial in a manner that has influenced many keen observers and cautious investors—men actively engaged in business, and knowing the changes and chances of commercial undertakings—to put money into their bonds and preferred stocks.

### THREE CONSIDERATIONS FOR INVESTORS

TO every one contemplating an investment, the principles which go toward the selection of securities for that purpose should be made clear. Reduced to the briefest possible formula and the fewest possible words, the following—in the order named—are the considerations which should enter into any contemplated purchase of securities for investment:

First, the safety of the principal.

Second, income yield.

Third, marketability.

A few words only are necessary, I take it, by way of explanation of these principles.

It really seems a thing almost too simple to urge upon men and women that they must really, first of all, determine whether or not their money will be safe in the purchase of the security they think of buying. It seems so simple that one almost hesitates to mention it, and yet millions of dollars are lost annually, by honest though incredulous individuals, for no other reason than ignorance or carelessness, and owing to their complete inability to determine the question of safety; in other words, through a disregard of the first principle of all—cautious and careful investigation.

The question of income yield is, of course, a very important matter for consideration. It enters to a large degree in determining the question of the safety of the principal. It must always be borne in mind that it is not the rate of income that a man wants which should influence him in selecting his securities, but the rate per cent that he may obtain and at the same time conserve the absolute security of the principal sum.

In a general way, the safety of a strict investment security is measured by its income yield. In other words, the less a security of the investment class pays in net yield, the safer it is. It weakens as to safety in a direct ratio as this yield increases, until it passes entirely from the investment class to that of the semi-investment or semi-speculative class, and then on into the ranks of speculative and hazardous undertakings.

Among the considerations which enter into the selection of investment securities, marketability is also most important. The time may arrive when an investor may desire, or may be forced, to realize upon a security which he has purchased, and it is not a profitable or a desirable thing to have placed your money in a mortgage, or a bond, or a stock, that you can neither sell to advantage nor use as a basis to secure a bank loan should the necessity arise.

In cases of great and sudden emergency, of course, it is often difficult to realize speedily, or to advantage, upon securities even of a high class; but, ordinarily, securities of the recognized classes, and particularly those listed on stock exchanges, are easily nego-



tiable or marketable. This is less so, as a rule, in connection with new enterprises than with old ones, and in some cases certain new securities have practically no market at all.

This consideration of securities does not in the slightest concern speculative enterprises, or speculation, except as it may serve to warn unexperienced persons from engaging in hazardous adventures.

I suggest, first and foremost, that if you are a person of slender means, before withdrawing your money from a savings-bank for investment, you should consult with the bank officials on the subject, fully explaining to them your intentions and purposes. You can trust the bank officials, and they will be able to give you good advice. That trust, and that advice, may save you not only your money, but disappointment, and possibly much suffering.

If you are a person of large means and wide experience, you do not require elementary instruction. You are well aware of the intricacies and the many requirements of issue of a municipal, railroad, or corporation bond. You know that it is not safe for you or any man, who has not the time or the means to make his own investigations, to take too much for granted.

To be sure, the safeguards which surround the issuance of bonds by States, counties, cities, towns, and villages, or by any other municipal division or subdivision, have been very much strengthened in recent years. The same is true of the greater care with which railway corporations, street-railway and public service companies, and industrial corporations, now issue their securities. But accidents have happened in connection with the details of issuance of a corporation security in the past, and even the validity of title of a railway or a real-estate mortgage has been found defective.

Fortunately, there is less likelihood now than in the past of mistakes of this kind. Much of the added security is due to the care taken by bankers and bond dealers in investigating all the details of issuance of such securities preliminary to their purchase of them; having them passed upon by experts, legal and other, to insure the validity of issue.

It is suggested that the wisest course to pursue in the case of a more considerable investor is that he should carefully determine the standing of the banking-house or bond-dealer with whom he proposes to deal; that in the selection of his securities he should be governed largely by the judgment of experienced men; and that in doing so he should confine his operations to such houses as make it a practise to prosecute careful investigations.

The standing of bond and investment houses can be determined through commercial agencies and through banks. As every investor must use a bank in completing an investment operation, or in some stage of it, the bank is the best medium through which to make inquiries.

## BUY YOUR SECURITIES OUTRIGHT FOR CASH

**I**T is well to say right here that the constructive investment of this country is in the main perfectly sound and secure, and that it is the exception when a security, issued and offered by a reputable firm of bankers, and dealt in by reputable brokers upon recognized stock exchanges, goes permanently wrong.

Of course, under unusual circumstances, we have had periods of financial demoralization, attended by extensive declines in stocks and bonds, in bankruptcies among corporations, and in failures of commercial houses. But, as I say, the bulk of the constructive investment of the country has never been permanently injured by these reverses. Men owning their securities outright, while suffering temporary inconvenience at such times, have not as a rule lost heavily, if at all. On the other hand, speculation has at almost all periods resulted in severe losses.

Securities of a good class, when depressed, have always in time recovered. As a case in point, it is only necessary to recall our experiences of a date as recent as 1907. Stocks then were depressed violently, but—as Mr. Munsey told you on that occasion, and as I tell you now—when securities are depressed, that is ever the time for investment purchases. By investment purchases I mean the buying of securities in established enterprises outright for cash. The price recoveries which speedily followed the unfortunate episode of 1907 are the best proof of the soundness of this advice.

*Written May 31, 1910*